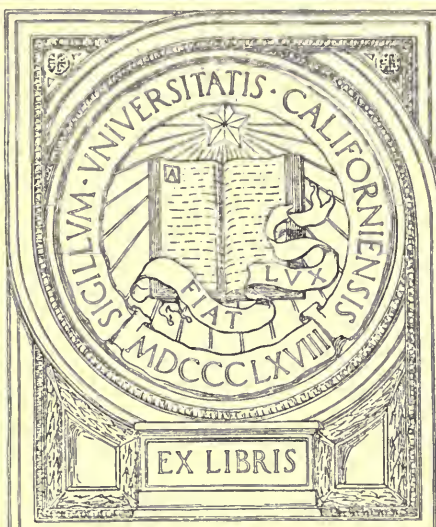
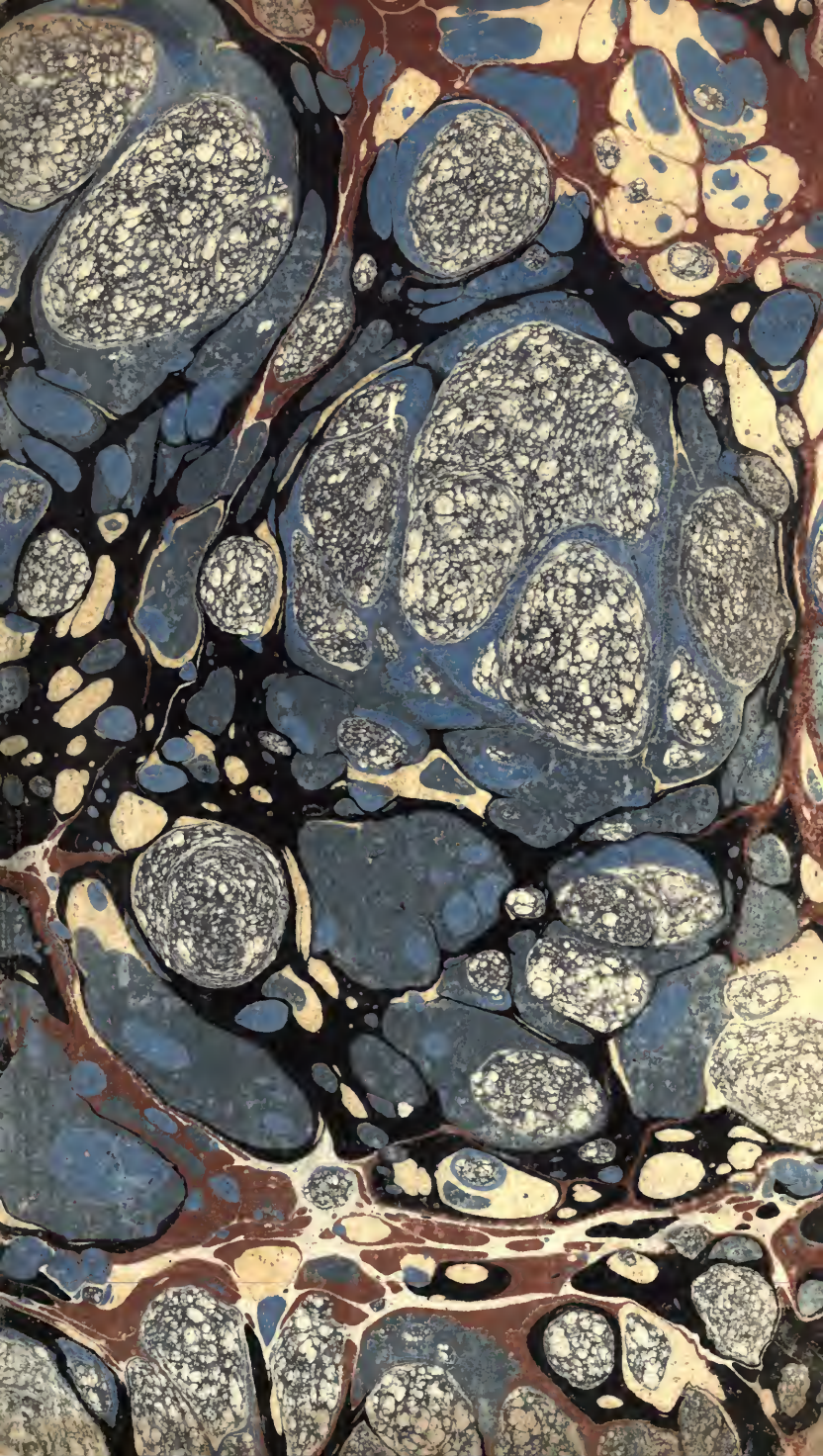
fornia
nal
gy

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/minstrelsyof03scotiala

MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

IN THREE PARTS.

MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER:

CONSISTING OF

HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC BALLADS,

COLLECTED

IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND; WITH A FEW OF MODERN DATE, FOUNDED UPON LOCAL TRADITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear,
Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
Had quench'd the fire of feudal rage.—WARTON.

SECOND EDITION.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE,
FOR LONGMAN AND REES, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, LONDON;
AND SOLD BY MANNERS AND MILLER, AND
A. CONSTABLE, EDINBURGH.

1803.

PR
1181
S+3
1803
V.3

CONTENTS

TO

THE THIRD VOLUME.

HISTORICAL BALLADS

Auld Maitland	1
Sir Hugh Le Blond	42
Sir Patrick Spens	60
The Dowie Dens of Yarrow	72
The Lament of the Border Widow	82
Hughie the Græme	85
Græme and Bewick	93
Christie's Will	105
The Duel of Wharton and Stewart	123
Lesley's March	141
The Battle of Philiphaugh	153
The Gallant Grahams	171

The Battle of Loudounhill 188
The Battle of Bothwell-bridge. 209

ROMANTIC BALLADS.

Erlinton 233
The Twa Corbies 239
The Douglas Tragedy..... 243
Young Benjie 251
Lady Anne 259
Lord William 264
The Broomfield-Hill 269
Proud Lady Margaret 275
Original Ballad of the Broom of Cowdenknows.... 280
Lord Randal 286

IMITATIONS

OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

The Mermaid 297
The Lord Herries his Complaint 321
The Murder of Caerlaveroc 328
Sir Agilthorn 340
Rich Auld Willie's Farewell 352
Water Kelpie 355
Ellandonan-Castle 370
Cadyow-Castle 380
The Gray Brother 402
War Song of Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons 415

ERRATA.

Page 144 *Note, for* confrigit *read* confregit
—— 153 *line* 4, *for* 1680 *read* 1640
—— 202 — 19, *for* captam *read* captas
—— 218 — *penult. for* 1653, *read* 1583
—— 299 — 19 *for* monkish *read* Mankish

MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

PART FIRST.

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

AULD MAITLAND.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

THIS ballad, notwithstanding its present appearance, has a claim to very high antiquity. It has been preserved by tradition; and is, perhaps, the most authentic instance of a long and very old poem, exclusively thus preserved. It is only known to a few old people, upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick; and is published, as written down from the recitation of the mother of Mr James Hogg, in Ettrick House, who sings, or rather chaunts it, with great animation. She learned the ballad from a blind man, who died at the advanced age of ninety, and is said to have been possessed of much traditionary knowledge. Although the language of this poem is much modernized, yet many words, which the reciters have retained, without understanding them, still preserve traces of its antiquity. Such

are the words *Springals* (corruptly pronounced *Spring-walls*), *sowies*, *portcullize*, and many other appropriate terms of war and chivalry, which could never have been introduced by a modern ballad-maker. The incidents are striking and well-managed; and they are in strict conformity with the manners of the age, in which they are placed. The editor has, therefore, been induced to illustrate them, at considerable length, by parallel passages, from Froissard, and other historians of the period to which the events refer.

The date of the ballad cannot be ascertained with any degree of accuracy. Sir Richard Maitland, the hero of the poem, seems to have been in possession of his estate about 1250; so that, as he survived the commencement of the wars betwixt England and Scotland, in 1296, his prowess against the English, in defence of his castle of Lauder, or Thirlestane, must have been exerted during his extreme old age. He seems to have been distinguished for devotion, as well as valour; for, A. D. 1249, Dominus Ricardus de Mautlant gave to the abbey of Dryburgh, "*Terras suas de Haubentside, in territorio suo de Thirle-*"*stane, pro salute animæ suæ, et sponsæ suæ, antecessorum* "*suorum et successorum suorum, in perpetuum.**" He also

* There exists also an indenture, or bond, entered into by Patrick, abbot of Kelsau, and his convent, referring to an engagement betwixt them and sir Richard Maitland, and sir William, his eldest son, concerning the lands of Hedderwicke, and the pasturages of Thirlestane and Blythe. This Patrick was abbot of Kelso, betwixt 1258 and 1260.

gave, to the same convent, " *Omnes terras, quas Walterus* " *de Giling tenuit in feodo suo de Thirlestane, et pastura* " *incommuni de Thirlestane, ad quadraginta oves, sexa-* " *ginta vaccas, et ad viginti equos.*"—Cartulary of Dryburgh Abbey, in the Advocates' Library.

From the following ballad, and from the family traditions, referred to in the Maitland MSS., Auld Maitland appears to have had three sons; but we learn, from the latter authority, that only one survived him, who was thence sur-named *Burd alane*, which signifies either *unequalled*, or *solitary*. A *Consolation*, addressed to sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, a poet and scholar, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, and who gives name to the Maitland MSS., draws the following parallel betwixt his domestic misfortunes and those of the first sir Richard, his great ancestor.

Sic destanie and derfe devoring deid
Oft his own hous in hazard put of auld;
Bot your forbeiris, frovard fortounes steid
And bitter blastes, ay buir with breistis bauld;
Luit wanweirdis work and walter ay thay wald,
Thair hardie hairtis hawtie and heroik,
For fortounes feid or force wald never fauld;
Bot stormis withstand with stomak stout and stoik.

Renowned Richert of your race record,
Quhais prais and prowis cannot be exprest;
Mair lustie lynyage nevir haid ane lord,
For he begat the bauldest bairnis and best,
Maist manful men, and madinis maist modest,
That ever wes syn Pyramus tym of Troy,
But piteouslie thai peirles perles apest,
Bereft him all bot Buird-allane, a boy.

Himselfe was aiget, his hous hang be a har,
Duill and distres almaist to deid him draife ;
Yet Burd-allane, his only son and air,
As wretched, vyiss, and valient, as the laive,
His hous uphail'd, quhilk ye with honor haive.
So nature that the lyk invyand name,
* In kindlie cair dois kindly courage craif,
To follow him in fortoune and in fame.

Richerd he wes, Richerd ye are also,
And Maitland als, and magnanime as he ;
In als great age, als wrappit ar in wo,
Sewin sons † ye haid might contravaill his thrie,
Bot Burd-allane ye haive behind as he :
The lord his linage so inlarge in lyne,
And mony hundreith nepotis grie and grie ‡
Sen Richert wes as hundreth yeiris are hyne.

An Consolator Ballad to the Richt Honarabill Sir Richert Maitland of Lethingtoune.—Maitland MSS. in Library of Edinburgh University.

Sir William Mautlant, or Maitland, the eldest and sole surviving son of sir Richard, ratified and confirmed, to the monks of Dryburgh, "*Omnes terras quas Dominus* "*Ricardus de Mautlant pater suus fecit dictis monachis*

* *i. e.* Similar family distress demands the same family courage.

† *Sewin Sons*—This must include sons-in-law ; for the last sir Richard, like his predecessor, had only three sons, namely, I. William, the famous secretary of queen Mary ; II. sir John, who alone survived him, and is the *Burd-allane* of the consolation ; III. Thomas, a youth of great hopes, who died in Italy. But he had four daughters, married to gentlemen of fortune.—*Pinkerton's List of Scottish Poets*, p. 114.

‡ *Grie and grie*—In regular descent ; from *gre*, French.

"*in territorio suo de Thirlestane.*" Sir William is supposed to have died about 1315.—*Crawford's Peerage.*

Such were the heroes of the ballad. The castle of Thirlestane is situated upon the Leader, near the town of Lauder. Whether the present building, which was erected by chancellor Maitland, and improved by the duke of Lauderdale, occupies the site of the ancient castle, I do not know; but it still merits the epithet of a "*darksome house.*" I find no notice of the siege in history; but there is nothing improbable in supposing that the castle, during the stormy period of the Baliol wars, may have held out against the English. The creation of a nephew of Edward I., for the pleasure of slaying him by the hand of young Maitland, is a poetical licence*; and may induce us to place the date of the composition about the reign of David II., or of his successor, when the real exploits of Maitland, and his sons, were in some degree obscured, as well as magnified, by the lapse of time. The inveterate hatred against the English, founded upon the usurpation of Edward I., glows in every line of the ballad.

Auld Maitland is placed, by Gawain Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, among the popular heroes of romance, in his allegorical Palice of Honour†.

* Such liberties with the genealogy of monarchs were common to romancers. Henry, the minstrel, makes Wallace slay more than one of king Edward's nephews; and Johnie Armstrong claims the merit of slaying a sister's son of Henry VIII.

† It is impossible to pass over this curious list of Scottish romances without a note; to do any justice to the subject would require an

I saw Raf Coilyear with his thrawin brow,
Crabit John the Reif, and auld Cowkilbeis sow;
And how the wran cam out of Ailsay,
And Peirs Plowman, that meid his workmen few;
Gret Gowmacmorne, and Fyn Mac Cowl, and how
They suld be goddis in Ireland, as they say.
Thair saw I Maitland upon auld beird gray,
Robine Hude, and Gilbert with the quhite hand,
How Hay of Nauchton flew in Madin land.

In this curious verse, the most noted romances, or popular histories, of the poet's day, seem to be noticed. The preceding stanza describes the sports of the field, and

essay.—*Raf Coilyear* is said to have been printed by Lekprevik, in 1572; but no copy of the edition is known to exist, and the hero is forgotten, even by popular tradition.

John the Reif, as well as the former personage, is mentioned by Dunbar, in one of his poems, where he stiles mean persons,

Kyne of Rauf Colyard, and Johne the Reif.

They seem to have been robbers: lord Hailes conjectured John the Reif to be the same with Johnie Armstrong; but, surely, not with his usual accuracy; for the *Palice of Honour* was printed twenty-eight years before Johnie's execution. John the Reif is mentioned by Lindesay, in his tragedy of *Cardinal Beatoun*.

—disagysit, like John the Raif, he geid—

Cowkilbeis sow is a strange legend in the Bannatyne MSS.—See *Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 131.

How the wren came out of Ailsay.—The wren, I know not why, is often celebrated in Scottish song. The testament of the wren is still sung by the children, beginning,

The wren she lies in care's nest,
Wi' meikle dole and pyne.

This may be a modification of the ballad in the text

that, which follows, refers to the tricks of "jugailrie;" so that the three verses comprehend the whole pastimes of the middle ages, which are aptly represented as the furniture of dame Venus's chamber. The verse, referring to Maitland, is obviously corrupted; the true reading was, probably, "*with his* auld beird gray." Indeed

Peirs Plowman is well known. Under the uncouth names of Gow Mac Morn, and of Fyn Mac Cowl, the admirers of Ossian are to recognise Gaul, the son of Morni, and Fingal himself; *heu quantum mutatus ab illo!*

To illustrate the familiar character of *Robin Hood*, would be an insult to my readers. But they may be less acquainted with *Gilbert, with the white hand*, one of his brave followers. He is mentioned in the oldest legend of that outlaw; Ritson's *Robin Hood*, p. 52.

> Thryes Robin shot about,
> And alway he slist the wand,
> And so dyde good *Gylberte*,
> *With the white hand.*

Hay of Nachton I take to be the knight, mentioned by Wintown, whose feats of war and travel may have become the subject of a romance, or ballad. He fought, in Flanders, under Alexander, earl of Mar, in 1408, and is thus described;

> Lord of the Nachtane, schire William,
> Ane honest knycht, and of gud fame,
> A travalit knycht lang before than.

And again, before an engagement,

> The lord of Nachtan, schire William
> The Hay, a knycht than of gud fame,
> Mad schire Gilberte the Hay, knycht.
>
> *Cronykil*, B. IX. c. 27.

I apprehend we should read "How Hay of Nachton *slew* in Madin Land." Perhaps Madin is a corruption for Maylin, or Milan Land.

the whole verse is full of errors and corruptions; which is the greater pity, as it conveys information, to be found no where else.

The descendant of Auld Maitland, sir Richard of Lethington, seems to have been frequently complimented on the popular renown of his great ancestor. We have already seen one instance; and in an elegant copy of verses in the Maitland MSS., in praise of sir Richard's seat of Lethingtoun, which he had built, or greatly improved, this obvious topic of flattery does not escape the poet. From the terms of his panegyric we learn, that the exploits of auld sir Richard, with the gray beard, and of his three sons, were "sung in many far countrie, albeit in rural rhyme;" from which we may infer, that they were narrated rather in the shape of a popular ballad, than in a *romance of price*. If this be the case, the song, now published, may have undergone little variation since the date of the Maitland MSS.; for, divesting the poem, in praise of Lethington, of its antique spelling, it would run as smoothly, and appear as modern, as any verse in the following ballad. The lines, alluded to, are addressed to the castle of Lethington.

> And happie art thou, sic a place
> That few thy mak ar sene:
> Bot yit mair happie far that race
> To quhome thow dois pertene.
> Quha dois not knaw the Maitland bluid,
> The best in all this land?
> In quhilk sumtyme the honour stuid
> And worship of Scotland.

Of auld sir Richard, of that name,
We have hard sing and say;
Of his triumphant nobill fame,
And of his auld baird gray.
And of his nobill sonnis three,
Quhilk that tyme had no maik;
Quhilk maid Scotland renounit be,
And all England to quaik.

Quhais luifing praysis, maid trewlie,
Efter that simple tyme,
Ar sung in monie far countrie,
Albeit in rural rhyme.
And, gif I dar the treuth declair,
And nane me fleitschour call,
I can to him find a compair,
And till his barnis all.

It is a curious circumstance, that this interesting tale, so often referred to by ancient authors, should be now recovered in so perfect a state; and many readers may be pleased to see the following sensible observations, made by a person, born in Ettrick Forest, in the humble situation of a shepherd. "I am surprised to hear "that this song is suspected by some to be a modern "forgery: the contrary will be best proved, by most of "the old people, hereabouts, having a great part of it "by heart. Many, indeed, are not aware of the manners "of this country; till this present age, the poor illiterate "people, in these glens, knew of no other entertainment, "in the long winter nights, than repeating, and listening "to, the feats of their ancestors, recorded in songs, "which I believe to be handed down, from father to son,

" for many generations; although, no doubt, had a copy " been taken, at the end of every fifty years, there must " have been some difference, occasioned by the gradual " change of language. I believe it is thus that many " very ancient songs have been gradually modernized, to " the common ear; while, to the connoisseur, they pre- " sent marks of their genuine antiquity."—*Letter to the editor from Mr James Hogg.* To the observations of my ingenious correspondent I have nothing to add, but that, in this, and a thousand other instances, they accurately coincide with my personal knowledge.

AULD MAITLAND.

THERE lived a king in southèrn land,
King Edward hight his name;
Unwordily he wore the crown,
Till fifty years were gane.

He had a sister's son o's ain,
Was large of blood and bane;
And afterward, when he came up,
Young Edward hight his name.

One day he came before the king,
And kneel'd low on his knee—
"A boon, a boon, my good uncle,
I crave to ask of thee!

"At our lang wars, in fair Scotland,
I fain hae wished to be;
If fifteen hundred waled* wight men
You'll grant to ride wi' me."

"Thou sall hae thae, thou sall hae mae:
I say it sickerlie;
And I mysell, an auld gray man,
Array'd your host sall see."

King Edward rade, king Edward ran—
I wish him dool and pyne!
Till he had fifteen hundred men
Assembled on the Tyne.

And thrice as many at Berwicke†
Were all for battle bound,
Who, marching forth with false Dunbar,
A ready welcome found.

They lighted on the banks of Tweed,
And blew their coals sae het,
And fired the Merse and Teviotdale,
All in an evening late.

* *Waled*—Chosen.

† North-Berwick, according to some reciters.

As they fared up o'er Lammermore,
They burned baith up and down,
Until they came to a darksome house;
Some call it Leader-Town.

"Wha hauds this house?" young Edward cry'd,
"Or wha gies't ower to me?"
A gray-hair'd knight set up his head,
And crackit right crousely.

"Of Scotland's king I haud my house;
He pays me meat and fee;
And I will keep my gude auld house,
While my house will keep me."

They laid their sowies to the wall,
Wi' mony a heavy peal;
But he threw ower to them agen
Baith pitch and tar barrel.

With springalds, stanes, and gads of airn,
Amang them fast he threw;
Till many of the Englishmen
About the wall he slew.

Full fifteen days that braid host lay,
Sieging Auld Maitland keen;
Syne they hae left him, hail and fair,
Within his strength of stane.

Then fifteen barks, all gaily good,
Met them upon a day,
Which they did lade with as much spoil,
As they could bear away.

"England's our ain by heritage;
And what can us withstand,
Now we hae conquer'd fair Scotland,
With buckler, bow, and brand?"

Then they are on to the land o' France,
Where auld king Edward lay,
Burning baith castle, tower, and town,
That he met in his way,

Untill he came unto that town,
Which some call Billop-Grace;
There were Auld Maitland's sons, a' three,
Learning at school, alas!

The eldest to the youngest said,
"O see ye what I see?
Gin a' be trew yon standard says*,
We're fatherlesse, a' three.

"For Scotland's conquer'd, up and down;
Landmen we'll never be:
Now, will ye go, my brethren two,
And try some jeopardy?"

Then they hae saddled twa black horse,
Twa black horse, and a grey;
And they are on to king Edward's host,
Before the dawn of day.

When they arriv'd before the Host,
They hover'd on the lay—
"Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,
To bear a little way?"

"Where was thou bred? where was thou born?
Where, or in what countrie?"
"In north of England I was born:
(It needed him to lie.)

* Edward had quartered the arms of Scotland with his own.

" A knight me gat, a lady bore,
I'm a squire of high renowne;
I well may bear't to any king,
That ever yet wore crowne."

" He ne'er came of an Englishman,
Had sic an e'e or bree;
But thou art the likest Auld Maitland,
That ever I did see.

" But sick a gloom, on ae brow-head,
Grant I ne'er see agane!
For mony of our men he slew,
And mony put to pain."

When Maitland heard his father's name,
An angry man was he!
Then, lifting up a gilt dagger,
Hung low down by his knee,

He stabb'd the knight, the standard bore,
He stabb'd him cruellie;
Then caught the standard by the neuk,
And fast away rode he.

"Now, is't na time, brothers," he cried,
"Now is't na time to flee?"
"Aye, by my sooth!" they baith replied,
"We'll bear you company."

The youngest turn'd him in a path,
And drew a burnished brand,
And fifteen of the foremost slew,
Till back the lave did stand.

He spurr'd the gray into the path,
Till baith his sides they bled—
"Gray! thou maun carry me away,
Or my life lies in wad!"

The captain lookit ower the wa',
About the break o' day;
There he beheld the three Scots lads,
Pursued along the way.

"Pull up portcullize! down draw-brigg!
My nephews are at hand;
And they sall lodge wi' me to-night,
In spite of all England."

Whene'er they came within the yate,
  They thrust their horse them frae,
And took three lang spears in their hands,
  Saying, "Here sall come nae mae!"

And they shot out, and they shot in,
  Till it was fairly day;
When mony of the Englishmen
  About the draw-brigg lay.

Then they hae yoked carts and wains,
  To ca' their dead away,
And shot auld dykes aboon the lave,
  In gutters where they lay.

The king, at his pavilion door,
  Was heard aloud to say,
"Last night, three o' the lads o' France
  My standard stole away.

"Wi' a fause tale, disguised, they came,
  And wi' a fauser trayne;
And, to regain my gaye standard,
  These men were a' down slayne."

" It ill befits," the youngest said,
" A crowned king to lie ;
But, or that I taste meat and drink,
Reproved sall he be."

He went before king Edward strait,
And kneel'd low on his knee ;
" I wad hae leave, my lord," he said,
" To speak a word wi' thee."

The king he turned him round about,
And wistna what to say—
Quo' he, " Man, thou's hae leave to speak,
Tho' thou should speak a' day."

" Ye said, that three young lads o' France
Your standard stole away,
Wi' a fause tale, and fauser trayne,
And mony men did slay ;

" But we are nane the lads o' France,
Nor e'er pretend to be ;
We are three lads o' fair Scotland ;
Auld Maitland's sons are we ;

" Nor is there men, in a' your host,
Daur fight us, three to three."
" Now, by my sooth," young Edward said,
" Weel fitted ye sall be !

" Piercy sall wi' the eldest fight,
And Ethert Lunn wi' thee ;
William of Lancaster the third,
And bring your fourth to me !"

" *Remember, Piercy, aft the Scot**
Has cow'rd beneath thy hand :
For every drap of Maitland blood,
I'll gie a rigg of land."

He clanked Piercy ower the head,
A deep wound and a sair,
Till the best blood o' his bodie
Cam rinning down his hair.

" Now, I've slayne ane ; slay ye the twa ;
And that's gude companye ;
And if the twa suld slay you baith,
Ye'se get na help frae me."

* The two first lines are modern, to supply an imperfect stanza.

But Ethert Lunn, a baited bear,
Had many battles seen;
He set the youngest wonder sair,
Till the eldest he grew keen—

"I am nae king, nor nae sic thing:
My word it shanna stand!
For Ethert sall a buffet bide,
Come he beneath my brand."

He clanked Ethert ower the head,
A deep wound and a sair,
Till the best blood of his bodie
Cam rinning ower his hair.

"Now I've slayne twa; slay ye the ane;
Is na that gude company?
And tho' the ane suld slay ye baith,
Ye'se get na help o' me."

The twa-some they hae slayne the ane;
They maul'd him cruellie;
Then hung them over the draw-brigg,
That all the host might see.

They rade their horse, they ran their horse,
Then hovered on the lee;
"We be three lads o' fair Scotland,
That fain wad fighting see."

This boasting when young Edward heard,
An angry man was he!
"I'll take yon lad, I'll bind yon lad,
And bring him bound to thee!"

"Now, God forbid," king Edward said,
"That ever thou suld try!
Three worthy leaders we hae lost,
And thou the fourth wad lie.

"If thou should'st hang on yon draw-brigg,
Blythe wad I never be!"
But, wi' the poll-axe in his hand,
Upon the brigg sprang he.

The first stroke, that young Edward gae,
He struck wi' might and mayn;
He clove the Maitlan's helmet stout,
And bit right nigh the rayn.

When Maitland saw his ain blood fa',
  An angry man was he!
He let his weapon frae him fa',
  And at his throat did flee.

And thrice about he did him swing,
  Till on the grund he light,
Where he has halden young Edward,
  Tho' he was great in might.

"Now, let him up," king Edward cried,
  "And let him come to me!
And, for the deed that thou hast done,
  Thou shalt hae erldomes three!"

"It's ne'er be said in France, nor e'er
  In Scotland, when I'm hame,
That Edward once lay under me,
  And e'er gat up again!"

He pierced him through and through the heart;
  He maul'd him cruellie;
Then hung him ower the draw-brigg,
  Beside the other three.

"Now, take frae me that feather-bed!
Mak me a bed o' strae!
I wish I had na lived this day,
To mak my heart sae wae.

"If I were ance at London tower,
Where I was wont to be,
I never mair suld gang frae hame,
Till borne on a bier-tree."

NOTES

ON

AULD MAITLAND.

Young Edward hight his name.—P. 11. V. 2.

Were it possible to find an authority for calling this personage *Edmund*, we should be a step nearer history; for a brother, though not a nephew, of Edward I., so named, died in Gascony during an unsuccessful campaign against the French.—*Knighton*, lib. III. *cap.* 8.

I wish him dool and pyne.—P. 12. v. 3.

Thus, Spenser, in *Mother Huberd's tale*—

> Thus is this ape become a shepherd swain,
> And the false fox, his dog, God give them pain!

Who, marching forth with false Dunbar,
A ready welcome found.—P. 12. v. 4.

These two lines are modern, and inserted to complete the verse. Dunbar, the fortress of Patrick, earl of March, was too often opened to the English, by the treachery of that baron, during the reign of Edward I.

They laid their sowies to the wall,
Wi' mony a heavy peal.—P. 13. v. 4.

In this and the following verse, the attack and defence of a fortress, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is described accurately and concisely. The sow was a military engine, resembling the Roman *testudo*. It was framed of wood, covered with hides, and mounted on wheels, so that, being rolled forwards to the foot of the besieged wall, it served as a shed, or cover, to defend the miners, or those who wrought the battering ram, from the stones and arrows of the garrison. In the course of the famous defence, made by Black Agnes, countess of March, of her husband's castle of Dunbar, Montague, earl of Salisbury, who commanded the besiegers, caused one of these engines to be wheeled up to the wall. The countess, who, with her damsels, kept her station on the battlements, and affected to wipe off with her handkerchief the dust raised by the stones, hurled from the English machines, awaited the approach of this new engine of assault. "Beware, Montague," she exclaimed, while the fragment of a rock was discharged from the wall—"Beware, Montague! for farrow shall thy sow *!" Their cover being dashed to pieces, the assailants, with great loss and difficulty, scrambled back to their trenches. "By the regard of suche a ladye," would Froissart have said, "and by her comforting, a man ought to be worth two men, at need." The sow was called by the French *Truie*.—See *Hailes' Annals*, Vol. II. p. 89. *Wintown's Cronykil*, Book VIII. *William of Malmesbury*, lib. 4.

The memory of the *sow* is preserved in Scotland by two trifling circumstances. The name, given to an oblong hay-stack, is a *hay-sow*; and this may give us a good idea of the form of the machine. Children also play at a game, with cherry stones, placing a small heap on the ground, which they term a *sowie*, endeavouring to hit it, by throwing single cherry-stones, as the sow was formerly battered from the walls of the besieged fortress. My companions, at the High School of Edinburgh, will remember what was meant by *herrying a sowie*. It is strange to find traces of military antiqui-

* This sort of bravade seems to have been fashionable in those times: "Et avec drapeaux, et leurs chaperons, ils torchoient les "murs a l'endroit, ou les pierres venoient frapper."—*Notice des Manuscrits de la Bibliotheque Nationale.*

ties, in the occupation of the husbandman, and the sports of children.

The pitch and tar-barrels of Maitland were intended to consume the formidable machines of the English. Thus, at a fabulous siege of York, by Sir William Wallace, the same mode of defence is adopted:

> The Englishmen, that cruel were and kene,
> Keeped their town, and fended there full fast;
> Faggots of fire among the host they cast,
> Up *pitch and tar* on feil *sowis* they lent;
> Many were hurt ere they from the walls went;
> *Stones on Springalds they did cast out so fast,*
> *And goads of iron made many grome agast.*
>
> Henry the Minstrel's History of Wallace.— B. 8. c. 5.

A more authentic illustration may be derived from Barbour's account of the siege of Berwick, by Edward II., in 1319, when a *sow* was brought on to the attack by the English, and burned by the combustibles hurled down upon it, through the device of John Crab, a Flemish engineer, in the Scottish service.

> And thai, that at the sege lay,
> Or it was passyt the fyft day,
> Had maid thaim syndry apparall,
> To gang eft sonys till assaill.
> Off gret gests a *sow* thai maid,
> That stalwart heildyne aboyne it haid;
> With armyt men inew tharin,
> And instruments for to myne.
> Syndry scaffalds thai maid withall,
> That war wele heyar than the wall,
> And ordanyt als that, be the sc,
> The town suld weill assaillyt be.
>
> Thai within, that saw thaim swa,
> Swa gret apparaill schap to ma,
> Throw Craby's cunsaill, that wes sley,
> A crane thai haiff gert dress up hey,

Rynnand on quheills, that thai micht bryng
It quhar that nede war off helping.
And pyk, and ter, als haiff thai tane;
And lynt, and herds, and brymstane;
And dry treyis that wele wald brin,
And mellyt aythir other in:
And gret fagalds thairoff thai maid,
Gyrdyt with irne bands braid.
The fagalds weill mycht mesuryt be,
Till a gret towrys quantite.
The fagalds bryning in a ball,
With thair cran thoucht till awaill;
And giff the sow come to the wall,
To lat it brynand on her fall;
And with stark chenyeis hald it thar,
Quhil all war brynt up that thar war.

— — — — — — — —

Upon sic maner gan thai fycht,
Quhill it wes ner none off the day,
That thai without, on gret aray,
Pryssyt thair *sow* towart the wall;
And thai within sone gert call
The engynour, that takyn was,
And gret manance till hym mais,
And swonr that he suld dey, bot he
Prowyt on the sow sic sutelté
That he to fruschyt ilk dele,
And he, that hath persawyt wele
That the dede wes wele ner hym till,
Bot giff he mycht fulfil thair will
Thoucht that he at hys mycht wald do.
Bendyt in gret by then wes sche,
That till the sow wes ewyn set.
In hy he gert draw the cleket;
And smertly swappyt owt a stane,
Ewyn our the sow the stane is gane,
And behind it a litill way
It fell: and then they cryt, "Hey!"

That war in hyr, "furth to the wall,
"For dredles it is ours all!"

The gynour than deleuerly
Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy;
And the stane smertly swappyt out.
It flaw out quethyr, and with a rout,
And fell rycht ewyn befor the sow.
Thair harts than begouth to grow.
Bot yhet than, with thair mychts all
Thai pressyt the sow towart the wall;
And has hyr set tharto gentilly.
The gynour than gert bend in hy
The gyne, and wappyt owt the stane,
That ewyn towart the lyft is gane,
And with gret wycht syne duschyt doun,
Rycht be the wall in a randoun;
And hyt the sow in sic maner,
That it that wes the maist sowar,
And starkast for to stynt a strak,
In sundre with that dusche it brak.
The men than owt in full gret hy,
And on the wallis thai gan cry
That thair sow wes feryt thar.
Jhon Crab, that had hys geer all yar
In hys fagalds has set the fyr,
And our the wall syne gan thai wyr,
And brynt the sow till brunds bar.

The Bruce, Book xvii.

The *springalds*, used in defence of the castle of Lauder, were *balistæ*, or large cross-bows, wrought by machinery, and capable of throwing stones, beams, and huge darts. They were numbered among the heavy artillery of the age; "Than the kynge made all "his navy to draw along, by the cost of the Downes, every ship "well garnished with bombardes, crosbowes, archers, *springalls*, "and other artillarie."—*Froissart*.

Goads, or sharpened bars of iron, were an obvious and formidable missile weapon. Thus, at the assault of Rochemiglion, "They "within cast out great barres of iron, and pots with lyme, where- "with they hurt divers Englishmen, such as adventured themselves "too far."—*Froissart*, Vol. 1. cap. 108.

From what has been noticed, the attack and defence of Lauder castle will be found strictly conformable to the manners of the age; a circumstance of great importance, in judging of the antiquity of the ballad. There is no mention of guns, though these became so common in the latter part of the reign of Edward III., that, at the siege of St Maloes, "the English had well a four "hondred gonnes, who shot day and night into the fortresse, and "agaynst it." *Froissart*, vol. 1. cap. 336. Barbour informs us, that guns, or "crakis of wer," as he calls them, and crests for helmets, were first seen by the Scottish, in their skirmishes with Edward the third's host, in Northumberland, A. D. 1327.

Which some call Billop-grace.—P. 14. v. 5.

If this be a Flemish, or Scottish, corruption for Ville de Grace, in Normandy, that town was never besieged by Edward I., whose wars in France were confined to the province of Gascony. The rapid change of scene, from Scotland to France, excites a suspicion, that some verses may have been lost in this place. The retreat of the English host, however, may remind us of a passage, in Wintown, when, after mentioning that the earl of Salisbury raised the siege of Dunbar, to join king Edward in France, he observes,

"It was to Scotland a gud chance,
That thai made thaim to werray in France:
For had thai halyly thaim tane
For to werray in Scotland allane,
Eftyr the gret mischeffis twa,
Duplyn and Hallydowne war tha,
Thai suld have skaithit it to gretly.
Bot fortowne thoucht scho fald fekilly
Will noucht at anis myscheffis fall
Thare-fore scho set thare hartis all.

To werray Fraunce richit to be,
That Scottis live in grettar lé.

Cronykil, B. viii. cap. 34.

Now will ye go, my brethren two,
And try some jeopardie?—P. 15. v. 2.

The romantic custom of atchieving, or attempting, some desperate and perilous adventure, without either necessity or cause, was a peculiar, and perhaps the most prominent, feature of chivalry. It was not merely the duty, but the pride and delight, of a true knight, to perform such exploits, as no one but a madman would have undertaken. I think it is in the old French romance of *Erec and Eneide*, that an adventure, the access to which lay through an avenue of stakes, garnished with the bloody heads of the knights, who had attempted and failed to atchieve it, is called by the inviting title of *La joie de la Cour*. To be first in advancing, or last in retreating; to strike upon the gate of a certain fortress of the enemy; to fight blindfold, or with one arm tied up; to carry off a banner, or to defend one; were often the subjects of a particular vow, among the sons of chivalry. Until some distinguishing exploit of this nature, a young knight was not said to have *won his spurs*; and, upon some occasions, he was obliged to bear, as a mark of thraldom, a chain upon his arm, which was removed, with great ceremony, when his merit became conspicuous. These chains are noticed in the romance of *Jehan de Saintré*. In the language of German chivalry, they were called *Ketten des Gelubdes* (fetters of duty). Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, informs us, that the knights of the Bath were obliged to wear certain strings, of silk and gold, upon their left arm, until they had atchieved some noble deed of arms. When Edward III. commenced his French wars, many of the young bachelors of England bound up one of their eyes with a silk ribband, and swore, before the peacock and the ladies, that they would not see with both eyes until they had accomplished certain deeds of arms in France.—*Froissart*, cap. 28.

A remarkable instance of this chivalrous frenzy occurred during the expedition of sir Robert Knowles, who, in 1370, marched through France, and laid waste the country, up to the very gates of Paris. "There was a knighte, in their companye, had made a

" vowe, the day before, that he wolde ryde to the walles or gates " of Parys, and stryke at the barryers with his speare. And, for " the fournyshyng of his vowe, he departed fro his companye, his " spear in his fyst, his shelde about his neck, armed at all pecesse, " on a good horsse, his squyer on another, behinde him, with his " bassenet. And whan he approached neare to Parys, he toke and " dyde on his helme, and left his squyer behind hym, and dashed " his spurres to his horsse, and came gallopynge to the barryers, the " whiche as then were opyn; and the lordes, that were there, had " wened he wolde have entred into the towne; but that was not " his mynde; for, when he hadde stryken at the barryers, as he " had before avowed, he towrned his reyne, and drue back agayne, " and departed. Than the knightes of France, that sawe hym " depart, sayd to hym, 'Go your waye; you have ryghte well ac- " quitted yourself.' I can nat tell you what was thys knyghtes " name, nor of what contre; but the blazure of his armes was, " goules, two fusses sable, a border sable. Howbeit, in the sub- " barbes, he had a sore encontre; for, as he passed on the pave- " ment, he founde before hym a bocher, a bigge man, who had well " sene this knighte pass by. And he helde in his handes a sharpe " hevy axe, with a longe poynt; and, as the knyght returned " agayne, and toke no hede, this bocher came on his side, and " gave the knyghte suche a stroke, betwene the neck and the " shulders, that he reversed forwarde heedlynge, to the neck of his " horsse, and yet he recovered agayne. And than the bocher strake " hym agayne, so that the axe entered into his body, so that, for " payne, the knyghte fell to the erthe, and his horsse ranne away, " and came to the squyer, who abode for his mayster at the stretes " ende. And so, the squyer toke the horsse, and had gret marveyle " what was become of his mayster; for he had well sene him ryde " to the barryers, and stryke therat with his glayve, and retourne " agayne. Thanne he rode a lytell forthe, thyderwarde, and anone " he sawe where his master layn upon the erthe, betwene foure men, " layenge on him strokes, as they wolde have stryken on a stethey " (*anvil*); and than the squyer was so affreyed, that he durst go " no farther; for he sawe well he could nat helpe his mayster. " Therefore he retourned as fast as he myght: so there the sayd " knyghte was slayne And the knyghtes, that were at the gate, " caused hym to be buried in holy ground."—*Froissart*, ch. 281.

A similar instance of a military jeopardy occurs in the same

nuthor, ch. 364. It happened before the gates of Troyes. "There "was an Englyshe squyre, borne in the bishopryke of Lincolne, an "expert man of armes; I can nat say whyder he could se or nat; "but he spurred his horse, his speare in his hande, and his targe "about his neeke; his horse came rushyng downe the waye, and "lept clene over the barres of the barryers, and so galoped to the "gate, where as the duke of Burgoyne and the other lords of "France were, who reputed that dede for a great enterprise. The "squyer thoughte to have returned, but he could nat; for his horse "was stryken with speares, and beaten downe, and the squyer "slayn; wherewith the duke of Burgoyne was right sore displea-"sed."

Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,
To bear a little way?—P. 15. v. 4.

In all ages, and in almost all countries, the military standards have been objects of respect to the soldiery, whose duty it is to range beneath them, and, if necessary, to die in their defence. In the ages of chivalry, these ensigns were distinguished by their shape, and by the various names of banners, pennons, penoncelles, &c., according to the number of men, who were to fight under them. They were displayed, on the day of battle, with singular solemnity, and consigned to the charge only of such, as were thought willing and able to defend them to the uttermost. When the army of Edward, the black prince, was drawn up against that of Henry, the bastard, king of Castile, "Than sir Johan Chandos brought his "baner, rolled up togyder, to the prince, and said, 'Sir, behold, "here is my baner. I requyre you display it abrode, and give me "leave, this daye, to raise it; for, sir, I thanke God and you, I "have land and heritage suffycient to mayteyne it withal.' Than "the prince, and king Dampeter (Don Pedro), toke the baner be-"twene their handes, and spred it abrode, the which was of sylver, "a sharp pyle gaules, and delyvered it to hym, and said, 'Sir Johan, "behold here youre baner; God sende you joye and honour ther-"of!' Than sir Johan Chandos bare his baner to his owne compa-"ny, and sayde, 'Sirs, beholde, here my baner, and yours; kepe it "as your owne.' And they toke it, and were right joyful therof, "and sayd, that, by the pleasure of God, and Saint George, they "wold kepe and defend it to the best of their powers. And so

" the baner abode in the handes of a good Englishe squyer, called " William Alery, who bare it that day, and acquaytted himself " right nobly."—*Froissart*, Vol. I. ch. 237. The loss of a banner was not only great dishonour, but an infinite disadvantage. At the battle of Cocherel, in Normandy, the flower of the combatants, on each side, were engaged in the attack and defence of the banner of the captall of Buche, the English leader. It was planted amid a bush of thorns, and guarded by sixty men at arms, who defended it gallantly. " There were many rescues, and many a one " hurt and cast to the earth, and many feats of armes done, and " many gret strokes given, with good axes of steel, that it was " wonder to behold." The battle did not cease until the captall's standard was taken and torn to pieces.

We learn, from the following passage in *Stowe's Chronicle*, that the standard of Edward I. was a golden dragon. "The king en- " tred Wales with an army, appointing the footmen to occupie the " enemies in fight, whiles his horsemen, in a wing, set on the rere " battell: himselfe, with a power, kept his place, where he pight his " golden dragon, unto whiche, as to a castle, the wounded and wea- " ried might repair."

" *Where was thou bred? where was thou born?*
Where, or in what countrie?"
" *In north of England I was born:*
(It needed him to lie.)—P. 15. v. 5.

Stratagems, such as that of Maitland, were frequently practised with success, in consequence of the compleat armour worn by the knights of the middle ages. In 1359, Edward III. entered France, to improve the success of the battle of Poictiers. Two French knights, sir Galahant of Rybamont, and sir Roger of Cologne, rode forth, with their followers, to survey the English host, and, in short, to seek adventures. It chanced that they met a foraging party of Germans, retained in king Edward's service, under the command of Reynold of Boulant, a knight of that nation. By the counsel of a squire of his retinue, sir Galahant joined company with the German knight, under the assumed character of Bartholomew de Bonne, Reynold's countryman, and fellow soldier in the English service. The French knights " were a 70 men " of armes, and sir Renolde had not past a 30; and, whan sir Re-

" nolde saw theym, he displayed his baner befor hym, and came
" softely rydynge towarde theym, wenyng to hym that they had
" been Englyshemen. Whan he approched, he lyft up hys vyser,
" saluted sir Galahaut, in the name of sir Bartylmewe de Bonnes.
" Sir Galahaut helde hymselfe styll secrete, and answered but
" fayntly, and sayd, ' let us ryde forth ;' and so rode on, and hys
" men, on the one syde, and the Almaygnes on the other. Whan
" sir Renolde of Boulant sawe theyr maner, and howe sir Gala-
" haut rode sometyme by hym, and spake no word, than he be-
" gan to-suspecte. And he had not so ryden, the space of a quar-
" ter of an hour, but he stode styll, under his baner, among hys
" men, and sayd, ' Sir, I have dout what knyght ye be. I thynke
" ye be nat sir Bartylmewe, for I knowe hym well; and I see
" well that yt ys nat you. I woll ye telle me your name, or I
" ryde any farther in your eompany.' Therwith sir Galahaut
" lyft up hys vyser, and rode towardes the knyght to have taken
" hym by the raygne of hys brydell, and eryed, ' *Our Ladye of*
" *Rybamont !*' than sir Roger of Coloyne sayd, ' *Coloyne to the re-*
" *scue**!' Whan sir Renolde of Boulant sawe what ease he was
" in, he was nat gretly afrayed, but drewe out his sworde ; and, as
" sir Galahaut wolde have taken hym by the brydell, sir Renolde
" put his sworde elene through hym, and drue agayne hys sworde
" out of hym, and toke his horse, wyth the spurres, and left sir
" Galahaut sore hurt. And, whan sir Galahautes men sawe theyr
" master in that ease, they were sore dyspleased, and set on sir
" Renolde's men ; there were many cast to the yerth, but as sone
" as sir Renolde had gyven sir Galahaut that stroke, he strake hys
" horse wyth the spurres, and toke the feldes. Than certayne of
" Galahaute's squyers chasyd hym, and, whan he sawe that they
" folowed hym so nere, that he muste other tourne agayne, or els
" be shamed, lyke a hardy knyght, he tourned, and abode the fore-
" most, and gave hym sueh a stroke, that he had no more lyste to
" folwe him. And thus, as he rode on, he served three of theym,
" that folwed hym, and wounded theym sore : if a goode axe had
" been in hys hand, at every stroke he had slayne a man. He
" dyd so muche, that he was oute of danger of the Frenchmen,
" and saved hymselfe withoute any hurte ; the whyche hys ene-
" myes reputed for a grete prowess, and so dyd all other that

* The war-cries of their family.

" harde thereof; but hys men were nere slayne or taken, but few " that were saved. And sir Galahaut was caryed from thence sore " hurt to Perone; of that hurt he was never after perfectly hole; " for he was a knyght of suche courage, that, for all his hurte, he " wold not spare hymselfe; wherefore he lyved not long after."—*Froissart*, vol. I. chap. 207.

The youngest turned him in a path,
And drew a burnish'd brand, &c.—P. 17. v. 2.

Thus, sir Walter Mauny, retreating into the fortress of Hanyboute, after a successful sally, was pursued by the besiegers, who " ranne after them, lyke madde men; than sir Gualtier saide, 'let " me never be beloved wyth my lady, wythout I have a course " wyth one of these folowers!" and turning, with his lance in the rest, he overthrew several of his pursuers, before he condescended to continue his retreat.

Whene'er they came within the yate,
They thrust their horse them frae, &c.—P. 18. v. 1.

" The lord of Hangest (pursued by the English) came so to the " barryers (of Vandonne) that were open, as his happe was, and so " entred in therat, and than toke his speare, and turned him to de- " fence, right valiantly."—*Froissart*, vol. I. chap. 367.

They rade their horse, they ran their horse,
Then hovered on the lee, &c.—P. 22. v. 1.

The sieges, during the middle ages, frequently afforded opportunity for single combat, of which the scene was usually the draw-bridge, or barriers, of the town. The former, as the more desperate place of battle, was frequently chosen by knights, who chose to break a lance for honour, and their ladies' love. In 1387, sir William Douglas, lord of Nithisdale, upon the draw-bridge of the town of Carlisle, consisting of two beams, hardly two feet in breadth, encountered and slew, first, a single champion of England, and afterwards two, who attacked him together.—*Fordun Scotichronicon*, Lib. XIV. cap. 51.

He brynt the surburbys of Carlele,
And at the bareris he faucht sa wele,

That on thare bryg he slw a man,
The wychtast that in the town wes than;
Quhare, on a plank of twa feet brade,
He stude, and swa gude payment made,
That he feld twa stout feehteris,
And but skath went till his feres.

Wintown's Cronykil, Book IX. chap. 8.

These combats at the barriers, or palisades, which formed the outer fortification of a town, were so frequent, that the mode of attack and defence was early taught to the future knight, and continued long to be practised in the games of chivalry. The custom, therefore, of defying the inhabitants of a besieged town to this sort of contest, was highly fashionable in the middle ages; and an army could hardly appear before a place, without giving rise to a variety of combats at the barriers, which were, in general, conducted without any unfair advantage being taken on either part.

The following striking example of this romantic custom occurs in Froissart. During the French wars of Edward, the Black Prince, and in the year 1370, a body of English, and of adventurers retained in his service, approached the city of Noyon, then occupied by a French garrison, and arrayed themselves, with displayed banners, before the town, defying the defenders to battle. "There was a Scottysh knyghte* dyde there a goodly feate of "armes, for he departed fro his companye, hys speare in hys "hand, and mounted on a good horse, hys page behynde hyme, "and so came before the barryers. Thys knyghte was called sir "Johan Assueton†, a hardy man and a courageous. Whan he "was before the barryers of Noyon, he lyghted a-fote, and sayd

* By the terms of the peace betwixt England and Scotland, the Scottish were left at liberty to take service either with France or England, at their pleasure. Sir Robert Knolles, therefore, who commanded the expedition, referred to in the text, had under his command a hundred Scottish spears.

† *Assueton* is a corruption for Swinton. Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, was a Scottish champion, noted for his courage and gigantic stature.

"to hys page, 'Holde, kepe my horse, and departe nat hens;' "and so wente to the barryers. And, wythyn the barryers, there "were good knyghtes; as, sir John of Roy, sir Launcelat of Lou- "tys, and a x or xii other, who had grete marveyle what thys "sayde knyghte wolde do. Than he sayde to them, 'Sirs, I am "come hyder to se you. I se well, ye wyll nat issue out of your "barryers; therefore, I will entre, and I can, and wyll prove my "knyghthode agaynst yours; wyn me and ye can.' And there- "wyth he layde on, round about hym, and they at hym. And "thus, he alone fought agaynst them, more than an houre; and "dyd hurte two or three of them; so that they of the towne, on "the walles and garrettes, stode still, and behelde them, and had "great pleasure to regarde his valyauntnesse, and dyd him no "hurte; the whiche they myght have done, if they hadde list to "have shotte, or cast stones at hym. And also the French "knyghtes charged them to let hym and them alone togyder. So "long they foughte, that, at last, his page came near to the barryers, "and spake in his langage, and sayd, 'Sir, come awaye; it is "time for you to departe, for your cumpanye is departyng hens.' "The knyghte harde hym well, and than gave a two or three "strokes about him, and so, armed as he was, he lepte out of the "barryers, and lepte upon his horse, without any hurte, behynde "his page; and sayd to the Frenchemen, 'Adue, sirs! I thank "yon;' and so rode forthe to his owne cumpany. The whiche "dede was moche praysed of many folkes."—*Froissart*, cap. 278.

The barriers, so often allnded to, are described, by the same admirable historian, to be grated pallisades, the grates being about half a foot wide. In a skirmish before Honycourt, sir Henry of Flanders ventured to thrust his sword so far through one of those spaces, that a sturdy abbot, who was within, seized his sword-arm, and drew it through the barriers, up to the shoulder. In this aukward situation he remained for some time, being unwilling to dishonour himself by quitting his weapon. He was at length rescued, but lost his sword; which Froissart afterwards saw preserved, as a relique, in the monastery of Honycourt.—Vol. i. ch. 39. For instances of single combats, at the barriers, see the same author, *passim*.

And if the twa suld slay ye baith,
Ye'se get na help frae me.—P. 20. v. 5.

According to the laws of chivalry, laws, which were also for a long time observed in duels, when two or more persons were engaged on each side, he, who first conquered his immediate antagonist, was at liberty, if he pleased, to come to the assistance of his companions. The play of the "*Little French Lawyer*" turns entirely upon this circumstance; and it may be remarked throughout the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto; particularly in the combat of three Christian, and three Pagan champions, in the 42d canto of *Orlando Furioso*. But doubtless a gallant knight was often unwilling, like young Maitland, to avail himself of this advantage. Something of this kind seems to have happened in the celebrated combat, fought in the presence of James II., at Stirling, in 1449, between three French, or Flemish, warriors, and three noble Scottishmen, two of whom were of the house of Douglas. The reader will find a literal translation of Olivier de la Marche's account of this celebrated tourney, in *Pinkerton's History*, Vol. I. p. 428.

I am nae king, nor nae sic thing:
My word it shanna stand!—P. 21. v. 2.

Maitland's apology, for retracting his promise to stand neuter, is as curious, as his doing so is natural. The unfortunate John of France was wont to say, that, if truth and faith were banished from all the rest of the universe, they should still reside in the breast and the mouth of kings.

They maul'd him cruellie.—P. 21. v. 5.

This has a vulgar sound, but is actually a phrase of romance. *Tant frappent et* maillent *les deux vassaux l'un sur l'autre, que leurs heaumes, et leurs hauberts, sont tous cassez et rompus.*—La fleur des Battailes.

But, wi' the poll-axe in his hand,
Upon the brigg sprang he.—P. 22. v. 4.

The battle-axe, of which there are many kinds, was a knightly weapon, much used in the middle ages, as well in single combat as in battle. "And also there was a younge bachelor, called

" Bertrande of Glesguyne, who, duryng the seige, fought wyth " an Englyshman, called sir Nycholas Dagerne; and that batayle " was takene thre courses wyth a speare, thre strokes wyth an " axe, and thre wyth a dagger. And eche of these knyghtes " bare themselves so valyantly, that they departed fro the felde " wythout any damage, and they were well regarded, bothe of " theyme wythyn, and they wythout." This happened at the siege of Rennes, by the duke of Lancaster, in 1357.—*Froissart*, vol. i. c. 175. With the same weapon Godfrey of Harcourt long defended himself, when surprized and defeated by the French. " And sir Godfraye's men kepte no goode array, nor dyd nat as " they had promysed; moost part of theyme fledde: whan sir " Godfraye sawe that, he sayde to hymselfe, howe he had rather " there be slayne than be taken by the Frenchmen; there he toke " hys axe in hys handes, and set fast the one legge before the " other, to stonde the more surely; for hys one legge was a lytell " crooked, but he was strong in the armes. Ther he fought va- " lyantly and long; none durste well abyde hys strokes; than " two Frenchmen mounted on theyr horses, and ranne both with " their speares at ones at hym, and so bare hym to the yerth: " than other, that were a-fote, came wyth theyr swerdes, and " strake hym into the body, under his harneys, so that ther he " was slayne."—*Ibid*, chap. 172. The historian throws sir Godfrey into a striking attitude of desperation.

When Maitland saw his ain blude fa',
An angry man was he!—P. 23, v. 1.

There is a saying, that a Scottishman fights best after seeing his own blood. Camerarius has contrived to hitch this foolish proverb into a national compliment; for he quotes it as an instance of the persevering gallantry of his countrymen. " *Si in pugna proprium effundi sanguinem vidissent, non statim prostrato animo concedebant, sed irato potius in hostes velut furentes omnibus viribus incurrebant.*"

That Edward once lay under me,
And e'er gat up again.—P. 23, v. 4.

some reciters repeat it thus:

" That *Englishman* lay under me,"

which is in the true spirit of Blind Harry, who makes Wallace say,

> "I like better to see the southeron die,
> Than gold or land, that they can gie to me."

In slaying Edward, Maitland acts pitilessly, but not contrary to the laws of arms, which did not enjoin a knight to shew mercy to his antagonist, until he yielded him, "*rescue or no rescue.*" Thus, the seigneur de Languerant came before the walls of an English garrison, in Gascony, and defied any of the defenders to run a course with a spear: his challenge being accepted by Bertrand Courant, the governor of the place, they couched their spears, like good knights, and dashed on their horses. Their spears were broke to pieces, and Languerant was overthrown, and lost his helmet among the horses' feet His attendants were coming up; but Bernard drew his dagger, and said, "Sir, yield ye my prisoner, rescue, or no rescue; else ye are but dead." The dismounted champion spoke not a word; on which, Bertrand, entering into fervent ire, dashed his dagger into his skull. Besides, the battle was not always finished by one warrior obtaining this advantage over the other. In the battle of Nejara, the famous sir John Chandos was overthrown, and held down, by a gigantic Spanish cavalier, named Martino Fernandez. "Then sir Johan Chandos re-"membred of a knyfe, that he had in his bosome, and drew it out, "and struck this Martyne so in the backe, and in the sydes, that "he wounded him to dethe, as he laye upon hym." The dagger, which the knights employed in these close and desperate struggles, was called the *poniard of mercy*.

SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

This ballad is a northern composition, and seems to have been the original of the legend, called *Sir Aldingar*, which is printed in the *Reliques of Antient Poetry*. The incidents are nearly the same in both ballads, excepting, that, in *Aldingar*, an angel combats for the queen, instead of a mortal champion. The names of *Aldingar* and *Rodingham* approach near to each other in sound, though not in orthography, and the one might, by reciters, be easily substituted for the other.

The tradition, upon which the ballad is founded, is universally current in the Mearns; and the editor is informed, that, till very lately, the sword, with which sir Hugh le Blond was believed to have defended the life and honour of the queen, was carefully preserved by his descendants, the viscounts of Arbuthnot. That sir Hugh of Arbuthnot lived in the thirteenth century, is proved by his having, in 1282, bestowed the patronage of the

church of Garvoch upon the monks of Aberbrothwick, for the safety of his soul. *Register of Aberbrothwick, quoted by Crawford in Peerage.* But I find no instance in history, in which the honour of a queen of Scotland was committed to the chance of a duel. It is true, that Mary, wife of Alexander II., was, about 1242, somewhat implicated in a dark story, concerning the murder of Patrick, earl of Athole, burned in his lodging at Haddington, where he had gone to attend a great tournament. The relations of the deceased baron accused of the murder sir William Bisat, a powerful nobleman; who appears to have been in such high favour with the young queen, that she offered her oath, as a compurgator, to prove his innocence. Bisat, himself, stood upon his defence, and proffered the combat to his accusers; but he was obliged to give way to the tide, and was banished from Scotland. This affair interested all the northern barons; and it is not impossible, that some share, taken in it by this sir Hugh de Arbuthnot, may have given a slight foundation for the tradition of the country. *Winton*, B. vii. ch. 9. Or, if we suppose sir Hugh le Blond to be a predecessor of the sir Hugh, who flourished in the thirteenth century, he may have been the victor in a duel, shortly noticed as having occurred in 1154, when one Arthur, accused of treason, was unsuccessful in his appeal to the judgment of God. *Arthurus regem Malcolm prodituras duello periit.* Chron. Sanctæ Crucis ap. Anglia Sacra, vol. i. p. 161.

But, true or false, the incident, narrated in the ballad, is in the genuine style of chivalry. Romances abound with similar instances, nor are they wanting in real history. The most solemn part of a knight's oath was to defend "all widows, orphelines, and maidens of gude "fame*." *Lindsay's Heraldry, MS.* The love of arms was a real passion of itself, which blazed yet more fiercely, when united with the enthusiastic admiration of the fair sex. The knight of Chaucer exclaims, with chivalrous energy,

> "To fight for a lady! a benedicite!
> It were a lusty sight for to see."

It was an argument, seriously urged by sir John of Heinault, for making war upon Edward II., in behalf of his banished wife, Isabella, that knights were bound to aid, to their uttermost power, all distressed damsels, living without council or comfort.

An apt illustration of the ballad would have been the combat, undertaken by three Spanish champions against three Moors of Grenada, in defence of the honour of the

* Such an oath is still taken by the knights of the Bath; but, I believe, few of that honourable brotherhood will now consider it quite so obligatory as the conscientious lord Herbert of Cherbury, who gravely alledges it as a sufficient reason for having challenged divers cavaliers, that they had either snatched from a lady her bouquet, or ribband, or, by some discourtesy of similar importance, placed her, as his lordship conceived, in the predicament of a distressed damozell.

queen of Grenada, wife to Mohammed Chiquito, the last monarch of that kingdom. But I have not at hand *Las Guerras Civiles de Granada*, in which that atchievement is recorded. Raymond Berenger, count of Barcecelona, is also said to have defended, in single combat, the life and honour of the Empress Matilda, wife of the emperor Henry V., and mother to Henry II. of England.—See *Antonio Ulloa, del vero honore militare*, Venice, 1569.

A less apocryphal example is the duel, fought in 1387, bewixt Jaques le Grys and John de Carogne, before the king of France. These warriors were retainers of the earl of Alençon, and originally sworn brothers. John de Carogne went over the sea, for the advancement of his fame, leaving in his castle a beautiful wife, where she lived soberly and sagely. But the devil entered into the heart of Jaques le Grys, and he rode, one morning, from the earl's house to the castle of his friend, where he was hospitably received by the unsuspicious lady. He requested her to shew him the donjon, or keep of the castle, and in that remote and inaccessible tower forcibly violated her chastity. He then mounted his horse, and returned to the earl of Alençon within so short a space, that his absence had not been perceived. The lady abode within the donjon, weeping bitterly, and exclaiming, "Ah Jaques! it was not well done thus to shame me! but on you shall the shame rest, if God send my husband

safe home !" The lady kept secret this sorrowful deed, until her husband's return from his voyage. The day passed, and night came, and the knight went to bed; but the lady would not; for ever she blessed herself, and walked up and down the chamber, studying and musing, until her attendants had retired; and then, throwing herself on her knees before the knight, she shewed him all the adventure. Hardly would Carogne believe the treachery of his companion; but, when convinced, he replied, " Since it is so, lady, I pardon you; but the knight shall die for this villainous deed." Accordingly, Jaques le Grys was accused of the crime, in the court of the earl of Alençon. But, as he was greatly loved of his lord, and as the evidence was very slender, the earl gave judgment against the accusers. Hereupon, John Carogne appealed to the parliament of Paris; which court, after full consideration, appointed the case to be be tried by mortal combat betwixt the parties, John Carogne appearing as the champion of his lady. If he failed in his combat, then was he to be hanged, and his lady burned, as false and unjust calumniators. This combat, under circumstances so very peculiar, attracted universal attention; in so much, that the king of France and his peers, who were then in Flanders, collecting troops for an invasion of England, returned to Paris, that so notable a duel might be fought in the royal presence. " Thus the kynge, " and his uncles, and the constable, came to Parys. Then

" the lystes were made in a place called Saynt Katherync,
" behinde the Temple. There was soo moche people,
" that it was mervayle to beholde; and on the one side
" of the lystes there was made gret scaffoldes, that the
" lordes might the better se the batayle of the ii cham-
" pions; and so they bothe came to the felde, armed at
" all peaces, and there eche of them was set in theyr
" chayre; the erle of Saynt Poule gouverned John of
" Carongne, and the erle of Alanson's company with Jac-
" ques le Grys; and when the knyght entred in to the
" felde, he came to his wyfe, who was there syttynge in a
" chayre, covered in blacke, and he sayd to her thus;
" —'Dame, by your enformacyon, and in your quarrell,
" I do put my lyfe in adventure, as to fyght with Jacques
" le Grys; ye knowe, if the cause be just and true.'—
" —'Syr,' sayd the lady, 'it is as I have sayd; wherefore
" ye maye fyght surely; the cause is good and true.'
" With those wordes, the knyghte kissed the lady, and
" toke her by the hande, and then blessyd hym, and soo
" entred into the felde. The lady sate styll in the
" blacke chayre, in her prayers to God, and to the vyr-
" gyne Mary, humbly prayenge them, by theyr specyall
" grace, to send her husbande the victory, accordynge
" to the ryght. She was in gret hevynes, for she was
" not sure of her lyfe; for, if her husbande sholde have
" ben dyscomfyted, she was judged without remedy to
" be brente, and her husbande hanged. I can not say

" whether she repented her or not, as the matter was so
" forwarde, that both she and her husbande were in grete
" peryll: howbeit, fynally she must as then abyde the
" adventure. Then these two champyons were set one
" agaynst another, and so mounted on theyr horses, and
" behauved them nobly; for they knewe what perteyned
" to deades of armes. There were many lordes and
" knyghtes of Fraunce, that were come thyder to se
" that batayle. The two champyons justed at theyr fyrst
" metyng, but none of them dyd hurte other; and, af-
" ter the justes, they lyghted on foote to perfourme theyr
" batayle, and soo fought valyauntly. And fyrst, John
" of Carongne was hurte in the thyghe, whereby al his
" frendes were in grete fere; but, after that, he fought
" so valyauntly, that he bette down his adversary to the
" erthe, and threst his swerde in his body, and soo slewe
" hym in the felde; and then he demaunded, if he had done
" his devoyre or not? and they answered, that he had va-
" lyauntly atchieved his batayle. Then Jacques le Grys
" was delyuered to the hangman of Parys, and he drewe
" hym to the gybbet of Mountfawcon, and there hanged
" hym up. Then John of Carongne came before the
" kynge and kneled downe, and ye kinge made him to
" stand up before hym; and, the same daye, the kynge
" caused to be delyvred to hym a thousande franks, and
" reteyned him to be of his chambre, with a pencyon of
" ii hundred pounde by yere, durynge the terme of his

" lyfe. Then he thanked the kynge and the lordes, and " went to his wyfe, and kissed her; and then they wente " togyder to the chyrche of our ladye, in Parys, and " made theyr offerynge, and then retourned to their lod- " gynges. Then this sir John of Carongne taryed not " longe in Fraunce, but went, with syr John Boucequ- " ant, syr John of Bordes, and syr Loys Grat. All " these wente to se Lamorabaquyn* of whome, in those " dayes, there was moche spekynge."

Such was the readiness, with which, in those times, heroes put their lives in jeopardy, for honour and lady's sake. But I doubt whether the fair dames of the present day will think, that the risk of being burned, upon every suspicion of frailty, could be altogether compensated by the probability, that a husband of good faith, like John de Carogne, or a disinterested champion, like Hugh le Blond, would take up the gauntlet in their behalf. I fear they will rather accord to the sentiment of the hero of an old romance, who expostulates thus with a certain duke—

> Certes, sir duke, thou doest unright,
> To make a roast of your daughter bright;
> I wot you ben unkind.
>
> *Amis and Amelion.*

I was favoured with the following copy of *Sir Hugh Le Blond* by K. Williamson Burnet, esq. of Monboddo,

* This odd name Froissart gives to the famous Mahomet, emperor of Turkey, called the Great.

who wrote it down from the recitation of an old woman, long in the service of the Arbuthnot family. Of course the diction is very much humbled, and it has, in all probability, undergone many corruptions; but its antiquity is indubitable, and the story, though indifferently told, is in itself interesting. It is believed that there have been many more verses.

SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

THE birds sang sweet as ony bell,
The world had not their make,
The queen she's gone to her chamber,
With Rodingham to talk.

"I love you well, my queen, my dame,
'Bove land and rents so clear;
And for the love of you, my queen,
Would thole pain most severe."

"If well you love me, Rodingham,
I'm sure so do I thee:
I love you well as any man,
Save the king's fair bodye."

" I love you well, my queen, my dame;
'Tis truth that I do tell:
And for to lye a night with you,
The salt seas I would sail."

" Away, away, O Rodingham!
You are both stark and stoor;
Would you defile the king's own bed,
And make his queen a whore?

" To-morrow you'd be taken sure,
And like a traitor slain:
And I'd be burned at a stake,
Altho' I be the queen."

He then stepp'd out at her room-door,
All in an angry mood;
Untill he met a leper-man,
Just by the hard way-side.

He intoxicate the leper-man,
With liquors very sweet;
And gave him more and more to drink,
Until he fell asleep.

He took him in his arms two,
And carried him along,
Till he came to the queen's own bed ;
And there he laid him down.

He then stepp'd out of the queen's bower,
As swift as any roe,
'Till he came to the very place,
Where the king himself did go.

The king said unto Rodingham,
" What news have you to me ?"
He said, " Your queen's a false woman,
As I did plainly see."

He hasten'd to the queen's chamber,
So costly and so fine,
Untill he came to the queen's own bed,
Where the leper-man was lain.

He looked on the leper-man,
Who lay on his queen's bed ;
He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,
And thus he to him said :

"Plooky, plooky*, are your cheeks,
And plooky is your chin,
And plooky are your arms two,
My bonny queen's layne in.

"Since she has lain into your arms,
She shall not lye in mine;
Since she has kiss'd your ugsome mouth,
She never shall kiss mine."

In anger he went to the queen,
Who fell upon her knee;
He said, "You false, unchaste woman,
What's this you've done to me?"

The queen then turn'd herself about,
The tear blinded her e'e—
"There's not a knight in all your court,
Dare give that name to me."

He said, "'Tis true that I do say;
For I a proof did make:
You shall be taken from my bower,
And burned at a stake.

* *Plooky*—Pimpled.

" Perhaps I'll take my word again,
And may repent the same,
If that you'll get a Christian man
To fight that Rodingham."

"Alass! alass!" then cried our queen,
" Alass, and woe to me!
There's not a man in all Scotland,
Will fight with him for me."

She breathed unto her messengers,
Sent them south, east, and west;
They could find none to fight with him,
Nor enter the contest.

She breathed on her messengers,
She sent them to the north:
And there they found sir Hugh le Blond;
To fight him he came forth.

When unto him they did unfold,
The circumstance all right,
He bade them go and tell the queen,
That for her he would fight.

The day came on that was to do
That dreadful tragedy;
Sir Hugh Le Blond was not come up
To fight for our lady.

"Put on the fire," the monster said;
"It is twelve on the bell!"
"'Tis scarcely ten," now, said the king;
"I heard the clock mysell."

Before the hour the queen is brought,
The burning to proceed;
In a black velvet chair she's set,
A token for the dead.

She saw the flames ascending high,
The tears blinded her e'e:
"Where is the worthy knight," she said,
"Who is to fight for me?"

Then up and spake the king himsel,
"My dearest, have no doubt,
For yonder comes the man himsel,
As bold as ere set out."

They then advanced to fight the duel,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Till down the blood of Rodingham
Came running to his heel.

Sir Hugh took out a lusty sword,
'Twas of the metal clear;
And he has pierced Rodingham,
Till's heart-blood did appear.

" Confess your treachery, now," he said,
" This day before you die !"
" I do confess my treachery,
I shall no longer lye:

" I like to wicked Haman am,
This day I shall be slain. "
The queen was brought to her chamber,
A good woman again.

The queen then said unto the king,
" Arbattle's near the sea;
Give it unto the northern knight,
That this day fought for me."

Then said the king, " Come here, sir knight,
And drink a glass of wine;
And, if Arbattle's not enough,
To it we'll Fordoun join."

NOTES

ON

SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

Untill he met a leper-man, &c.—P. 52. v. 4.

Filth, poorness of living, and the want of linen, made this horrible disease formerly very common in Scotland. Robert Bruce died of the leprosy; and, through all Scotland, there were hospitals erected for the reception of lepers, to prevent their mingling with the rest of the community.

" It is twelve on the bell;"
" 'Tis scarcely ten," now, said the king, &c.—P. 56. v. 2.

In the romance of Doolin, called *La Fleur des Battailles*, a false accuser discovers a similar impatience to hurry over the execution, before the arrival of the lady's champion—*" Ainsi comme Herch-" ambaut vouloit jetter la dame dedans le feu, Sanzes de Clervaut va " a lui, si lui dict; 'Sire Herchambaut, vous estes trop a blasmer; " car vous ne devez mener ceste chose que par droit ainsi qu'il est or-" donnè; je veux accorder que ceste dame ait un vassal qui la diffen-" dra contre vous et Drouart, car elle n'a point de coulpe en ce que " l'accusez; si la devez retarder jusque a midy, pour scavoir si un bon " chevalier l'a viendra secourir contre vous et Drouart."*—cap. 22.

And, if Arbattle's not enough,
To it we'll Fordoun join.—P. 57. v. 1.

Arbattle is the ancient name of the barony of Arbuthnot. Fordun has long been the patrimony of the same family.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

ONE edition of the present ballad is well known; having appeared in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and having been inserted in almost every subsequent collection of Scottish songs. But it seems to have occurred to no editor, that a more compleat copy of the song might be procured. That, with which the public is now presented, is taken from two MS. copies, collated with several verses, recited by the editor's friend, Robert Hamilton, esq. advocate. But, even with the assistance of the common copy, the ballad seems still to be a fragment. The cause of sir Patrick Spens' voyage is, however, pointed out distinctly; and it shews, that the song has claim to high antiquity, as referring to a very remote period in Scottish history.

Alexander III. of Scotland, died in 1285, and for the misfortune of his country, as well as his own, he had been bereaved of all his children, before his decease. The

crown of Scotland descended upon his grand-daughter, Margaret, termed, by our historians, the *Maid of Norway*. She was the only offspring of a marriage betwixt Eric, king of Norway, and Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. The kingdom had been secured to her by the parliament of Scotland, held at Scone, the year preceding her grandfather's death. The regency of Scotland entered into a congress with the ministers of the king of Norway, and with those of England, for the establishment of good order in the kingdom of the infant princess. Shortly afterwards, Edward I. conceived the idea of matching his eldest son, Edward, prince of Wales, with the young queen of Scotland. The plan was eagerly embraced by the Scottish nobles; for, at that time, there was little of the national animosity, which afterwards blazed betwixt the countries, and they patriotically looked forward to the important advantage, of uniting the island of Britain into one kingdom. But Eric of Norway seems to have been unwilling to deliver up his daughter; and, while the negociations were thus protracted, the death of the Maid of Norway effectually crushed a scheme, the consequences of which might have been, that the distinction betwixt England and Scotland would, in our day, have been as obscure and uninteresting as that of the realms of the heptarchy.—*Hailes' Annals. Fordun, &c.*

The unfortunate voyage of sir Patrick Spens may really have taken place, for the purpose of bringing back the Maid of Norway to her own kingdom; a purpose, which

was probably defeated by the jealousy of the Norwegians, and the reluctance of king Eric. I find no traces of the disaster in Scottish history; but, when we consider the meagre materials, whence Scottish history is drawn, this is no conclusive argument against the truth of the tradition. That a Scottish vessel, sent upon such an embassy, must, as represented in the ballad, have been freighted with the noblest youth in the kingdom, is sufficiently probable; and, having been delayed in Norway, till the tempestuous season was come on, its fate can be no matter of surprize. The ambassadors, finally sent by the Scottish nation to receive their queen, were sir David Wemyss, of Wemyss, and sir Michael Scot of Balwearie; the same, whose knowledge, surpassing that of his age, procured him the reputation of a wizzard. But, perhaps, the expedition of sir Patrick Spens was previous to their embassy. The introduction of the king into the ballad seems a deviation from history, unless we suppose, that Alexander was, before his death, desirous to see his grand-child and heir.

The Scottish monarchs were much addicted to "sit in Dumfermline town," previous to the accession of the Bruce dynasty. It was a favourite abode of Alexander himself, who was killed by a fall from his horse, in the vicinity, and was buried in the abbey of Dumfermline.

There is a beautiful German translation of this ballad, as it appeared in the *Reliques*, in the Volk-Lieder of professor Herder; an elegant work, in which it is only to be

regretted, that the actual popular songs of the Germans form so trifling a proportion.

The tune of Mr Hamilton's copy of *Sir Patrick Spens* is different from that, to which the words are commonly sung; being less plaintive, and having a bold nautical turn in the close.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king sits in Dumfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O* whare will I get a skeely skipper†,
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

* In singing, the interjection, O, is added to the second and fourth lines.

† *Skeelly Skipper*—Skilful mariner.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word, that sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word, that sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say,

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee!"
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie.

"For I brought as much white monie,
As gane* my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou† o' gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

* *Gane*—Suffice. † *Half fou*—the eighth part of a peck.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap*,
It was sick a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna' gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

* *Lap*—Sprang.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another of the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side.
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed,
That flattered* on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they'll see na mair.

* *Flatter'd*—Fluttered, or rather floated, on the foam.

O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see sir Patrick Spens,
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

NOTES

ON

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?—P. 65, v. 3.

By a Scottish act of parliament, it was enacted, that no ship should be fraughted out of the kingdom, with any staple goods, betwixt the feast of St Simon's day and Jude and Candelmass.—*James* III. *parliament 2d, chap.* 15. Such was the terror entertained, for navigating the north seas in winter.

When a bout flew out of our goodly ship.—P. 67. v. 5.

I believe, a modern seaman would say, a plank had started, which must have been a frequent incident during the infancy of ship-building. The remedy applied seems to be that mentioned in *Cooke's Voyages*, when, upon some occasion, to stop a leak, which could not be got at in the inside, a quilted sail was brought under the vessel, which, being drawn into the leak by the suction, prevented the entry of more water. Chaucer says,

"There n'is no new guise that it na'as old."

O forty miles off Aberdeen,—P. 69. v. 3.

This concluding verse differs in the three copies of the ballad, which I have collated. The printed edition bears,

"Have owre, have owre to Aberdour;"

And one of the MSS. reads,

"At the back of auld St Johnstowne Dykes."

But, in a voyage from Norway, a shipwreck on the north coast seems as probable as either in the Firth of Forth, or Tay; and the ballad states the disaster to have taken place out of sight of land.

THE

DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This ballad, which is a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, is universally believed to be founded in fact, and is therefore placed among the historical pieces. The editor found it easy to collect a variety of copies; but very difficult, indeed, to select from them such a collated edition, as may, in any degree, suit the taste of "these more light and giddy-paced "times."

Tradition places the event, recorded in the song, very early; and it is probable that the ballad was composed soon afterwards, although the language has been gradually modernized, in the course of its transmission to us, through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition. The bard does not relate particulars, but barely the striking outlines of a fact, apparently so well known, when

he wrote, as to render minute detail as unnecessary, as it is always tedious and unpoetical.

The hero of the ballad was a knight, of great bravery, called Scott, who is said to have resided at Kirkhope, or Oakwood castle, and is, in tradition, termed the baron of Oakwood. The estate of Kirkhope belonged anciently to the Scotts of Harden: Oakwood is still their property, and has been so from time immemorial. The hero of the ballad was therefore, probably, of this family, and may, perhaps, be identified with John Scott, sixth son of the laird of Harden, murdered in Ettrick Forest by his kinsmen, the Scotts of Gilmanscleuch (see notes to *Jamie Telfer*, vol. i. p. 110). This appears the more probable, as the common people always affirm, that this young man was treacherously slain, and that, in evidence thereof, his body remained uncorrupted for many years; so that even the roses on his shoes seemed as fresh, as when he was first laid in the family vault at Hassendean.

Tradition affirms, that the hero of the song (be he who he may) was murdered by the brother, either of his wife, or betrothed bride. The alledged cause of malice was, the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, and the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat. It is a low moor, on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected, about eighty yards distant from each other; and the least child, that can herd a

cow, will tell the passenger, that there lie "the two lords, who were slain in single combat."

It will be, with many readers, the greatest recommendation of these verses, that they are supposed to have suggested to Mr Hamilton, of Bangour, the modern ballad, beginning,

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride."

A fragment, apparently regarding the story of the following ballad, but in a different measure, occurs in Mr Herd's MSS., and runs thus:

"When I look east my heart is sair,
But when I look west its mair and mair;
For then I see the braes o' Yarrow,
And there, for aye, I lost my marrow."

THE

DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

"O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"O come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonny banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonny banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his bodie thorough.

" Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother* John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord!
He's sleepin sound on Yarrow."

" Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd, I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

" O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

" But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

* *Good-brother*—Beau-frere, Brother-in-law.

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spyed ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She search'd his wounds all thorough;
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now, haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord,
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."

NOTE

ON

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

There are many additional verses of the song; but it is much for the credit of the bard to conclude as in the text. The double rhyme to Yarrow, the recurrence of which he had imposed on himself, fettered his genius terribly, notwithstanding his good fortune in having a heroine, so conveniently named Sarah. But, for the information of the reader of sensibility, who may interest himself in the lady's fate, I insert the last stanza, as it occurs in most copies:

That lady, being big with child,
And full of consternation,
She swooned in her father's arms,
Amidst that stubborn nation.

Nation, I presume, is here used in the limited sense of her father's attendants; for it would appear that brother John, and his retinue, had all perished in the battle, or died of their wounds.

THE LAMENT

OF

THE BORDER WIDOW.

This fragment, obtained from recitation, in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cokburne of Henderland, a border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V., in the course of that memorable expedition, in 1529, which was fatal to Johnie Armstrang, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders. The vestiges of the castle of Henderland are still to be traced upon the farm of that name, belonging to Mr Murray of Henderland. They are situated near the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the lake of St Mary, in Selkirkshire. The adjacent country, which now

hardly bears a single tree, is celebrated by Lesly, as, in his time, affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously from the hills, through a rocky chasm, named the Dow-glen, and passes near the site of the tower. To the recesses of this glen the wife of Cokburne is said to have retreated, during the execution of her husband; and a place, called the *Lady's seat*, is still shewn, where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise, which announced the close of his existence. In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cokburne and his lady is still shewn. It is a large stone, broken into three parts; but some armorial bearings may be yet traced, and the following inscription is still legible, though defaced:

HERE LYES PERYS OF COKBURNE AND HIS WYFE MARJORY.

Tradition says, that Cokburne was surprised by the king, while sitting at dinner. After the execution, James marched rapidly forward, to surprise Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through the mountains, which separate the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the *King's Road*, and seems to have been the rout which he followed. The remains of the tower of

Tushielaw are yet visible, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick ; and are an object of terror to the benighted peasant, from an idea of their being haunted by spectres. From these heights, and through the adjacent county of Peebles, passes a wild path, called still the *Thief's Road*, from having been used chiefly by the marauders of the border.

THE LAMENT

OF

THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king, that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd* his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

* *Poin'd*—Poinded, attached by legal distress.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sate;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair,
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

THE Græmes, as we have had frequent occasion to notice, were a powerful and numerous clan, who chiefly inhabited the Debateable Land. They were said to be of Scottish extraction, and their chief claimed his descent from Malice, earl of Stratherne. In military service they were more attached to England than to Scotland; but, in their depredations on both countries, they appear to have been very impartial; for, in the year 1600, the gentlemen of Cumberland alledged to lord Scroope, that "the Græmes, and their clans, with their children, te-"nants, and servants, were the chiefest actors in the spoil "and decay of the country." Accordingly, they were, at that time, obliged to give a bond of surety for each other's peaceable demeanour, from which bond their numbers appear to have exceeded 400 men.—See *Introduction to Nicolson's History of Cumberland*, p. cviii.

Richard Græme, of the family of Netherbye, was one of the attendants upon Charles I., when prince of Wales, and accompanied him upon his romantic journey through France and Spain. The following little anecdote, which then occurred, will shew, that the memory of the Græmes' border exploits was at that time still preserved.

" They were now entered into the deep time of Lent, " and could get no flesh in their inns. Whereupon fell " out a pleasant passage, if I may insert it, by the way, " among more serious. There was, near Bayonne, a herd " of goats, with their young ones; upon the sight where- " of, sir Richard Graham tells the marquis (of Bucking- " ham), that he would snap one of the kids, and make " some shift to carry him snug to their lodging. Which " the prince overhearing, ' Why, Richard,' says he, ' do " you think you may practise here your old tricks upon " the borders?' Upon which words, they, in the first " place, gave the goat-herd good contentment; and " then, while the marquis and Richard, being both on " foot, were chasing the kid about the stack, the prince " from horseback, killed him in the head, with a Scot- " tish pistol. Which circumstance, though trifling, may " yet serve to shew how his royal highness, even in such " slight and sportful damage, had a noble sense of just " dealing."—*Sir Henry Wotton's Life of the Duke of Buckingham.*

I find no traces of this particular Hughie Græme, of the ballad; but, from the mention of the *bishop*, I sus-

pect he may have been one, of about four hundred borderers, against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, lord bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils, by them committed.—*Nicholson's History, Introduction*, lxxxi. There appear a number of Græmes, in the specimen which we have of that list of delinquents.

There occur in particular,

Ritchie Grame of Bailie,
Will's Jock Grame,
Fargue's Willie Grame,
Muckle Willie Grame,
Will Grame of Rosetrees,
Ritchie Grame, younger of Netherby,
Wat Grame, called Flaughtail,
Will Grame, Nimble Willie,
Will Grame, Mickle Willie,

with many others.

In Mr Ritson's curious and valuable collection of legendary poetry, entitled *Ancient Songs*, he has published this border ditty, from a collation of two old black-letter copies, one in the collection of the duke of Roxburghe, and another in the hands of John Bayne, esq.—The learned editor mentions another copy, beginning "Good lord John is a hunting gone." The present edition was procured for me by my friend, Mr W. Laidlaw, in Blackhouse, and has been long current in Selkirkshire. Mr Ritson's copy has occasionally been resorted to, for better readings.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

GUDE lord Scroope's to the hunting gane;
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

"Now, good lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broad sword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tryed."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."

"Then do your worst now, good lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can!
It shall be tried, within an hour,
Which of us two is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

Then they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town,
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying, "Hughie the Græme, thou'se ne'er gae down!"

Then hae they chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle* town,
And twelve of them cried out at once,
"Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down!"

Then up bespake him gude lord Hume†,
As he sat by the judge's knee,
"Twentie white owsen, my gude lord,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

* *Garlard*—Anc. Songs. † *Boles*—Anc. Songs.

" O no, O no, my gude lord Hume!
For sooth and sae it manna be;
For, were there but three Græmes of the name,
They suld be hanged a' for me."

'Twas up and spake the gude lady Hume,
As she sate by the judge's knee,
" A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

" O no, O no, my gude lady Hume!
Forsooth and so it mustna be;
Were he but the one Græme of the name,
He suld be hanged high for me."

" If I be guilty," said Hughie the Græme,
" Of me my friends shall hae small talk;"
And he has loup'd fifteen feet and three,
Though his hands they were tied behind his back.

He looked over his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see;
There was he aware of his auld father,
Came tearing his hair most pitcouslie.

" O hald your tongue, my father," he says,
" And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me fro' heaven hie."

" Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!
The last time we came ower the muir,
'Twas thou bereft me of my life,
And wi' the bishop thou play'd the whore.

" Here, Johnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine;
And when thou comest to the English* side,
Remember the death of Hughie the Græme."

* *Border*—Anc. Songs.

NOTE

ON

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

And wi' the bishop thou play'd the whore.—P. 91. v. 2.

Of the morality of Robert Aldridge, bishop of Carlisle, we know little; but his political and religious faith were of a stretching and accommodating texture. Anthony a Wood observes, that there were many changes in his time, both in church and state; but that the worthy prelate retained his offices and preferments, during them all.

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

The date of this ballad, and its subject, are uncertain. From internal evidence, I am inclined to place it late in the sixteenth century. Of the Græmes, enough has been said in the introduction to the foregoing ballad. It is not impossible, that such a clan, as they are described, may have retained the rude ignorance of ancient border manners to a later period than their more inland neighbours; and hence the taunt of old Bewick to Græme. Bewick is an ancient name in Cumberland and Northumberland. The ballad itself is given from the recitation of a gentleman, who professes to have forgotten some verses. The places, where they should be introduced, are marked with asterisks.

The ballad is remarkable, as containing, probably, the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms, which was held so sacred in the days of chivalry,

and whose origin may be traced up to the Scythian ancestors of Odin. Many of the old romances turn entirely upon the sanctity of the engagement, contracted by the *freres d'armes*. In that of *Amis and Amelion*, the hero slays his two infant children, that he may compound a potent salve with their blood, to cure the leprosy of his brother in arms. The romance of *Gyron le Courtois* has a similar subject. I think the hero, like Græme in the ballad, kills himself, out of some high point of honour towards his friend.

The quarrel of the two old chieftains, over their wine, is highly in character. Two generations have not elapsed, since the custom of drinking deep, and taking deadly revenge for slight offences, produced very tragical events on the border; to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little. A minstrel, who flourish'd about 1720, and is often talked of by the old people, happened to be performing before one of these parties, when they betook themselves to their swords. The cautious musician, accustomed to such scenes, dived beneath the table. A moment after, a man's hand, struck off with a back-sword, fell beside him. The minstrel secured it carefully in his pocket, as he would have done any other loose moveable; sagely observing, the owner would miss it sorely next morning. I chuse rather to give this ludicrous example, than some graver instances of bloodshed at border orgies. I observe it is said, in a MS. account of Tweeddale, in praise of the inhabitants,

that, " when they fall in the humour of good fellowship, " they use it as a cement and bond of society, and not " to foment revenge, quarrels, and murders, which is " usual in other countries ;" by which we ought, probably, to understand Selkirkshire and Teviotdale.—*Macfarlane's MSS.*

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

Gude lord Græme is to Carlisle gane;
Sir Robert Bewick there met he;
And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
And they drank till they were baith merrie.

Gude lord Græme has ta'en up the cup,
"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee!
And here's to our twae sons at hame!
For they like us best in our ain countrie."

"O were your son a lad like mine,
And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twae brethren bauld,
And they might hae bragged the border side."

"But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
And billie to my son he canna be;

* * * * * * *

"Ye sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
Ye bought him books and he wadna read."
"But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."

Gude lord Græme has a reckoning call'd,
A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun';
It was all for the gude wine and free.

And he has to the stable gaen,
Where there stude thirty steeds and thrée;
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Wellcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to schools, and ye wadna learn;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read;
Therefore my blessing ye sall never earn,
Till I see how your hands can defend your head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing suld be!
Billie Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
And aye sae weel as he learned me."

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer lown,
And of thy talking let me be!
If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand I'll fight wi' thee."

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be;
Whether he suld fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

" If I suld kill my billie dear,
God's blessing I sall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twald be a mortal sin.

" But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God's will! so let it be.
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
That I sall be the next man's die."

Then he's put on his coat of mail,
And his cap of steel on's head put he;
And sword and buckler by his side,
He's ridden on full manfullie.

* * * * * * *

Young Bewick's gane to take the air,
Into the green wood walked he,
With his staff under his left shoulder;
And a psalter-book in his hand had he.

He looked atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man, in armour bright,
Was riding that way, most hastilie.

"O wha is yon, that came this way,
Sae hastilie that hither came?
I think it be my brother dear;
I think it be young Christie Græme."

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
And thrice you're welcome unto me!"
"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,
When I am come to fight with thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewick there met he;
He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
He gae me books, and I wadna read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard my head."

" O God forbid, my billie dear,
That ever such a thing suld be !
For I was your master, ye were my seholar,
And aye sae kindly I learned thee."

" O hald thy tongue, now, billie Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be !
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi' me."

" But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine."
" But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billie, shall be on mine."

Then he's thrown aff his coat of mail,
His cap of steel away flung he;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap, most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twae lang hours;
When twae lang hours were come and gane,
The sweat drapped fast frae aff them baith,
But a drap of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an ackward* stroke,
Ane ackward stroke, strucken sickerlie;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear!
Rise up, and tell the case to me!
Whether thou'se gotten thy deadly wound,
Or if good leaching may succour thee?"

"O I turn cauld, my billie dear,
And death is dealing fast wi' me;
But may ye find as gude a billie,
As thy billie Bewick has been to thee!"

"O I have slain thee, billie Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me,
But I made a vow, ere I came frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

* *Ackward*—Backward.

He has pitched his sword in a moodie-hill*,
And he has leap'd twentie lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the grund fell he.

'Twas then came up sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he,
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
"For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."

"O hald yonr tongue, my father dear!
Of your prideful talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
A grave to hald baith him and me;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie."

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewick cried,
"That sick a day had ever come!
I'm sure I've lost the prettiest man,
That ever was in Christendom."

* *Moodie-hill*—Mole-hill.

"Alack! a wae!" quo' gude lord Græme,
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper lack!
I durst hae ridden the border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock;
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."

CHRISTIE'S WILL.

In the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called, for distinction's sake, *Christie's Will*, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V*. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and, upon some marauding party, he was seized, and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The earl of Traquair, lord high treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, enquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters); but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged, there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was,

* For his pedigree, the reader may consult the appendix to the ballad of Johnie Armstrong, Vol. I.

amused the earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a law-suit, of importance to lord Traquair, was to be decided in the court of session; and there was every reason to believe, that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote, in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way, when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the earl had recourse to Christie's Will; who, at once, offered his service, to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air, on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off, with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths, only known to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle, in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham*. The judge's horse being

* It stands upon the water of Dryfe, not far from Moffat

found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog, by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the law-suit was decided in favour of lord Traquair; and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault, at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and, using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot, where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprize of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court, to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted, once more, with the sounds of *Madge* and *Batty*—the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but, in these dis-

orderly times, it was only laughed at, as a fair *ruse de guerre.*

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was sir Alexander Gibson, lord Durie, collector of the reports, well known in the Scottish law, under the title of *Durie's Decisions.* He was advanced to the station of an ordinary lord of session, 10th July, 1621, and died, at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods his whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

" We may frame," says Forbes, " a rational conjecture " of his great learning and parts, not only from his col- " lection of the decisions of the session, from July 1621, " till July 1642, but also from the following circum- " stances: 1. In a tract of more as twenty years, he " was frequently chosen vice-president, and no other " lord in that time. 2. 'Tis commonly reported, that " some party, in a considerable action before the ses- " sion, finding, that the lord Durie could not be per- " suaded to think his plea good, fell upon a stratagem " to prevent the influence and weight, which his lordship " might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong " masked men kidnap him, in the links of Leith, at his " diversion on a Saturday afternoon, and transport him " to some blind and obscure room in the country, where " he was detained captive, without the benefit of day-

" light, a matter of three months (though otherways " civilly and well entertained); during which time his " lady and children went in mourning for him, as dead. " But, after the cause aforesaid was decided, the lord " Durie was carried back by incognitos, and dropt in the " same place, where he had been taken up."—*Forbes's Journal of the Session*, Edin. 1714. *Preface*, p. 28.

Tradition ascribes to Christie's Will another memorable feat, which seems worthy of being recorded. It is well known, that, during the troubles of Charles I., the earl of Traquair continued unalterably fixed in his attachment to his unfortunate master, in whose service he hazarded his person, and impoverished his estate. It was of consequence, it is said, to the king's service, that a certain packet, containing papers of importance, should be transmitted to him from Scotland. But the task was a difficult one, as the parliamentary leaders used their utmost endeavours to prevent any communication betwixt the king and his Scottish friends. Traquair, in this strait, again had recourse to the services of Christie's Will; who undertook the commission, conveyed the papers safely to his majesty, and received an answer, to be delivered to lord Traquair. But, in the mean time, his embassy had taken air, and Cromwell had dispatched orders to intercept him at Carlisle. Christie's Will, unconscious of his danger, halted in the town to refresh his horse, and then pursued his journey. But, as soon as he

began to pass the long, high, and narrow bridge, which crosses the Eden at Carlisle, either end of the pass was occupied by a party of parliamentary soldiers, who were lying in wait for him. The borderer disdained to resign his enterprise, even in these desperate circumstances; and at once forming his resolution, spurred his horse over the parapet. The river was in high flood. Will sunk—the soldiers shouted—he emerged again, and, guiding his horse to a steep bank, called the Stanners, or Stanhouse, endeavoured to land, but ineffectually, owing to his heavy horseman's cloak, now drenched in water. Will cut the loop, and the horse, feeling himself disembarrassed, made a desperate exertion, and succeeded in gaining the bank. Our hero set off at full speed, pursued by the troopers, who had for a time stood motionless, in astonishment at his temerity. Will, however, was well mounted; and, having got the start, he kept it, menacing, with his pistols, any pursuer, who seemed likely to gain on him—an artifice, which succeeded, although the arms were wet and useless. He was chased to the river Eske, which he swam without hesitation; and, finding himself on Scottish ground, and in the neighbourhood of friends, he turned on the northern bank, and, in the true spirit of a border rider, invited his followers to come through, and drink with him. After this taunt, he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission. Such were the exploits of the very last border freebooter of any note.

The reader is not to regard the ballad as of genuine and unmixed antiquity, though some stanzas are current upon the border, in a corrupted state. They have been eked and joined together, in the rude and ludicrous manner of the original.

CHRISTIE'S WILL.

Traquair has riden up Chapelhope,
And sae has he down by the Gray Mare's Tail*;
He never stinted the light gallop,
Untill he speer'd for Christie's Will.

Now Christie's Will peep'd frae the tower,
And out at the shot-hole keeked he;
"And ever unlucky," quo' he, "is the hour,
That the warden comes to speer for me!"

"Good Christie's Will, now, have na fear!
Nae harm, good Will, shall hap to thee:
I saved thy life at the Jeddart air,
At the Jeddart air, frae the justice tree.

* *Gray Mare's Tail*—A cataract above Moffat, so called.

" Bethink how ye sware, by the salt and the bread*,
By the lightning, the wind, and the rain,
That if ever of Christie's Will I had need,
He would pay me my service again."

" Gramercy, my lord," quo' Christie's Will,
" Gramercy, my lord, for your grace to me!
When I turn my cheek, and claw my neck,
I think of Traquair, and the Jeddart tree."

And he has opened the fair tower yate,
To Traquair and a' his companie;
The spule o' the deer on the board he has set,
The fattest that ran on the Hutton Lee.

" Now, wherefore sit ye sad, my lord?
And wherefore sit ye mournfullie?
And why eat ye not of the venison I shot,
At the dead of night, on Hutton Lee?"

" O weel may I stint of feast and sport,
And in my mind be vexed sair!
A vote of the canker'd Session Court
Of land and living will make me bair.

* "He took bread and salt by this light, that he would never open his lips." *The Honest Whore*, act 5, scene 12.

" But if auld Durie to heaven were flown,
Or if auld Durie to hell were gane,
Or . . . . if he could be but ten days stown . . . .
My bonny braid lands would still be my ain."

" O mony a time, my lord," he said,
" I've stown the horse frae the sleeping loun;
But for you I'll steal a beast as braid,
For I'll steal lord Durie frae Edinburgh town.

" O mony a time, my lord," he said,
" I've stown a kiss frae a sleeping wench;
But for you I'll do as kittle a deed,
For I'll steal an auld lurdane aff the bench."

And Christie's Will is to Edinburgh gane;
At the Borough Muir then entered he;
And, as he pass'd the gallow-stane,
He cross'd his brow, and he bent his knee.

He lighted at lord Durie's door,
And there he knocked, most manfullie;
And up and spake lord Durie, sae stoor,
" What tidings, thou stalward groom, to me?"

" The fairest lady in Teviotdale,
  Has sent, maist reverent sir, for thee ;
She pleas at the session for her land, a' haill,
  And fain she wad plead her cause to thee."

" But how can I to that lady ride,
  With saving of my dignitie ?"
" O a curch and mantle ye may wear,
  And in my cloak ye sall muffled be."

Wi' curch on head, and cloak ower face,
  He mounted the judge on a palfrey fyne;
He rode away, a right round pace,
  And Christie's Will held the bridle reyn.

The Lothian Edge they were not o'er,
  When they heard bugles bauldly ring,
And, hunting over Middleton Moor,
  They met, I ween, our noble king.

When Willie look'd upon our king,
  I wot a frightened man was he !
But ever auld Durie was startled more,
  For tyning of his dignitie.

The king he cross'd himself, I wis,
When as the pair came riding bye—
" An uglier crone, and a sturdier lown,
I think, were never seen with eye!"

Willie has hied to the tower of Græme,
He took auld Durie on his back,
He shot him down to the dungeon deep,
Which garr'd his auld banes gie mony a crack.

For nineteen days, and nineteen nights,
Of sun, or moon, or midnight stern,
Auld Durie never saw a blink,
The lodging was sae dark and dern.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross,
Had fang'd him in their nets sae fast,
Or that the gypsies' glamour'd gang,
Had lair'd* his learning at the last.

" Hey! Batty, lad! far yaud! far yaud†!"
These were the morning sounds heard he;
And " ever alack!" auld Durie cried,
" The deil is hoarding his tykes on me!"

* *Lair'd*—Bogged. † *Far yaud.* The signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance. From Yoden, to go. *Ang. Sax.*

And whiles a voice on *Baudrons* cried,
With sound uncouth, and sharp, and hie;
"I have tar-barrell'd mony a witch,
But now, I think, they'll clear scores wi' me!"

The king has caused a bill be wrote,
And he has set it on the Tron,
"He that will bring lord Durie back
Shall have five hundred merks and one."

Traquair has written a braid letter,
And he has seal'd it wi' his seal,
"Ye may let the auld brock* out o' the poke;
The land's my ain, and a's gane weel."

O Will has mounted his bonnie black,
And to the tower of Græme did trudge,
And once again, on his sturdy back,
Has he hente up the weary judge.

He brought him to the council stairs,
And there full loudly shouted he,
"Gie me my guerdon, my sovereign liege,
And take ye back your auld Durie!"

* *Brock*—Badger.

NOTES

ON

CHRISTIE'S WILL.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross—P. 116. v. 4.

" As for the rencounter, betwixt Mr Williamson, schoolmaster " at Cowper (who has wrote a grammar), and the Rosicrucians, I " never trusted it, till I heard it from his own son, who is present " minister of Kirkaldy. He tells, that a stranger came to Cowper, " and called for him: after they had drank a little, and the reck- " oning came to be paid, he whistled for spirits; one, in the shape " of a boy, came, and gave him gold in abundance; no servant " was seen riding with him to the town, nor enter with him into the " inn. He caused his spirits, against next day, bring him noble " Greek wine, from the Pope's cellar, and tell the freshest news " then at Rome; then trysted Mr Williamson at London, who met " the same man, in a coach, near to London bridge, and who cal- " led on him by his name; he marvelled to see any know him " there; at last he found it was his Rosicrucian. He pointed to a " tavern, and desired Mr Williamson to do him the favour to dine " with him at that house; whither he came at twelve o'clock, and " found him, and many others of good fashion there, and a most " splendid and magnificent table, furnished with all the varieties

" of delicate meats, where they are all served by spirits. At din-
" ner, they debated upon the excellency of being attended by spi-
" rits; and, after dinner, they proposed to him to assume him into
" their society, and make him participant of their happy life; but,
" among the other conditions and qualifications requisite, this was
" one, that they demanded his abstracting his spirit from all ma-
" teriality, and renouncing his baptismal engagements. Being
" amazed at this proposal, he falls a praying; whereat they all dis-
" appear, and leave him alone. Then he began to forethink what
" would become of him, if he were left to pay that vast reckoning;
" not having as much on him as would defray it. He calls the
" boy, and asks, what was become of these gentlemen, and what
" was to pay? He answered, there was nothing to pay, for they had
" done it, and were gone about their affairs in the city."—*Fountainhall's Decisions*, Vol. i. p. 15. With great deference to the learned reporter, this story has all the appearance of a joke upon the poor schoolmaster, calculated at once to operate upon his credulity, and upon his fears of being left in pawn for the reckoning.

Or that the gypsies' glamour'd gang, &c.—P. 116. v. 4.

Besides the prophetic powers, ascribed to the gypsies in most European countries, the Scottish peasants believe them possessed of the power of throwing upon by-standers a spell, to fascinate their eyes, and cause them to see the thing that is not. Thus, in the old ballad of Johnie Faa, the elopement of the countess of Cassilis, with a gypsy leader, is imputed to fascination.

> " As sune as they saw her weel far'd face,
> They cast the glamour ower her."

Saxo Grammaticus mentions a particular sect of *Mathematicians*, as he is pleased to call them, who " *per summam ludificandorum*
" *oculorum peritiam, proprios alienosque vultus, variis rerum imagini-*
" *bus, adumbrare callebant; illicibusque formis veros obscurare con-*
" *spectus.*" Merlin, the son of Ambrose, was particularly skilled in this art, and displays it often in the old metrical romance of *Arthour and Merlin*.

> Tho' thai com the kinges neighe
> Merlin hef his heued on heighe

And kest on hem enchauntement
That he hem alle allmest blent
That non other sen no might
A gret while y you plight &c.

The *jongleurs* were also great professors of this mystery, which has in some degree descended, with their name, on the modern jugglers. But durst Breslaw, the Sieur Boaz, or Katterfelto himself, have encountered, in magical slight, the *tregetoures* of father Chaucer, who

——— within a hall large
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and down;
Somtime hath semed come a grim leoun,
And somtime flowres spring as in a mede;
Somtime a vine and grapes white and rede,
Somtime a castel al of lime and ston;
And when hem liketh voideth it anon.
Thus semeth it to every mannes sight —

Frankeleene's Tale.

And again, the prodigies exhibited by the clerk of Orleans to Aurelius:

He shewd him or they went to soupere
Forestes, parkes, ful of wilde dere;
Ther saw he hartes with hir hornes hie,
The gretest that were ever seen with eie:
He saw of hem an hundred slain with houndes,
And some with arwes blede of bitter woundes:
He saw, when voided were the wilde dere,
Thise fauconers upon a fair rivere,
That with hir haukes han the heron slain:
Tho saw he knightes justen on a plain;
And after this he did him swiche plesance,
That he him shewd his lady on a dance,
On which himselven danced, as him thought:
And whan this maister that this magike wrought,
Saw it was time, he clapt his handes two,
And farewell! all the revel is ago.

And yet remued they never out of the house,
While they saw all thise sights merveillous:
But in his studie, ther his bookes be,
They saten still and no wight but this three.

Ibidem.

Our modern professors of the *magic natural* would likewise have been sorely put down by the *Jogulours* and *Enchantours* of the *Grete Chan*; "for they maken to come in the air the sone and the "mone, beseminge to every mannes sight; and aftre, they maken "the nyght so dirke, that no man may se no thing; and aftre, they "maken the day to come agen, fair and plesant, with bright sone "to every mannes sight; and than, they bringin in daunces of the "fairest damyselles of the world, and richest arrayed; and after, "they maken to eomen in other damyselles, bringing coupes of "gold, fulle of mylke of diverse bestes; and geven drinke to lordes "and to ladyes; and than they maken knyghtes to justen in armes "fulle lustyly; and they rennen togidre a gret randoun, and they "frussehen togidere full fiereely, and they broken her speres so "rudely, that the trenchouns flen in sprotis and pieces alle aboute "the halle: and than they make to eome in hunting for the hert "and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouthe: and "many other things they dow of her enchauntements, that it is "marveyle for to se."—*Sir John Mandeville's Travels*, p. 235. I question much, also, if the most artful *illuminatus* of Germany could have matched the prodigies exhibited by Paeolet and Adramain. "*Adonc Adramain leva une cappe par dessus une pillier, et "en telle sort, qu'il sembla a ceux qui furent presens, que parmi la "place couroit une riviere fort grande et terrible. Et en icelle ri-"viere sembloit avoir poissons en grand abondance, grands et petits. "Et quand ceux de palais virent l'eau si grande, ils commencerent "tous a lever leur robes et a crier fort, comme sils eussent eu peur "d'estre noye; et Pacolet, qui l'enchantement regarda, commenca a "chanter, et fit un sort si subtil en son chant qui sembla a tous ceux "de lieu que parmy la riviere couroit un cerf grand et cornu, qui "jettoit et abbatoit a terre tout ce que devant lui trouvoit, puis leur "fut advis que voyoyent chasseurs et veneurs courir apris le Cerf, avec "grande puissance de levriers et des chiens. Lors y eut plusieurs de "la compagnie qui saillirent au devant pour le Cerf attraper et*

"cuyder prendre; mais Pacolet fist tost le Cerf sailler. "Bien avez "joué," dit Orson, "et bien scavez vostre art user."—L'Histoire des Valentin et Orson, a Rouen, 1631. The receipt, to prevent the operation of these deceptions, was, to use a sprig of four-leaved clover. I remember to have heard (certainly very long ago, for, at the time, I believed the legend), that a gypsey exercised his *glamour* over a number of people at Haddington, to whom he exhibited a common dung-hill cock, trailing, what appeared to the spectators, a massy oaken trunk. An old man passed with a cart of clover; he stopped and picked out a four-leaved blade; the eyes of the spectators were opened, and the oaken trunk appeared to be a bulrush.

I have tar-barrelled mony a witch.—P. 117. v. 1.

Human nature shrinks from the brutal scenes, produced by the belief in witchcraft. Under the idea, that the devil imprinted upon the body of his miserable vassals a mark, which was insensible to pain, persons were employed to run needles into the bodies of the old women, who were suspected of witchcraft. In the dawning of common sense upon this subject, a complaint was made before the privy council of Scotland, 11th September, 1678, by Catherine Liddell, a poor woman, against the baron baillie of Preston Grange, and David Cowan (a professed pricker), for having imprisoned, and most cruelly tortured her. They answered, 1st. She was searched by her own consent, *et volenti non fit injuria.* 2d. The pricker had learned his trade from Kincaid, a famed pricker. 3d. He never acted but when called upon by magistrates or clergymen, so what he did was *auctore prætore.* 4th. His trade was lawful. 5th. Perkins, Delrio, and all divines and lawyers, who treat of witchcraft, assert the existence of the marks, or *stigmata sagarum:* and 6thly, Were it otherwise, *Error communis facit jus.* Answered, 1st. Denies consent. 2d. Nobody can validly consent to their own torture; for, *Nemo est dominus membrorum suorum.* 3d. The pricker was a common cheat. The last arguments prevailed; and it was found, that inferior judges "might "not use any torture, by pricking, or by with-holding them from "sleep;" the council reserving all that to themselves, the justices, and those acting by commission from them. But lord Durie, a lord of session, could have no share in these inflictions.

THE

DUEL OF WHARTON AND STEWART.

IN TWO PARTS.

DUELS are derived from the times of chivalry. They succeeded to the *combat at outrance*, about the end of the sixteenth century, and, though they were no longer countenanced by the laws, nor considered a solemn appeal to the deity, nor honoured by the presence of applauding monarchs and multitudes, yet they were authorised by the manners of the age, and by the applause of the fair*. They long continued, they even yet continue,

* "All things being ready for the ball, and every one being in "their place, and I myself being next to the queen (of France), "expecting when the dancers would come in, one knockt at the "door, somewhat louder than became, as I thought, a very civil "person; when he came in, I remember there was a sudden whis-"per among the ladies, saying, 'C'est monsieur Balagny,' or, "'tis monsieur Balagny; whereupon, also, I saw the ladies and

to be appealed to, as the test of truth; since, by the code of honour, every gentleman is still bound to repell a charge of falsehood, with the point of his sword, and at the peril of his life. This peculiarity of manners, which would have surprised an ancient Roman, is obviously deduced from the Gothic ordeal of trial by combat. Nevertheless, the custom of duelling was considered, at its first introduction, as an innovation upon the law of arms; and a book, in two huge volumes, entituled *Le vrai Theatre d' Honneur et de la Chivalerie*, was written by a French Nobleman, to support the venerable institutions of chivalry against this unceremonious mode of combat. He has chosen, for his frontispiece, two figures; the first

" gentlewomen, one after another, invite him to sit near them, " and, which is more, when one lady had his company a while, " another would say, ' you have enjoyd him long enough; I must " have him now;' at which bold civility of theirs, tho' I were " astonish'd, yet it added unto my wonder, that his person could " not be thought, at most, but ordinary handsome; his hair, which " was cut very short, half grey, his doublet but of sackcloth, cut to " his shirt, and his breeches only of plain grey cloth. Informing " myself of some standers by, who he was, I was told he was one of " the gallantest men in the world, as having killed eight or nine " men in single fight; and that, for this reason, the ladies made so " much of him; it being the manner of all French women to che- " rish gallant men, as thinking they could not make so much of " any one else, with the safety of their honor."—*Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, p 70. How near the character of the duellist, originally, approached to that of the knight errant, appears from a transaction, which took place at the siege of Juliers, betwixt this Balagny and lord Herbert. As these two noted duellists stood together in the trenches, the Frenchman addressed lord Herbert

represents a conquering knight, trampling his enemy under foot in the lists, crowned by Justice with laurel, and preceded by Fame, sounding his praises. The other figure presents a duellist, in his shirt, as was then the fashion (see the following ballad), with his bloody rapier in his hand: the slaughtered combatant is seen in the distance, and the victor is pursued by the Furies. Nevertheless, the wise will make some scruple, whether, if the warriors were to change equipments, they might not also exchange their emblematic attendants. The modern mode of duel, without defensive armour, began about the reign of Henry III. of France, when the gentlemen of that nation, as we learn from Davila, began to lay aside the cumbrous lance and cuirass, even in war. The increase of danger being supposed to contribute to the in-

"*Monsieur, on dit que vous etes un des plus braves de votre nation, et "je suis Balagny; allons voir qui fera le mieux.*" With these words, Balagny jumped over the trench, and Herbert as speedily following, both ran sword in hand towards the defences of the besieged town, which welcomed their approach with a storm of musquetry and artillery. Balagny then observed, this was hot service; but Herbert swore, he would not turn back first; so the Frenchman was finally fain to set him the example of retreat. Notwithstanding the advantage which he had gained over Balagny, in this "jeopardy of war," lord Herbert seems still to have grudged that gentleman's astonishing reputation; for he endeavoured to pick a quarrel with him, on the romantic score of the worth of their mistresses; and, receiving a ludicrous answer, told him, with disdain, that he spoke more like a *palliard* than a *cavalier*. From such instances the reader may judge, whether the age of chivalry did not endure somewhat longer than is generally supposed.

crease of honour, the national ardour of the French gallants led them early to distinguish themselves by neglect of every thing, that could contribute to their personal safety. Hence, duels began to be fought by the combatants, in their shirts, and with the rapier only. To this custom contributed also the art of fencing, then cultivated as a new study in Italy and Spain, by which the sword became, at once, an offensive and defensive weapon. The reader will see the new "science of defence," as it was called, ridiculed by Shakespeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and by Don Quevedo, in some of his novels. But the more ancient customs continued for some time to maintain their ground. The sieur Colombiere mentions two gentlemen, who fought with equal advantage for a whole day, in all the panoply of chivalry, and, the next day, had recourse to the modern mode of combat. By a still more extraordinary mixture of ancient and modern fashions, two combatants on horseback ran a tilt at each other, with lances, without any covering but their shirts.

When armour was laid aside, the consequence was, that the first duels were very sanguinary, terminating frequently in the death of one, and sometimes, as in the ballad, of both persons engaged. Nor was this all. The seconds, who had nothing to do with the quarrel, fought stoutly, *pour se desennuyer*, and often sealed with their blood their friendship for their principal. A desperate combat, fought between Messrs Entraguet and Caylus, is said to

have been the first, in which this fashion of promiscuous fight was introduced. It proved fatal to two of Henry the Third's minions, and extracted from that sorrowing monarch an edict against duelling, which was as frequently as fruitlessly renewed by his successors. The use of rapier and poniard together*, was another cause of the mortal slaughter in these duels, which were supposed, in the reign of Henry IV., to have cost France at least as many of her nobles as had fallen n the civil wars. With these double weapons, frequent instances occurred, in which a duellist, mortally wounded, threw himself within his antagonist's guard, and plunged his poniard into his heart. Nay, sometimes the sword was altogether abandoned for the more sure and murderous dagger. A quarrel having arisen betwixt the vicompte d' Allemagne and the sieur de la Roque, the former, alledging the youth and dexterity of his antagonist, insisted upon fighting the duel in their shirts, and with their poniards only; a desperate mode of conflict, which proved fatal to both. Others refined even upon this horrible struggle, by chusing for the scene a small room, a

* It appears from a line in the black-letter copy of the following ballad, that Wharton and Steuart fought with rapier and dagger.

> "With that stout Wharton was the first
> Took rapier and poniard there that day.
>
> *Ancient Songs*, 1792, p. 201.

large hogshead, or, finally, a hole dug in the earth, into which the duellists descended, as into a certain grave. Must I add, that even women caught the phrenzy, and that duels were fought, not only by those, whose rank and character rendered it little surprising, but by modest and well-born maidens! *Audiguier Traité de Duel. Theatre D'Honneur*, vol. 1*.

We learn, from every authority, that duels became nearly as common in England, after the accession of James VI., as they had ever been in France. The point of honour, so fatal to the gallants of the age, was no where carried more highly than at the court of the pacific *Solomon* of Britain. Instead of the feudal combats, upon the *Hie-gate of Edinburgh*, which had often disturbed his repose at Holy-rood, his levees at Theobald's were occupied with listening to the detail of more polished, but not less sanguinary, contests. I rather suppose, that James never was himself disposed to pay particular attention to the laws of the *duello;* but they were defined with a quaintness and pedantry, which, bating his dislike to the subject,

* This folly ran to such a pitch, that no one was thought worthy to be reckoned a gentleman, who had not tried his valour in, at least, one duel; of which lord Herbert gives the following instance. A young gentleman, desiring to marry a niece of monsieur Disancour, *ecuyer* to the duke de Montmorenci, received this answer; "Friend, it is not yet time to marry; if you will be a brave man, "you must first kill, in single combat, two or three men; then "marry, and get two or three children; otherwise the world will "neither have gained or lost by you." *Herbert's Life*, p. 64

must have deeply interested him. The point of honour was a science, which a grown gentleman might study under suitable professors, as well as dancing, or any other modish accomplishment. Nay, it would appear, that the ingenuity of the *sword-men* (so these military casuists were termed) might often accommodate a bashful combatant with an honourable excuse for declining the combat.

> — Understand'st thou well nice points of duel?
> Art born of gentle blood and pure descent?
> Were none of all thy lineage hang'd, or cuckold?
> Bastard or bastinadoed? Is thy pedigree
> As long, as wide as mine? For otherwise
> Thou wert most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
> In me to fight. More: I have drawn five teeth—
> If thine stand sound, the terms are much unequal;
> And, by strict laws of duel, I am excused
> To fight on disadvantage —
>
> *Albumazar*, Act IV. Sc. 7.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's admirable play of *A King and no King*, there is some excellent mirth at the expence of the professors of the point of honour.

But, though such shifts might occasionally be resorted to by the faint-hearted, yet the fiery cavaliers of the English court were but little apt to profit by them; though their vengeance for insulted honour sometimes vented itself through fouler channels than that of fair combat. It happened, for example, that lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, in fencing with a master of the noble science of defence, lost his eye by an unlucky thrust. The ac-

cident was provoking, but without remedy; nor did lord Sanquhar think of it, unless with regret, until some years after, when he chanced to be in the French court. Henry the Great casually asked him, how he lost his eye. "By "the thrust of a sword," answered lord Sanquhar, not caring to enter into particulars. The king, supposing the accident the consequence of a duel, immediately enquired, "Does the man yet live?" These few words set the blood of the Scottish nobleman on fire; nor did he rest till he had taken the base vengeance of assassinating, by hired ruffians, the unfortunate fencing master. The mutual animosity, betwixt the English and Scottish nations, had already occasioned much bloodshed among the gentry, by single combat; and James now found himself under the necessity of making a striking example of one of his Scottish nobles, to avoid the imputation of the grossest partiality. Lord Sanquhar was condemned to be hanged, and suffered that ignominious punishment accordingly.

By a circuitous route, we are now arrived at the subject of our ballad; for, to the tragical duel of Stewart and Wharton, and to other instances of bloody combat, and brawls betwixt the two nations, is imputed James's firmness in the case of lord Sanquhar.

"For Ramsay, one of the king's servants, not long "before Sanquhar's trial, had switched the earl of Mont-"gomery, who was the king's first favourite, happily be-"cause he tooke it so. Maxwell, another of them, had

" bitten Hawley, a gentleman of the Temple, by the ear,
" which enraged the Templars (in those times riotous, and
" subject to tumults), and brought it allmost to a national
" quarrel, till the king stept in and took it up himself.
" The lord Bruce had summoned sir Edward Sackville
" (afterward earl of Dorset), into France, with a fatal
" compliment, to take death from his hand*. *And the*
" *much lamented sir James Stuart, one of the king's blood,*
" *and sir George Wharton, the prime branch of that noble*
" *family, for little worthless punctilios of honor (being in-*
" *timate friends), took the field, and fell together by each*
" *others hand.*"—Wilson's Life of James VI. p. 60.

The sufferers in this melancholy affair were both men of high birth, the heirs apparent of two noble families, and youths of the most promising expectation. Sir James Stewart was a knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Walter, first lord Blantyre, by Nicolas, daughter of sir James Somerville, of Cambusnethan. Sir George Wharton was also a knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Philip, lord Wharton, by Frances, daughter of Henry Clifford, earl of Cumberland. He married Anne, daughter of the earl of Rutland, but left no issue.

The circumstances of the quarrel and combat are accurately detailed in the ballad, of which there exists a black-letter copy in the Pearson collection, now in the

* See an account of this desperate duel in the *Guardian*.

library of his grace the duke of Roxburghe, entitled " A " Lamentable Ballad, of a Combate lately fought, near " London, between sir James Stewarde, and sir George " Wharton, knights, who were both slain at that time; " to the tune of *Down Plumpton Park*, &c." A copy of this ballad has been published in Mr Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, and, upon comparison, appears very little different from that, which has been preserved by tradition in Ettrick forest. Two verses have been added, and one considerably improved, from Mr Ritson's edition. These three stanzas are the fifth and ninth of part first, and the penult verse of part second. I am thus particular, that the reader may be able, if he pleases, to compare the traditional ballad with the original edition. It furnishes striking evidence, that " without characters, fame lives " long." The difference, chiefly to be remarked betwixt the copies, lies in the dialect, and in some modifications applicable to Scotland; as, using the words " *Our Scot-* " *tish knight*." The black-letter ballad, in like manner, terms Wharton " *Our English knight*." My correspondent, James Hogg, adds the following note to this ballad. " I have heard this song sung by several old people; but " all of them with this tradition, that Wharton bribed " Stewart's second, and actually fought in armour. I " acknowledge, that, from some dark hints in the song, " this appears not impossible; but, that you may not " judge too rashly, I must remind you, that the old peo-

" ple, inhabiting the head-lands (high grounds) hereabouts,
" although possessed of many original songs, traditions,
" and anecdotes, are most unreasonably partial when the
" valour or honour of a Scotsman is called in question."
I retain this note, because it is characteristick; but I agree with my correspondent, there can be no foundation for the tradition, except in national partiality.

THE

DUEL OF WHARTON AND STEWART.

PART FIRST.

It grieveth me to tell you o'
Near London late what did befal,
'Twixt two young gallant gentlemen;
It grieveth me, and ever shall.

One of them was sir George Wharton,
My good lord Wharton's son and heir;
The other, James Stuart, a Scottish knight,
One that a valiant heart did bear.

When first to court these nobles came,
One night, a gaming, fell to words,
And in their fury grew so hot,
That they did both try their keen swords.

No manner of treating, nor advice,
Could hold from striking in that place,
For, in the height and heat of blood,
James struck George Wharton on the face.

"What doth this mean," George Wharton said,
"To strike in such unmanly sort?
But, that I take it at thy hands,
The tongue of man shall ne'er report!"

"But, do thy worst, then," said sir James,
"Now do thy worst! appoint a day!
There's not a lord in England breathes,
Shall gar me give an inch of way."

"Ye brag right weel," George Wharton said;
"Let our brave lords at large alane;
And speak of me, that am thy foe;
For you shall find enough o' ane!"

"I'll alterchange my glove wi' thine;
I'll show it on the bed o' death;
I mean the place where we shall fight;
There ane or both maun lose life and breath!"

" We'll meet near Waltham," said sir James,
" To-morrow, that shall be the day.
We'll either take a single man,
And try who bears the bell away."

Then down together hands they shook,
Without any envious sign;
Then went to Ludgate, where they lay,
And each man drank his pint of wine.

No kind of envy could be seen,
No kind of malice they did betray;
But a' was clear and calm as death,
Whatever in their bosoms lay,

Till parting time; and then, indeed,
They shew'd some rancour in their heart;
" Next time we meet," says George Wharton,
" Not half sae soundly we shall part!"

So they have parted, firmly bent
Their valiant minds equal to try·
The second part shall clearly show,
Both how they meet, and how they dye.

THE

DUEL OF WHARTON AND STEWART.

PART SECOND.

George Wharton was the first ae man,
Came to the appointed place that day,
Where he espyed our Scots lord coming,
As fast as he could post away.

They met, shook hands; their cheeks were pale;
Then to George Wharton James did say,
"I dinna like your doublet, George,
It stands sae weel on you this day.

"Say, have ye got no armour on?
Have ye no under robe of steel?
I never saw an English man
Become his doublet half sae weel."

" Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton said,
" For that's the thing that mauna be,
That I should come wi' armour on,
And you a naked man truly."

" Our men shall search our doublets, George,
And see if one of us do lie;
Then will we prove, wi' weapons sharp,
Ourselves true gallants for to be."

Then they threw off their doublets both,
And stood up in their sarks o' lawn;
" Now, take my counsel," said sir James,
" Wharton, to thee I'll make it knawn:

" So as we stand, so will we fight;
Thus naked in our sarks," said he;
" Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton says;
" That is the thing that must not be.

" We're neither drinkers, quarrellers,
Nor men that cares na for oursel;
Nor minds na what we're gaun about,
Or if we're gaun to heav'n or hell.

" Let us to God bequeath our souls,
Our bodies to the dust and clay !"
With that, he drew his deadly sword,
The first was drawn on field that day.

Se'en bouts and turns these heroes had,
Or e'er a drop o' blood was drawn ;
Our Scotch lord, wond'ring, quickly cryd,
" Stout Wharton ! thou still hauds thy awn !"

The first stroke, that George Wharton gae,
He struck him thro' the shoulder-bane ;
The neist was thro' the thick o' the thigh ;
He thought our Scotch lord had been slain.

" Oh ! ever alak !" George Wharton cry'd,
" Art thou a living man, tell me ?
If there's a surgeon living can,
He'se cure thy wounds right speedily."

" No more of that !" James Stuart said ;
" Speak not of curing wounds to me !
For one of us must yield our breath,
Ere off the field one foot we flee."

They looked oure their shoulders both,
To see what company was there ;
They both had grievous marks of death,
But frae the other nane wad steer.

George Wharton was the first that fell;
Our Scotch lord fell immediately :
They both did cry to him above,
To save their souls, for they boud die.

LESLY'S MARCH.

" But, O my country ! how shall memory trace
Thy glories, lost in either Charles's days,
When, through thy fields, destructive rapine spread,
Nor sparing infants' tears, nor hoary head !
In those dread days, the unprotected swain
Mourn'd, in the mountains, o'er his wasted plain ;
Nor longer vocal, with the shepherd's lay,
Were Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay."

LANGHORNE.—*Genius and Valour.*

SUCH are the verses, in which a modern bard has painted the desolate state of Scotland, during a period, highly unfavourable to poetical composition. Yet the civil and religious wars of the seventeenth century have afforded some subjects for traditionary poetry, and the reader is here presented with the ballads of that disastrous æra. Some prefatory history may not be unacceptable.

That the reformation was a good and a glorious work, few will be such slavish bigots as to deny. But the enemy came, by night, and sowed tares among the wheat ; or rather, the foul and rank soil, upon which the seed was

thrown, pushed forth, together with the rising crop, a plentiful proportion of pestilential weeds. The morals of the reformed clergy were severe; their learning was usually respectable, sometimes profound; and their eloquence, though often coarse, was vehement, animated, and popular. But they never could forget, that their rise had been achieved by the degradation, if not the fall, of the crown; and hence, a body of men, who, in most countries, have been attached to monarchy, were in Scotland, for nearly two centuries, sometimes the avowed enemies, always the ambitious rivals, of their prince. The disciples of Calvin could scarcely avoid a tendency to democracy, and the republican form of church government was sometimes hinted at, as no unfit model for the state; at least, the kirkmen laboured to impress, upon their followers and hearers, the fundamental principle, that the church should be solely governed by those, unto whom God had given the spiritual sceptre. The elder Melvine, in a conference with James VI., seized the monarch by the sleeve, and, addressing him as *God's sillie vassal*, told him, "There are two kings, and two kingdomes. There "is Christ, and his kingdome, the kirke; whose subject "king James the sixt is, and of whose kingdome he is not "a king, nor a head, nor a lord, but a member; and "they, whom Christ hath called and commanded to "watch ower his kirke, and govern his spiritual kingdome, "have sufficient authoritie and power from him so to do; "which no christian king, no prince, should controul or

" discharge, but fortifie and assist: otherwise they are not " faithful subjects to Christ."—*Calderwood*, p. 329. The delegated theocracy, thus sternly claimed, was exercised with equal rigour. The offences in the king's household fell under their unceremonious jurisdiction, and he was formally reminded of his occasional neglect to say grace before and after meat—his repairing to hear the word more rarely than was fitting—his prophane banning and swearing, and keeping of evil company—and finally, of his queen's carding, dancing, night-waking, and such like profane pastimes.—*Calderwood*, p. 313. A curse, direct or implied, was formally denounced against every man, horse, and spear, who should assist the king in his quarrel with the earl of Gowrie; and from the pulpit, the favourites of the listening sovereign were likened to Haman, his wife to Herodias, and he himself to Ahab, to Herod, and to Jeroboam. These effusions of zeal could not be very agreeable to the temper of James: and accordingly, by a course of slow, and often crooked and cunning policy, he laboured to arrange the church government upon a less turbulent and menacing footing. His eyes were naturally turned towards the English hierarchy, which had been modelled, by the despotic Henry VIII., into such a form, as to connect indissolubly the interest of the church with that of the regal power*. The reformation, in England, had originated in the arbitrary will of

* Of this the Covenanters were so sensible, as to trace (what they called) the Antichristian hierarchy, with its idolatry, superstition,

the prince; in Scotland, and in all other countries of Europe, it had commenced among insurgents of the lower ranks. Hence, the deep and essential difference which separated the Huguenots, the Lutherans, the Scottish presbyterians, and, in fine, all the other reformed churches, from that of England. But James, with a timidity, which sometimes supplies the place of prudence, contented himself with gradually imposing upon the Scottish nation a limited and moderate system of episcopacy, which, while it gave to a proportion of the churchmen a seat in the council of the nation, induced them to look up to the sovereign, as the power to whose influence they owed their elevation. But, in other respects, James spared the prejudices of his subjects; no ceremonial ritual was imposed upon their consciences; the pastors were reconciled by the prospect of preferment*; the dress and train of the bishops were plain and decent; the system of tythes was placed upon a moderate and unoppressive footing†; and,

and human inventions, "to the prelacy of England, the fountain, "whence all these Babylonish streams issue unto us."—See their manifesto on entering England, in 1640.

* Many of the preachers, who had been loudest in the cause of presbytery, were induced to accept of bishopries. Such was, for example, William Cooper, who was created bishop of Galloway. This recreant Mass John was a hypochondriac, and conceived his lower extremities to be composed of glass; hence, on his court advancement, the following epigram was composed:

"Aureus heu! tragilem confrigit malleus urnam."

† This part of the system was perfected in the reign of Charles I.

perhaps, on the whole, the Scottish hierarchy contained as few objectionable points as any system of church government in Europe. Had it subsisted to the present day, although its doctrines could not have been more pure, nor its morals more exemplary, than those of the present kirk of Scotland, yet its degrees of promotion might have afforded greater encouragement to learning, and objects of laudable ambition to those, who might dedicate themselves to its service. But the precipitate bigotry of the unfortunate Charles I. was a blow to episcopacy in Scotland, from which it never perfectly recovered.

It has frequently happened, that the virtues of the individual, at least their excess (if, indeed, there can be an excess in virtue), have been fatal to the prince. Never was this more fully exemplified than in the history of Charles I. His zeal for religion, his family affection, the spirit with which he defended his supposed rights, while they do honour to the man, were the fatal shelves, upon which the monarchy was wrecked. Impatient to accomplish the total revolution, which his father's cautious timidity had left incomplete, Charles endeavoured at once to introduce into Scotland the church government, and to renew, in England, the temporal domination, of his predecessor, Henry VIII. The furious temper of the Scottish nation first took fire; and the brandished foot-

stool of a prostitute* gave the signal for civil dissension, which ceased not till the church was buried under the ruins of the constitution; till the nation had stooped to a military despotism; and the monarch to the block of the executioner.

The consequences of Charles' hasty and arbitrary measures were soon evident. The united nobility, gentry, and clergy of Scotland, entered into the SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT, by which memorable deed, they subscribed and swore a national renunciation of the hierarchy. The walls of the prelatic Jericho (to use the language of the times) were thus levelled with the ground, and the curse of Hiel, the Bethelite, denounced against those who should rebuild them. While the clergy thundered, from the pulpits, against the prelatists and malignants (by which names were distinguished the scattered and heartless adherents of Charles), the nobility and gentry, in arms, hurried to oppose the march of the English army, which now advanced towards their borders. At the head of their defensive forces they placed Alexander Lesly, who, with many of his best officers, had

* "*Out, false loon! wilt thou say the mass at my lug (ear)*", was the well known exclamation of Margaret Geddes, as she discharged her missile tripod against the bishop of Edinburgh, who, in obedience to the orders of the privy council, was endeavouring to rehearse the common prayer. Upon a seat more elevated, the said Margaret had shortly before done penance, before the congregation, for the sin of fornication: such, at least, is the tory tradition.

been trained to war under the great Gustavus Adolphus. They soon assembled an army of 26,000 men, whose
1640 camp, upon Dunse-law, is thus described by an eye-witness. "Mr Baillie acknowledges, that it was an agree-
" able feast to his eyes, to survey the place: it is a round
" hill, about a Scots mile in circle, rising, with very lit-
" tle declivity, to the height of a bow-shot, and the head
" somewhat plain, and near a quarter of a mile in length
" and breadth; on the top it was garnished with near
" forty field-pieces, pointed towards the east and south.
" The colonels, who were mostly noblemen, as Rothes,
" Cassilis, Eglinton, Dalhousie, Lindsay, Lowdon, Boyd,
" Sinclair, Balcarras, Flemyng, Kirkcudbright, Erskine,
" Montgomery, Yester, &c. lay in large tents at the head
" of their respective regiments; their captains, who ge-
" nerally were barons, or chief gentlemen, lay around
" them: next to these were the lieutenants, who were
" generally old veterans, and had served in that, or a
" higher station, over sea; and the common soldiers lay
" outmost, all in huts of timber, covered with divot, or
" straw. Every company, which, according to the first
" plan, did consist of two hundred men, had their colours
" flying at the captain's tent door, with the Scots arms
" upon them, and this motto, in golden letters, " For
" Christ's Crown and Covenant." Against this army, so well arrayed and disciplined, and whose natural hardihood was edged and exalted by a high opinion of their sacred cause, Charles marched at the head of a large

force, but divided, by the emulation of the commanders, and enervated, by disuse of arms. A faintness of spirit pervaded the royal army, and the king stooped to a treaty with his Scottish subjects. This treaty was soon broken; and, in the following year, Dunse-law again presented the same edifying spectacle of a presbyterian army. But the Scots were not contented with remaining there. They passed the Tweed; and the English troops, in a skirmish at Newburn, shewed either more disaffection, or cowardice, than had at any former period disgraced their national character. This war was concluded by the treaty of Rippon, in consequence of which, and of Charles's concessions, made during his subsequent visit to his native country, the Scottish parliament congratulated him on departing "a contented king, from a contented people." If such content ever existed, it was of short duration.

The storm, which had been soothed to temporary rest in Scotland, burst forth in England with treble violence. The popular clamour accused Charles, or his ministers, of fetching into Britain the religion of Rome, and the policy of Constantinople. The Scots felt most keenly the first, and the English the second, of these aggressions. Accordingly, when the civil war of England broke forth, the Scots nation, for a time, regarded it in neutrality, though not with indifference. But, when the successes of a prelatic monarch, against a presbyterian parliament, were paving the way for rebuilding the system of hierarchy, they could no longer remain inactive. Bribed by

the delusive promise of sir Henry Vane, and Marshall, the parliamentary commissioners, that the church of England should be reformed, *according to the word of God*, which, they fondly believed, amounted to an adoption of presbytery, they agreed to send succours to their brethren of England. Alexander Lesly, who ought to have ranked among the *contented* subjects, having been raised by the king to the honors of earl of Leven, was, nevertheless, readily induced to accept the command of this second army. Doubtless, where insurrection is not only pardoned, but rewarded, a monarch has little right to expect gratitude for benefits, which all the world, as well as the receiver, must attribute to fear. Yet something is due to decency; and the best apology for Lesly is his zeal for propagating presbyterianism in England, the bait which had caught the whole parliament of Scotland. But, although the earl of Leven was commander in chief, David Lesly, a yet more renowned and active soldier than himself, was major general of the cavalry, and, in truth, bore away the laurels of the expedition.

The words of the following march, which was played in the van of this presbyterian crusade, were first published by Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen;* and they breathe the very spirit we might expect. Mr Ritson, in his collection of Scottish songs, has favoured the public with the music, which seems to have been adapted to the bagpipes.

The hatred of the old presbyterians to the organ was, apparently, invincible. It is here vilified with the name of a "*chest-full of whistles*," as the episcopal chapel at Glasgow was, by the vulgar, opprobriously termed the *Whistling Kirk*. Yet, such is the revolution of sentiment upon this, as upon more important points, that reports have lately been current, of a plan to introduce this noble instrument into presbyterian congregations.

The share, which Lesly's army bore in the action of Marston Moor, has been exalted, or depressed, as writers were attached to the English or Scottish nations, to the presbyterian or independent factions. Mr Laing concludes, with laudable impartiality, that the victory was equally due to "Cromwell's iron brigade of disci-" plined independents, and to three regiments of Lesly's " horse."—Vol. i. p. 244.

LESLY'S MARCH.

March! march!
Why the devil do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order;
Front about, ye musketeers all,
Till ye come to the English border:
  Stand til't, and fight like men,
  True gospel to maintain.
The parliament's blythe to see us a' coming:
  When to the kirk we come,
  We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae popish reliques, and a' sic innovation,
  That a' the warld may see,
  There's nane in the right but we,
Of the auld Scottish nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jocky the sark of God;
And the kist-fou of whistles,
That mak sic a cleiro,
Our piper's braw
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it:
Busk up your plaids, my lads!
Cock up your bonnets!
Da Capo.

THE

BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH.

This ballad is so immediately connected with the former, that the editor is enabled to continue his sketch of historical transactions, from the march of Lesly.

In the insurrection of 1680, all Scotland, south from the Grampians, was actively and zealously engaged. But, after the treaty of Rippon, the first fury of the revolutionary torrent may be said to have foam'd off its force, and many of the nobility began to look round, with horror, upon the rocks and shelves, amongst which it had hurried them. Numbers regarded the defence of Scotland as a just and necessary warfare, who did not see the same reason for interfering in the affairs of England. The visit of king Charles to the metropolis of his fathers, in all probability, produced its effect on his nobles. Some were allied to the house of Stewart by blood, all regarded it as the source of their honours, and

venerated the ancient hereditary royal line of Scotland. Many, also, had failed in obtaining the private objects of ambition, or selfish policy, which had induced them to rise up against the crown. Amongst these late penitents, the well known marquis of Montrose was distinguished, as the first who endeavoured to recede from the paths of rude rebellion. Moved by the enthusiasm of patriotism, or perhaps of religion, but yet more by ambition, the sin of noble minds, Montrose had engaged, eagerly and deeply, upon the side of the covenanters. He had been active in pressing the town of Aberdeen to take the covenant, and his success against the Gordons, at the bridge of Dee, left that loyal burgh no other means of safety from pillage. At the head of his own battalion, he waded through the Tweed, in 1640, and totally routed the vanguard of the king's cavalry. But, in 1643, moved with resentment against the covenanters, who preferred, to his prompt and ardent character, the caution of the wily and politic earl of Argyle, or seeing, perhaps, that the final views of that party were inconsistent with the interests of monarchy, and of the constitution, Montrose espoused the falling cause of royalty, and raised the Highland clans, whom he united to a small body of Irish, commanded by Alexander Macdonald, still renowned in the north, under the title of Colkitto. With these tumultuary and uncertain forces, he rushed forth, like a torrent from the mountains, and commenced a rapid and brilliant career of victory. At Tippermoor, where he first met the co-

venanters, their defeat was so effectual, as to appal the presbyterian courage, even after the lapse of eighty years*. A second army was defeated under the walls of Aberdeen; and the pillage of the ill-fated town was doomed to expiate the principles, which Montrose himself had formerly imposed upon them. Argyleshire next experienced his arms; the domains of his rival were treated with more than military severity; and Argyle himself, advancing to Inverlochy for the defence of his country, was totally and disgracefully routed by Montrose. Pressed betwixt two armies, well appointed, and commanded by the most experienced generals of the

* Upon the breaking out of the insurrection, in the year 1715, the earl of Rothes, sheriff and lord lieutenant of the county of Fife, issued out an order for "all the fencible men of the countie "to meet him, at a place called Cashmoor. The gentlemen took "no notice of his orders, nor did the commons, except those, whom "the ministers forced to goe to the place of rendezvouse, to the "number of fifteen hundred men, being all that their utmost dili-"gence could perform. But those of that countie, having been "taught by their experience, that it is not good meddling with "edge tools, espeeiallie in the hands of Highlandmen, were very "averse from taking armes. No sooner they reflected on the name "of the place of rendezvouse, Cashmoor, than Tippermoor was "called to mind; a place, not far from thence where Montrose "had routed them, when under the command of my great grand "uncle, the earl of Wemyss, then generall of God's armie. In "a word, the unlucky choice of a place, called *Moor*, appeared "ominous; and that, with the flying report, of the Highlandmen "having made themselves masters of Perth, made them throw "down their armes, and run, notwithstanding the trouble that "Rothes and the ministers gave themselves to stop them."—MS. *Memoirs of lord St Clair.*

covenant, Montrose displayed more military skill in the astonishingly rapid marches, by which he avoided fighting to disadvantage, than even in the field of victory. By one of those hurried marches, from the banks of Loch Katrine to the heart of Inverness-shire, he was enabled to attack, and totally to defeat, the covenanters, at Aulderne, though he brought into the field hardly one half of their forces. Baillie, a veteran officer, was next routed by him, at the village of Alford, in Strathbogie. Encouraged by these repeated and splendid successes, Montrose now descended into the heart of Scotland, and fought a bloody and decisive battle, near Kilsyth, where four thousand covenanters fell under the Highland claymore.

This victory opened the whole of Scotland to Montrose. He occupied the capital, and marched forward to the border; not merely to complete the subjection of the southern provinces, but with the flattering hope of pouring his victorious army into England, and bringing, to the support of Charles, the sword of his paternal tribes.

Half a century before Montrose's career, the state of the borders was such as might have enabled him easily to have accomplished his daring plan. The marquis of Douglas, the earls of Hume, Roxburgh, Traquair, and Annandale, were all descended of mighty border chiefs, whose ancestors could, each of them, have led into the field a body of their own vassals, equal in numbers, and superior in discipline, to the army of Mon-

trose. But the military spirit of the borderers, and their attachment to their chiefs, had been much broken since the union of the crowns. The disarming acts of James had been carried rigorously into execution, and the smaller proprietors, no longer feeling the necessity of protection from their chiefs in war, had aspired to independence, and embraced the tenets of the covenant. Without imputing, with Wishart, absolute treachery to the border nobles, it may be allowed, that they looked with envy upon Montrose, and with dread and aversion upon his rapacious and disorderly forces. Hence, had it been in their power, it might not have altogether suited their inclinations, to have brought the strength of the border lances to the support of the northern clans. The once formidable name of Douglas still sufficed to raise some bands, by whom Montrose was joined, in his march down the Gala. With these reinforcements, and with the remnant of his Highlanders (for a great number had returned home with Colkitto, to deposit their plunder, and provide for their families), Montrose, after traversing the border, finally encamped upon the field of Philiphaugh.

The river Ettrick, immediately after its junction with the Yarrow, and previous to its falling into the Tweed, makes a large sweep to the southward, and winds almost beneath the lofty bank, on which the town of Selkirk stands; leaving, upon the northern side, a large and level plain, extending in an easterly direction, from a hill, covered with natural copse-wood, called the Harehead-wood, to the high ground which forms the banks of the Tweed, near

Sunderland-hall. This plain is called Philiphaugh*: it is about a mile and a half in length, and a quarter of a mile broad; and, being defended, to the northward, by the high hills which separate Tweed from Yarrow, by the river in front, and by the high grounds, already mentioned, on each flank, it forms, at once, a convenient and a secure field of encampment. On each flank Montrose threw up some trenches, which are still visible; and here he posted his infantry, amounting to about twelve or fifteen hundred men. He himself took up his quarters in the burgh of Selkirk, and, with him, the cavalry, in number hardly one thousand, but respectable, as being chiefly composed of gentlemen, and their immediate retainers. In this manner, by a fatal and unaccountable error, the river Ettrick was thrown betwixt the cavalry and infantry, which were to depend upon each other for intelligence and mutual support. But this might be overlooked by Montrose, in the conviction, that there was no armed enemy of Charles in the realm of Scotland; for he is said to have employed the night in writing and dispatching this agreeable intelligence to the king. Such an enemy was already within four miles of his camp.

Recalled by the danger of the cause of the covenant, general David Lesly came down from England, at the

* The Scottish language is rich in words, expressive of local situation. The single word, *haugh*, conveys, to a Scotsman, almost all that I have endeavoured to explain in the text, by circumlocutory description.

head of those iron squadrons, whose force had been proved in the fatal battle of Long Marston Moor. His army consisted of from five to six thousand men, chiefly cavalry. Lesly's first plan seems to have been, to occupy the mid-land counties, so as to intercept the return of Montrose's Highlanders, and to force him to an unequal combat. Accordingly, he marched along the eastern coast, from Berwick to Tranent; but there he suddenly altered his direction, and, crossing through Mid-Lothian, turned again to the southward, and, following the course of Gala water, arrived at Melrose, the evening before the engagement. How it is possible that Montrose should have received no notice whatever of the march of so considerable an army, seems almost inconceivable, and proves, that the country was strongly disaffected to his cause, or person. Still more extraordinary does it appear, that, even with the advantage of a thick mist, Lesly should have, the next morning, advanced towards Montrose's encampment, without being descried by a single scout. Such, however, was the case, and it was attended with all the consequences of the most complete surprisal. The first intimation that Montrose received of the march of Lesly, was the noise of the conflict, or, rather, that which attended the unresisted slaughter of his infantry, who never formed a line of battle: the right wing alone, supported by the thickets of Harehead-wood, and by the entrenchments, which are there still visible, stood firm for some time. But Lesly had detached two thousand men, who,

crossing the Ettrick still higher up than his main body, assaulted the rear of Montrose's right wing. At this moment, the marquis himself arrived, and beheld his army dispersed, for the first time, in irretrievable route. He had thrown himself upon a horse, the instant he heard the firing, and, followed by such of his disordered cavalry, as had gathered upon the alarm, he galloped from Selkirk, crossed the Ettrick, and made a bold and desperate attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day. But all was in vain; and, after cutting his way, almost singly, through a body of Lesly's troopers, the gallant Montrose graced by his example the retreat of the fugitives. That retreat he continued up Yarrow, and over Minch-moor; nor did he stop, till he arrived at Traquair, sixteen miles from the field of battle. Upon Philiphaugh, he lost, in one defeat, the fruit of six splendid victories: nor was he again able effectually to make head, in Scotland, against the covenanted cause. The number, slain in the field, did not exceed three or four hundred; for the fugitives found refuge in the mountains, which had often been the retreat of vanquished armies, and were impervious to the pursuer's cavalry. Lesly abused his victory, and dishonoured his arms, by slaughtering, in cold blood, many of the prisoners whom he had taken; and the court-yard of Newark castle is said to have been the spot, upon which they were shot by his command. Many others are said, by Wishart, to have been precipitated from a high bridge over the Tweed. This, as Mr Laing remarks, is impossi-

ble; because there was not a bridge over the Tweed, betwixt Peebles and Berwick. But there is an old bridge, over the Ettrick, only four miles from Philiphaugh, and another over the Yarrow, both of which lay in the very line of flight and pursuit; and either might have been the scene of the massacre. But if this is doubtful, it is too certain, that several of the royalists were executed by the covenanters, as traitors to the king and parliament*.

I have reviewed, at some length, the details of this memorable engagement, which, at the same time, terminated the career of a hero, likened, by no mean judge of mankind†, to those of antiquity, and decided the fate of his country. It is further remarkable, as the last field which was fought in Ettrick forest, the scene of so many bloody actions. The unaccountable neglect of patroles, and the imprudent separation betwixt the horse and foot, seem to have been the immediate causes of Montrose's defeat. But the ardent and impetuous character of this great warrior, corresponding with that of the troops, which he commanded, was better calculated for attack than defence; for surprising others, rather than for providing against surprise himself. Thus, he suffered loss

* A covenanted minister, present at the execution of these gentlemen, observed, "This wark gaes bonnilie on!" an amiable exclamation, equivalent to the modern *ça ira* so often used on similar occasions.—*Wishart's Memoirs of Montrose.*

† Cardinal du Retz.

by a sudden attack upon part of his forces, stationed at Aberdeen*; and, had he not extricated himself, with the most singular ability, he must have lost his whole army, when surprized by Baillie, during the plunder of Dundee. Nor has it escaped an ingenious modern historian, that his final defeat, at Dunbeath, so nearly resembles in its circumstances the surprize at Philiphaugh, as to throw some shade on his military talents.—*Laing's History.*

The following ballad, which is preserved by tradition in Selkirkshire, coincides accurately with historical fact. This, indeed, constitutes its sole merit. The covenanters were not, I dare say, addicted, more than their successors, " to the profane and unprofitable art of poem-ma-

* Colonel Hurry, with a party of horse, surprised the town, while Montrose's Highlanders and cavaliers were " dispersed " through the town, drinking carelessly in their lodgings; and, " hearing the horse's feet, and great noise, were astonished, never " dreaming of their enemy. However, Donald Farquharson hap- " pened to come to the causey, where he was cruelly slain, anent " the Court de Guard; a brave gentleman, and one of the noblest " captains amongst all the Highlanders of Scotland. Two or three " others were killed, and some (taken prisoners) had to Edinburgh, " and cast into irons in the tolbooth. Great lamentation was made " for this gallant, being still the king's man for life and death."—*Spalding*, Vol. II. p. 281. The journalist, to whom all matters were of equal importance, proceeds to inform us, that Hurry took the marquis of Huntly's best horse, and, in his retreat through Montrose, seized upon the marquis's second son. He also expresses his regret, that " the said Donald Farquharson's body was found " in the street, stripped naked: for they tirr'd from off his body a " rich stand of apparel, but put on the same day."—*Ibid.*

king*. Still, however, they could not refrain from some strains of exultation, over the defeat of the *truculent tyrant*, James Grahame. For, gentle reader, Montrose, who, with resources which seemed as none, gained six victories, and re-conquer'd a kingdom; who, a poet, a scholar, a cavalier, and a general, could have graced alike a court, and governed a camp; this Montrose was numbered, by his covenanted countrymen, among "the "troublers of Israel, the fire-brands of hell, the Corahs, "the Balaams, the Doegs, the Rabshakahs. the Hamans, "the Tobiahs, and Sanballats of the time."

* So little was the spirit of illiberal fanaticism decayed in some parts of Scotland, that only thirty years ago, when Wilson, the ingenious author of a poem, called "*Clyde*," now republished, was inducted into the office of schoolmaster, at Greenock, he was obliged formally, and in writing, to abjure "*the profane and un-*"*profitable art of poem-making*." It is proper to add, that such an incident is *now* as unlikely to happen in Greenock as in London.

THE

BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH.

On Philiphaugh a fray began,
At Hairhead wood it ended;
The Scots out o'er the Grœmes they ran,
Sae merrily they bended.

Sir David frae the border came,
Wi' heart an' hand came he;
Wi' him three thousand bonny Scotts.
To bear him company.

Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
A noble sight to see!
A cloud o' mist them weel conceal'd,
As close as e'er might be.

When they came to the Shaw burn,
Said he, " Sae weel we frame,
I think it is convenient,
That we should sing a psalm*."

When they came to the Lingly burn,
As day-light did appear,
They spy'd an aged father,
And he did draw them near.

" Come hither, aged father!"
Sir David he did cry,
" And tell me where Montrose lies,
With all his great army."

" But, first, you must come tell to me,
If friends or foes you be;
I fear you are Montrose's men,
Come frae the north country."

" No, we are nane o' Montrose's men,
Nor e'er intend to be;
I am sir David Lesly,
That's speaking unto thee."

* Various reading;
" That we should take a dram."

" If you're sir David Lesly,
As I think weel ye be,
I'm sorry ye hae brought so few
Into your company.

" There's fifteen thousand armed men,
Encamped on yon lee;
Ye'll never be a bite to them,
For aught that I can see.

" But, halve your men in equal parts,
Your purpose to fulfil;
Let ae half keep the water side,
The rest gae round the hill.

" Your nether party fire must,
Then beat a flying drum;
And then they'll think the day's their ain,
And frae the trench they'll come.

" Then, those that are behind them maun
Gie shot, baith grit and sma';
And so, between your armies twa,
Ye may make them to fa'."

" O were ye ever a soldier?"
Sir David Lesly said;
" O yes; I was at Solway flow,
Where we were all betray'd.

" Again I was at curst Dunbar,
And was a pris'ner ta'en;
And many weary night and day,
In prison I hae lien."

" If ye will lead these men aright,
Rewarded shall ye be;
But, if that ye a traitor prove,
I'll hang thee on a tree."

" Sir, I will not a traitor prove;
Montrose has plunder'd me;
I'll do my best to banish him
Away frae this country."

He halv'd his men in equal parts,
His purpose to fulfill;
The one part kept the water side,
The other gaed round the hill.

The nether party fired brisk,
Then turn'd and seem'd to rin;
And then they a' came frae the trench,
And cry'd, " the day's our ain !"

The rest then ran into the trench,
And loos'd their cannons a':
And thus, between his armies twa,
He made them fast to fa'.

Now, let us a' for Lesly pray,
And his brave company !
For they hae vanquish'd great Montrose,
Our cruel enemy.

NOTES

ON

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH.

When they came to the Shaw burn.—P. 165. v. 1.

A small stream, that joins the Ettrick, near Selkirk, on the south side of the river.

When they came to the Lingly burn.—P. 165. v. 2.

A brook, which falls into the Ettrick, from the north, a little above the Shaw burn.

They spyed an aged father.—P. 165. v. 2.

The traditional commentary upon the ballad states this man's name to have been Brydone, ancestor to several families in the parish of Ettrick, particularly those occupying the farms of Midgehope and Redford Green. It is a strange anachronism, to make this aged father state himself at the battle of *Solway flow*, which was fought a hundred years before Philiphaugh; and a still stranger, to mention that of Dunbar, which did not take place till five years after Montrose's defeat.

A tradition, annexed to a copy of this ballad, transmitted to me by Mr James Hogg, bears, that the earl of Traquair, on the day of the battle, was advancing with a large sum of money, for the payment of Montrose's forces, attended by a blacksmith, one of his retainers. As they crossed Mineh-moor, they were alarmed by firing, which the earl conceived to be Montrose exercising his forces, but which his attendant, from the constancy and irregularity of the noise, affirmed to be the tumult of an engagement. As they came below Broadmeadows, upon Yarrow, they met their fugitive friends, hotly pursued by the parliamentary troopers. The earl, of course, turned, and fled also: but his horse, jaded with the weight of dollars, which he carried, refused to take the hill; so that the earl was fain to exchange with his attendant, leaving him, with the breathless horse, and bag of silver, to shift for himself; which he is supposed to have done very effectually. Some of the dragoons, attracted by the appearance of the horse and trappings, gave chace to the smith, who fled up the Yarrow; but finding himself, as he said, encumbered with the treasure, and unwilling that it should be taken, he flung it into a well, or pond, near the Tinnies, above Hangingshaw. Many wells were afterwards searched in vain; but it is the general belief, that the smith, if he ever hid the money, knew too well how to anticipate the scrutiny. There is, however, a pond, which some peasants began to drain, not long ago, in hopes of finding the golden prize, but were prevented, as they pretended, by supernatural interference.

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

THE preceding ballad was a song of triumph over the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh; the verses, which follow, are a lamentation for his final discomfiture and cruel death. The present edition of the "*Gallant Gra-*" *hams*" is given from tradition, enlarged and corrected by an ancient printed edition, entitled "*The Gallant Gra-*" *hams of Scotland*," to the tune of "*I will away, and I* "*will not tarry*," of which Mr Ritson favoured the editor with an accurate copy.

The conclusion of Montrose's melancholy history is too well known. The Scottish army, which sold king Charles I. to his parliament, had, we may charitably hope, no idea that they were bartering his blood; although they must have been aware, that they were consigning him to perpe-

tual bondage*. At least the sentiments of the kingdom at large differed widely from those of the military merchants, and the danger of king Charles drew into England a well appointed Scottish army, under the command of the duke of Hamilton. But he met with Cromwell; and to meet with Cromwell was inevitable defeat. The death of Charles, and the triumph of the independants, excited still more highly the hatred and the fears of the Scottish nation. The outwitted presbyterians, who saw, too late, that their own hands had been employed in the hateful
1650 task of erecting the power of a sect, yet more fierce and fanatical than themselves, deputed a commission to the Hague, to treat with Charles II., whom, upon certain conditions, they now wished to restore to the throne of his fathers. At the court of the exiled monarch, Montrose also offered to his acceptance a splendid plan of victory and conquest, and pressed for his permission to enter Scotland; and there, collecting the remains of the royalists, to claim the crown for his master, with the sword in his hand. An able statesman might perhaps have reconciled these jarring projects; a good man would certainly have made a decided choice betwixt them. Charles was neither the one nor the other; and, while he treated with the presbyterians, with a view of

* As Salmasius quaintly, but truly, expresses it, *Presbyteriani ligaverunt, independantes trucidaverunt.*

accepting the crown from their hands, he scrupled not to authorize Montrose, the mortal enemy of the sect, to pursue his separate and inconsistent plan of conquest.

Montrose arrived in the Orkneys with 600 Germans, was furnished with some recruits from those islands, and was joined by several royalists, as he traversed the wilds of Caithness and Sutherland. But, advancing into Ross-shire, he was surprised, and totally defeated, by colonel Strachan, an officer of the Scottish parliament, who had distinguished himself in the civil wars, and who afterwards became a decided Cromwellian. Montrose, after a fruitless resistance, at length fled from the field of defeat, and concealed himself in the grounds of Macleod of Assint, to whose fidelity he entrusted his life, and by whom he was delivered up to Lesly, his most bitter enemy.

He was tried for what was termed treason against the estates of the kingdom; and, despite the commission of Charles, for his proceedings, he was condemned to die by a parliament, who acknowledged Charles to be their king, and whom, on that account only, Montrose acknowledged to be a parliament.

" The clergy," says a late animated historian, " whose " vocation it was to persecute the repose of his last mo- " ments, sought, by the terrors of his sentence, to extort " repentance; but his behaviour, firm and dignified to " the end, repelled their insulting advances, with scorn " and disdain. He was prouder. he replied, to have his

" head affixed to the prison walls, than to have his pic-
" ture placed in the king's bed-chamber; ' and, far
" from being troubled that my limbs are to be sent to
" your principal cities, I wish I had flesh enough to be
" dispersed through Christendom, to attest my dying at-
" tachment to my king.' It was the calm employment of
" his mind, that night, to reduce this extravagant senti-
" ment to verse. He appeared next day, on the scaffold,
" in a rich habit, with the same serene and undaunted
" countenance, and addressed the people, to vindicate his
" dying unabsolved by the church, rather than to justify
" an invasion of the kingdom, during a treaty with the
" estates. The insults of his enemies were not yet ex-
" hausted. The history of his exploits was attached to his
" neck by the public executioner: but he smiled at their
" inventive malice; declared, that he wore it with more
" pride than he had done the garter; and, when his devo-
" tions were finished, demanding if any more indignities re-
" mained to be practised, submitted calmly to an unmerit-
" ed fate."—*Laing's History of Scotland*, Vol. i. p. 404.

Such was the death of James Graham, the great marquis of Montrose, over whom some lowly bard has poured forth the following elegiac verses. To say, that they are far unworthy of the subject, is no great reproach; for a nobler poet might have failed in the attempt. Indifferent as the ballad is, we may regret its being still more degraded by many apparent corruptions. There

seems an attempt to trace Montrose's career, from his first raising the royal standard, to his second expedition and death; but it is interrupted and imperfect. From the concluding stanza, I presume the song was composed upon the arrival of Charles in Scotland, which so speedily followed the execution of Montrose, that the king entered the city, while the head of his most faithful and most successful adherent was still blackening in the sun.

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

Now, fare thee weel, sweet Ennerdale!
Baith kith and countrie I bid adieu;
For I maun away, and I may not stay,
To some uncouth land which I never knew.

To wear the blue I think it best,
Of all the colours that I see;
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams,
That are banished from their countrie.

I have no gold, I have no land,
I have no pearl, nor precious stane;
But I wald sell my silken snood,
To see the gallant Grahams come hame

In Wallace days when they began,
Sir John the Graham did bear the gree,
Through all the lands of Scotland wide;
He was a lord of the south countrie.

And so was seen full many a time;
For the summer flowers did never spring,
But every Graham, in armour bright,
Would then appear before the king.

They all were dressed in armour sheen,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tay;
Before a king they might be seen,
These gallant Grahams in their array.

At the Goukhead our camp we set,
Our leaguer down there for to lay;
And, in the bonnie summer light,
We rode our white horse and our gray.

Our false commander sold our king
Unto his deadly enemie,
Who was the traitor Cromwell, then;
So I care not what they do with me.

They have betrayed our noble prince,
And banish'd him from his royal crown;
But the gallant Grahams have ta'en in hand,
For to command those traitors down.

In Glen-Prosen* we rendezvoused,
March'd to Glenshie by night and day,
And took the town of Aberdeen,
And met the Campbells in their array.

Five thousand men, in armour strong,
Did meet the gallant Grahams that day,
At Inverlochie where war began,
And, scarce two thousand men were they.

Gallant Montrose, that chieftain bold,
Courageous in the best degree,
Did for the king fight well that day;
The lord preserve his majestie!

Nathaniel Gordon, stout and bold,
Did for king Charles wear the blue;
But the cavaliers, they all were sold,
And brave Harthill, a cavalier too.

* Glen-Prosen, in Angus-shire.

And Newton Gordon, burd-alone,
And Dalgatie, both stout and keen,
And gallant Veitch upon the field,
A braver face was never seen.

Now, fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale!
Countrie and kin I quit ye free;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
For the Grahams are gone to high Germany.

Now brave Montrose he went to France,
And to Germany, to gather fame;
And bold Aboyne is to the sea,
Young Huntly is his noble name.

Montrose again, that chieftain bold,
Back unto Scotland fair he came,
For to redeem fair Scotland's land,
The pleasant, gallant, worthy Graham!

At the water of Carron he did begin,
And fought the battle to the end;
Where there were killed, for our noble king,
Two thousand of our Danish men.

Gilbert Menzies, of high degree,
By whom the king's banner was borne;
For a brave cavalier was he,
But now to glory he is gone.

Then woe to Strachan, and Hacket baith!
And, Lesly, ill death may thou die!
For ye have betrayed the gallant Grahams,
Who aye were true to majestie.

And the laird of Assint has seized Montrose,
And had him into Edinburgh town;
And frae his body taken the head,
And quartered him upon a trone.

And Huntly's gone, the self-same way,
And our noble king is also gone;
He suffered death for our nation,
Our mourning tears can ne'er be done.

But our brave young king is now come home,
King Charles the second in degree;
The lord send peace into his time,
And God preserve his majesty!

NOTES

ON

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

Now, fare thee weel, sweet Ennerdale.—P. 176. v. 1.

A corruption of Endrickdale. The principal, and most ancient, possessions of the Montrose family lie along the water of Endrick, in Dumbartonshire.

Sir John the Graham did bear the gree.—P. 177. v. 1.

The faithful friend and adherent of the immortal Wallace, slain at the battle of Falkirk.

Who was the traitor Cromwell, then.—P. 177. v. 5.

This extraordinary character, to whom, in crimes and in success, our days only have produced a parallel, was no favourite in Scotland. There occurs the following invective against him, in a MS. in the Advocates' Library. The humour consists in the dialect of a Highlander, speaking English, and confusing *Cromwell* with *Gramagh*, ugly.

Te commonwelt, tat Gramagh ting,
Gar brek hem's word, gar de hem's king;

Gar pay hem's sesse, or take hem's (geers)
We'l no de at del come de leers;
We'l bide a file amang te crowes, (*i. e.* in the woods)
We'l scor te sword, and wiske te bowes;
And fen her nen-sel se te re, (the king)
Te del may care for *Gromaghee*.

The following tradition, concerning Cromwell, is preserved by an uncommonly direct line of traditional evidence; being narrated (as I am informed) by the grandson of an eye-witness. When Cromwell, in 1650, entered Glasgow, he attended divine service in the high church; but the presbyterian divine, who officiated, poured forth, with more zeal than prudence, the vial of his indignation upon the person, principles, and cause, of the independant general. One of Cromwell's officers rose, and whispered his commander; who seemed to give him a short and stern answer, and the sermon was concluded without interruption. Among the crowd, who were assembled to gaze at the general, as he came out of the church, was a shoemaker, the son of one of James the sixth's Scottish footmen. This man had been born and bred in England, but, after his father's death, had settled in Glasgow. Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name—the man fled; but, at Cromwell's command, one of his retinue followed him, and brought him to the general's lodgings. A number of the inhabitants remained at the door, waiting the end of this extraordinary scene. The shoemaker soon came out, in high spirits, and, shewing some gold, declared, he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to hear the particulars of his interview; among others the grandfather of the narrator. The shoemaker said, that he had been a playfellow of Cromwell, when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street; that he had fled, when the general first called to him, thinking he might owe him some ill-will, on account of his father being in the service of the royal family. He added, that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him, that he ventured to ask him, what the officer had said to him in the church. "He proposed," said Cromwell, "to pull forth the minister by the ears; and I answered, "that the preacher was one fool, and he another." In the course

of the day, Cromwell held an interview with the minister, and contrived to satisfy his scruples so effectually, that the evening discourse, by the same man, was tuned to the praise and glory of the victor of Naseby.

Nathaniel Gordon, stout and bold,
Did for king Charles wear the blue.—P. 178. v. 5.

This gentleman was of the ancient family of Gordon of Gight. He had served, as a soldier, upon the continent, and acquired great military skill. When his chief, the marquis of Huntly, took up arms in 1640, Nathaniel Gordon, then called major Gordon, joined him, and was of essential service during that short insurrection. But, being checked for making prize of a Danish fishing buss, he left the service of the marquis, in some disgust. In 1644, he assisted at a sharp and dexterous *camisade* (as it was then called), when the barons of Haddo, of Gight, of Drum, and other gentlemen, with only sixty men under their standard, galloped through the old town of Aberdeen, and, entering the burgh itself, about seven in the morning, made prisoners, and carried off, four of the covenanting magistrates, and effected a safe retreat, though the town was then under the domination of the opposite party. After the death of the baron of Haddo, and the severe treatment of sir George Gordon of Gight, his cousin-german, major Nathaniel Gordon seems to have taken arms, in despair of finding mercy at the covenanters' hands. On the 24th July, 1645, he came down, with a band of horsemen, upon the town of Elgin, while St James' fair was held, and pillaged the merchants of 14,000 merks of money and merchandize *. He seems to have joined Montrose, as soon as he raised the royal standard; and, as a bold and active partizan, rendered him great service. But, in November 1644, Gordon, now a colonel, suddenly deserted Montrose, aided the escape of Forbes of Craigievar, one of his prisoners, and reconciled himself to the kirk, by doing penance for adultery, and for the almost equally heinous crime of having scared Mr Andrew Cant †, the famous apostle of the covenant. This,

* *Spalding*, Vol. II. pp. 151, 154, 169, 181, 221. *History of Family of Gordon*, Edin. 1727, Vol. II. p. 299.

† He had sent him a letter, which nigh frightened him out of his wits.—*Spalding*, Vol. II. p. 231.

however, seems to have been an artifice, to arrange a correspondence betwixt Montrose and lord Gordon, a gallant young nobleman, representative of the Huntley family, and inheriting their loyal spirit, though hitherto engaged in the service of the covenant. Colonel Gordon was successful, and returned to the royal camp with his converted chief. Both followed zealously the fortunes of Montrose, until lord Gordon fell in the battle of Alford, and Nathaniel Gordon was taken at Philiphaugh. He was one of ten loyalists, devoted upon that occasion, by the parliament, to expiate, with their blood, the crime of fidelity to their king. Nevertheless, the covenanted nobles would have probably been satisfied with the death of the gallant Rollock, sharer of Montrose's dangers and glory, of Ogilvy, a youth of eighteen, whose crime was the hereditary feud betwixt his family and Argyle, and of sir Philip Nisbet, a cavalier of the ancient stamp, had not the pulpits resounded with the cry, that God required the blood of the malignants, to expiate the sins of the people. "What meaneth," exclaimed the ministers, in the perverted language of scriptnre—"What mean-"eth, then, this bleating of the sheep in my ears, and the lowing "of the oxen?" The appeal to the judgment of Samuel was decisive, and the shambles were instantly opened. Nathaniel Gordon was brought first to execution. He lamented the sins of his youth, once more (and probably with greater sincerity) requested absolution from the sentence of excommunication, pronounced on account of adultery, and was beheaded, 6th January, 1646.

And brave Harthill, a cavalier too.—P. 178. v. 5.

Leith, of Harthill, was a determined loyalist, and hated the covenanters, not without reason. His father, a haughty high spirited baron, and chief of a clan, happened, in 1639, to sit down in the desk of provost Lesly, in the high kirk of Aberdeen. He was disgracefully thrust out by the officers, and, using some threatening language to the provost, was imprisoned, like a felon, for many months, till he became furious, and nearly mad. Having got free of the shackles, with which he was loaded, he used his liberty by coming to the tolbooth window, where he uttered the most violent and horrible threats against provost Lesly, and the other covenanting magistrates, by whom he had been so severely treated. Under pretence of this new offence, he was sent to Edinburgh, and

lay long in prison there; for, so fierce was his temper, that no one would give surety for his keeping the peace with his enemies, if set at liberty. At length he was delivered by Montrose, when he made himself master of Edinburgh.—*Spalding*, Vol. i. pp. 201, 266. His house of Harthill was dismantled, and miserably pillaged by Forbes of Craigievar, who expelled his wife and children, with the most relentless inhumanity.—*Ibid*, Vol. ii. p. 225. Meanwhile, young Harthill was the companion and associate of Nathaniel Gordon, whom he accompanied at plundering the fair of Elgin, and at most of Montrose's engagements. He retaliated severely on the covenanters, by ravaging and burning their lands. *Ibid*, Vol. ii. p. 301. His fate has escaped my notice.

And Dalgatie, both stout and keen.—P. 179. v. 1.

Sir Francis Hay, of Dalgatie, a steady cavalier, and a gentleman of great gallantry and accomplishment. He was a faithful follower of Montrose, and was taken prisoner, with him, at his last fatal battle. He was condemned to death, with his illustrious general. Being a Roman catholic, he refused the assistance of the presbyterian clergy, and was not permitted, even on the scaffold, to receive ghostly comfort, in the only form in which his religion taught him to consider it as effectual. He kissed the axe, avowed his fidelity to his sovereign, and died like a soldier.—*Montrose's Memoirs*, p. 322.

And Newton Gordon, hard-alone.—P. 179. v. 1.

Newton, for obvious reasons, was a common appellation of an estate, or barony, where a new edifice had been erected. Hence, for distinction's sake, it was anciently compounded with the name of the proprietor; as, Newtown-Edmonstonne, Newtown-Don, Newtown-Gordon, &c. Of Gordon of Newtown, I only observe, that he was, like all his clan, a steady loyalist, and a follower of Montrose.

And gallant Veitch, upon the field.—P. 179. v. 1.

I presume this gentleman to have been David Veitch, brother to Veitch of Dawick, who, with many other of the Peebles-shire gentry, was taken at Philiphaugh. The following curious accident took place, some years afterwards, in consequence of his loyal zeal.

"In the year 1653, when the loyal party did arise in arms "against the English, in the North and West Highlands, some "noblemen and loyal gentlemen, with others, were forward to re- "pair to them, with such forces as they could make; which the "English, with marvelouse diligence, night and day, did bestir "themselves to impede; making their troops of horse and dra- "goons to pursue the loyal party in all places, that they might "not come to such a considerable number as was designed. It "happened, one night, that one captain Masoun, commander of "a troop of dragoons, that came from Carlisle, in England, march- "ing through the town of Sanquhar, in the night, was encounter- "ed by one captain Palmer, commanding a troop of horse, that "came from Ayr, marching eastward; and, meeting at the toll- "house, or tollbooth, one David Veitch, brother to the laird of "Dawick, in Tweeddale, and one of the loyal party, being priso- "ner in irons by the English, did arise, and came to the window "at their meeting, and cryed out, that they should *fight valiantly "for king Charles*. Wherethrough, they, taking each other for "the loyal party, did begin a brisk fight, which continued for a "while, till the dragoons, having spent their shot, and finding the "horsemen to be too strong for them, did give ground; but yet "retired, in some order, towards the castle of Sanquhar, being "hotly pursued by the troop, through the whole town, above a "quarter of a mile, till they came to the castle; where both par- "ties did, to their mutual grief, become sensible of their mistake. "In this skirmish there were several killed on both sides, and "captain Palmer himself dangerously wounded, with many mo "wounded in each troop, who did peaceably dwell together after- "ward for a time, untill their wounds were cured in Sanquhar "castle."—*Account of Presbytery of Penpont, in Macfarlane's MSS.*

And bold Aboyne is to the sea,
Young Huntly is his noble name.—P. 179. v. 3.

James, earl of Aboyne, who fled to France, and there died heart-broken. It is said, his death was accelerated by the news of king Charles' execution. He became representative of the Gordon family, or *Young Huntly*, as the ballad expresses it, in consequence of the death of his elder brother, George, who fell in the battle of Alford.—*History of Gordon Family.*

Two thousand of our Danish men.—P. 179. v. 5.

Montrose's foreign auxiliaries, who, by the way, did not exceed 600 in all.

Gilbert Menzies, of high degree,
By whom the king's banner was borne.—P. 180. v. 1.

Gilbert Menzies, younger of Pitfoddells, carried the royal banner in Montrose's last battle. It bore the headless corpse of Charles I., with this motto, "*Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!*" Menzies proved himself worthy of this noble trust, and, obstinately refusing quarter, died in defence of his charge.—*Montrose's Memoirs.*

Then woe to Strachan, and Hacket baith.—P. 180. v. 2.

Sir Charles Hacket, an officer in the service of the estates.

And Huntly's gone, the self-same way.—P. 180. v. 4.

George Gordon, second marquis of Huntley, one of the very few nobles in Scotland, who had uniformly adhered to the king from the very beginning of the troubles, was beheaded by the sentence of the parliament of Scotland (so calling themselves), upon the 22d March, 1649, one month and twenty-two days after the martyrdom of his master. He has been much blamed for not cordially co-operating with Montrose; and bishop Wishart, in the zeal of partiality for his hero, accuses Huntley of direct treachery. But he is a true believer, who seals, with his blood, his creed, religious or political; and there are many reasons, short of this foul charge, which may have dictated the backward conduct of Huntley towards Montrose. He could not forget, that, when he first stood out for the king, Montrose, then the soldier of the covenant, had actually made him prisoner: and we cannot suppose Huntley to have been so sensible of Montrose's superior military talents, as not to think himself, as equal in rank, superior in power, and more uniform in loyalty, entitled to equally high marks of royal trust and favour. This much is certain, that the gallant clan of Gordon contributed greatly to Montrose's success; for the gentlemen of that name, with the brave and loyal Ogilvies, composed the principal part of his cavalry.

THE

BATTLE OF LOUDOUNHILL.

We have observed the early antipathy, mutually entertained by the Scottish presbyterians, and the house of Stuart. It seems to have glowed in the breast even of the good-natured Charles II. He might have remembered, that, in 1551, the presbyterians had fought, bled, and ruined themselves in his cause. But he rather recollected their early faults than their late repentance; and even their services were combined with the recollection of the absurd and humiliating circumstances of personal degration*, to which their pride and folly had subjected him,

* Among other ridiculous occurrences, it is said, that some of Charles' gallantries were discovered by a prying neighbour. A wily old minister was deputed, by his brethren, to rebuke the king for this heinous scandal. Being introduced into the royal presence, he limited his commission to a serious admonition, that, up-

while they professed to espouse his cause. As a man of pleasure, he hated their stern and inflexible rigour, which stigmatized follies even more deeply than crimes, and he whispered to his confidents, that "presbytery was no religion for a gentleman." It is not, therefore, wonderful, that, in the first year of his restoration, he formally re-established prelacy in Scotland; but it is surprising, that, with his father's example before his eyes, he should not have been satisfied to leave at freedom the consciences of those, who could not reconcile themselves to the new system. The religious opinions of sectaries have a tendency, like the water of some springs, to become soft and mild, when freely exposed to the open day. Who can recognize, in the decent and industrious quakers, and anabaptists, the wild and ferocious tenets which distinguished their sects, while they were yet honoured with the distinction of the scourge and the pillory? Had the system of coercion against the presbyterians been continued until our day, Blair and Robertson would have preached in the wilderness, and only discovered their powers of eloquence and composition, by rolling along a deeper torrent of gloomy fanaticism.

The western counties distinguished themselves by their opposition to the prelatic system. Three hundred and

on such occasions, his Majesty should always shut the windows.—The king is said to have recompensed this unexpected lenity after the restoration. He probably remembered the joke, though he might have forgotten the service.

fifty ministers, ejected from their churches and livings, wandered through the mountains, sowing the seeds of covenanted doctrine, while multitudes of fanatical followers pursued them, to reap the forbidden crop. These conventicles, as they were called, were denounced by the law, and their frequenters dispersed by military force.—The genius of the persecuted became stubborn, obstinate, and ferocious; and, although indulgences were tardily granted to some presbyterian ministers, few of the true covenanters, or whigs, as they were called, would condescend to compound with a prelatic government, or to listen even to their own favourite doctrine under the auspices of the king. From Richard Cameron, their apostle, this rigid sect acquired the name of Cameronians. They preached and prayed against the indulgence, and against the presbyterians, who availed themselves of it, because their accepting this royal boon was a tacit acknowledgement of the king's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters.—Upon these bigotted and persecuted fanatics, and by no means upon the presbyterians at large, are to be charged the wild anarchical principles of anti-monarchy and assassination, which polluted the period when they flourished. The conventicles were now attended by armed crowds; and a formidable insurrection took place in the west, and rolled on towards the capital. It was terminated by a defeat at the Pentland Hills, where general Dalziel routed the insurgents with great loss, 28th November, 1666.

The whigs, now become desperate, adopted the most desperate principles; and retaliating, as far as they could, the intolerating persecution which they endured, they openly disclaimed allegiance to any monarch, who should not profess presbytery, and subscribe the covenant. These principles were not likely to conciliate the favour of government, and, as we wade onward in the history of the times, the scenes become yet darker. At length, one would imagine the parties had agreed to divide the kingdom of vice betwixt them; the hunters assuming to themselves open profligacy and legalized oppression, and the hunted, the opposite attributes of hypocrisy, fanaticism, disloyalty, and midnight assassination. The troopers and cavaliers became enthusiasts in the pursuit of the covenanters. If Messrs Kid, King, Cameron, Peden, &c. boasted of prophetic powers, and were often warned of the approach of the soldiers, by supernatural impulse*, captain John Creichton, on the other side, dreamed dreams, and saw visions (chiefly, indeed, after having drunk hard), in which the lurking holes of the rebels were discovered to his imagina-

* In the year 1684, Peden, one of the Cameronian preachers, about ten o'clock at night sitting at the fire-side, started up to his feet, and said, "Flee, auld Sandie (thus he designed himself), and "hide yourself! for colonel ——— is coming to this house to "apprehend you; and I advise you all to do the like, for he will "be here within an hour;" which came to pass: and when they had made a very narrow search, within and without the house, and went round the thorn-bush, under which he was lying praying, they went off without their prey. He came in, and said, "And

tion*. Our ears are scarcely more shocked with the profane execrations of the persecutors†, than with the strange and insolent familiarity, used towards the Deity by the persecuted fanatics. Their indecent modes of prayer, their extravagant expectations of miraculous assistance, and their supposed inspirations, might easily furnish out a tale, at which the good would sigh, and the gay would laugh.

The militia and standing army soon became unequal to the task of enforcing conformity, and suppressing conventicles. In their aid, and to force compliance with a test proposed by government, the highland clans were raised, and poured down into Ayrshire‡. An armed host

" has this gentleman (designed by his name) given poor Sandie " and thir poor things such a fright? For this night's work, God " shall give him such a blow, within a few days, that all the physi- " cians on earth shall not be able to cure;" which came to pass, for he died in great misery.—*Life of Alexander Peden.*

* See the life of this booted apostle of prelacy, written by Swift, who had collected all his anecdotes of persecution, and appears to have enjoyed them accordingly.

† "They raved," says Peden's historian, "like fleshly devils, " when the mist shrouded from their pursuit the wandering whigs." One gentleman closed a declaration of vengeance against the conventiclers, with this strange imprecation, "Or may the devil " make my ribs a gridiron to my soul!" *MS. Account of the Presbytery of Penpont.*——Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, but nothing to this!

‡ Peden complained heavily, that after a heavy struggle with the devil, he had got above him, *spur-galled* him hard, and obtained a wind to carry him from Ireland to Scotland, when, behold! another person had set sail, and reaped the advantage of his *prayer-wind*, before he could embark.

of undisciplined mountaineers, speaking a different language, and professing, many of them, another religion, were let loose, to ravage and plunder this unfortunate country; and it is truly astonishing to find, how few acts of cruelty they perpetrated, and how seldom they added murder to pillage*. Additional levies of horse were also raised, under the name of Independent Troops, and great part of them placed under the command of James Grahame of Claverhouse, a man well known to fame, by his subsequent title of viscount Dundee, but better remembered, in the western shires, under the designation of the bloody Clavers. In truth, he appears to have com-

* Cleland thus describes this extraordinary army:

— Those, who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirnie standarts,
Who led the van, and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted of their gear;
With brogues, and trews, and pirnie plaids,
With good blew bonnets on their heads,
Which, on the one side, had a flipe,
Adorn'd with a tobacco pipe,
With durk, and snap-work, and snuff-mill,
A bag which they with onions fill,
And, as their strict observers say,
A tup-horn filled with usquebay,
A slasht out coat beneath her plaides,
A targe of timber, nails and hides;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good's the country can afford.
Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fought with all these arms at ones?
— — — — — —
Of moral honestie they're clean,
Nought like religion they retain;

bined the virtues and vices of a savage chief. Fierce, unbending, and rigorous, no emotion of compassion prevented his commanding, and witnessing, every detail of military execution against the non-conformists. Undauntedly brave, and steadily faithful to his prince, he sacrificed himself in the cause of James, when he was deserted by all the world. If we add, to these attributes, a goodly person, complete skill in martial exercises, and that ready and decisive character, so essential to a commander, we may form some idea of this extraordinary character. The whigs, whom he persecuted, daunted by his ferocity and courage, conceived him to be impassive to their bullets*, and that he had sold himself, for temporal greatness, to the seducer of mankind. It is still believed, that a cup of wine, presented to him by his butler, changed into clotted blood; and that, when he plunged his feet into

---

In nothing theyre accounted sharp,
Except in bag-pipe, and in harp;
For a misobliging word,
She'll durk her neighbour o'er the boord,
And then she'll flee like fire from flint,
She'll scarcely ward the second dint;
If any ask her of her thrift,
Forsooth her nainsell lives by thift.

Cleland's Poems, Edin. 1697, p. 12.

* It was, and is believed, that the devil furnished his favourites, among the persecutors, with what is called *proof* against leaden bullets, but against those only. During the battle of Pentland-hills, Paton of Meadowhead conceived he saw the balls hop harmlessly down from General Dalziel's hoots, and to counteract the spell, loaded his pistol with a piece of silver coin. But Dalziel, having his eye on him, drew back behind his servant, who was shot

cold water, their touch caused it to boil. The steed, which bore him, was supposed to be the gift of Satan; and precipices are shewn, where a fox could hardly keep his feet, down which the infernal charger conveyed him safely, in pursuit of the wanderers. It is remembered with terror, that Claverhouse was successful in every engagement with the whigs, except that at Drumclog, or Loudoun-hill, which is the subject of the following ballad. The history of Burly, the hero of the piece, will bring us immediately to the causes and circumstances of that event.

dead.—*Paton's Life.* At a skirmish, in Ayrshire, some of the wanderers defended themselves in a sequestered house, by the side of a lake. They aimed repeatedly, but in vain, at the commander of the asssailants, an English officer, until, their ammunition running short, one of them loaded his piece with the ball at the head of the tongs, and succeeded in shooting the hitherto impenetrable captain. To accommodate Dundee's fate to their own hypothesis, the Cameronian tradition runs, that, in the battle of Killiecrankie, he fell, not by the enemy's fire, but by the pistol of one of his own servants, who, to avoid the spell, had loaded it with a silver button from his coat. One of their writers argues thus: "Perhaps, "some may think this, anent proof-shot, a paradox, and be rea- "dy to object here, as formerly concerning bishop Sharpe and Dal- "ziel—How can the devil have, or give, power to save life? With- "out entering upon the thing in its reality, I shall only observe, "1. that it is neither in his power, or of his nature, to be a saviour "of men's lives; he is called Apollyon, the destroyer. 2. That, "even in this case, he is said only to give enchantment against "one kind of metal, and this does not save life: for, though lead "could not take Sharpe and Claverhouse's lives, yet steel and sil- "ver could do it; and, for Dalziel, though he died not on the "field, yet he did not escape the arrows of the Almighty."—*God's Judgement against persecutors.* If the reader be not now convinced of *the thing in its reality*, I have nothing to add to such exquisite reasoning.

John Balfour of Kinloch, commonly called Burly, was one of the fiercest of the proscribed sect. A gentleman by birth, he was, says his biographer, "zealous and honest-"hearted, courageous in every enterprize, and a brave "soldier, seldom any escaping that came in his hands." *Life of John Balfour.* Creichton says, that he was once chamberlain to archbishop Sharpe, and, by negligence, or dishonesty, had incurred a large arrear, which occasioned his being active in his master's assassination. But of this I know no other evidence than Creichton's assertion, and a hint in Wodrow. Burly, for that is his most common designation, was brother-in-law to Hackston of Rathillet, a wild enthusiastic character, who joined daring courage, and skill in the sword, to the fiery zeal of his sect. Burly himself was less eminent for religious fervour, than for the active and violent share which he had in the most desperate enterprizes of his party. His name does not appear among the covenanters, who were denounced for the affair of Pentland. But, in 1677, Robert Hamilton, afterwards commander of the insurgents at Loudoun Hill, and Bothwell Bridge, with several other non-conformists, were assembled at this Burly's house, in Fife. There they were attacked by a party of soldiers, commanded by captain Carstairs, whom they beat off, wounding desperately one of his party. For this resistance to authority they were declared rebels. The next exploit, in which Burly was engaged, was of a bloodier complection, and more dreadful celebrity.—It is well known, that James Sharpe, archbishop of St Andrews,

was regarded, by the rigid presbyterians, not only as a renegade, who had turned back from the spiritual plough, but as the principal author of the rigours exercised against their sect. He employed, as an agent of his oppression, one Carmichael, a decayed gentleman. The industry of this man, in procuring information, and in enforcing the severe penalties against conventiclers, having excited the resentment of the Cameronians, nine of their number, of whom Burly and his brother-in-law, Hackston, were the leaders, assembled, with the purpose of way-laying and murdering Carmichael. But, while they searched for him in vain, they received tidings, that the archbishop himself was at hand. The party resorted to prayer; after which they agreed, unanimously, that the Lord had delivered the wicked Haman into their hand. In the execution of the supposed will of heaven, they agreed to put themselves under the command of a leader; and they requested Hackston of Rathillet to accept the office, which he declined, alledging, that, should he comply with their request, the slaughter might be imputed to a private quarrel, which existed betwixt him and the archbishop. The command was then offered to Burly, who accepted it without scruple; and they gallopped off in pursuit of the archbishop's carriage, which contained himself and his daughter. Being well mounted, they easily overtook and disarmed the prelate's attendants. Burly, crying out, "Judas, "be taken!" rode up to the carriage, wounded the postillion, and ham-strung one of the horses. He then fired into the coach a piece, charged with several bullets, so near,

that the archbishop's gown was set on fire. The rest, coming up, dismounted, and dragged him out of the carriage, when, frightened and wounded, he crawled towards Hackston, who still remained on horseback, and begged for mercy. The stern enthusiast contented himself with answering, that he would not himself *lay a hand on him.* Burly and his men again fired a volley upon the kneeling old man; and were in the act of riding off, when one, who remained to girth his horse, unfortunately heard the daughter of their victim call to the servant for help, exclaiming, that his master was still alive. Burly, then, again dismounted, struck off the prelate's hat with his foot, and split his skull with his shable (broad-sword), although one of the party (probably Rathillet) exclaimed, "*Spare these grey hairs**!" The rest pierced him with repeated wounds. They plundered the carriage, and rode off, leaving, beside the mangled corpse, the daughter, who was herself wounded, in her pious endeavour to interpose betwixt her father and his murderers. The murder is accurately represented in bas-relief, upon a beautiful monument, erected to the memory of archbishop Sharpe, in the metropolitan church of St Andrew's. This me-

* They believed Sharpe to be proof against shot; for one of the murderers told Wodrow, that, at the sight of cold iron, his courage fell. They no longer doubted this, when they found in his pocket a small clue of silk, rolled round a bit of parchment, marked with two long words, in Hebrew or Chaldaic characters. Accordingly, it is still averred, that the balls only left blue marks on the prelate's neck and breast, although the discharge was so near as to burn his cloaths.

morable example of fanatic revenge was acted upon Magus Muir, near St Andrew's, 3d May, 1679*.

Burly was of course obliged to leave Fife; and, upon the 25th of the same month, he arrived in Evandale, in Lanarkshire, along with Hackston, and a fellow called Dingwall, or Daniel, one of the same bloody band. Here he joined his old friend Hamilton, already mentioned; and, as they resolved to take up arms, they were soon at the head of such a body of the "chased and tossed western men," as they thought equal to keep the field. They resolved to commence their exploits upon the 29th of May, 1679, being the anniversary of the restoration, appointed to be kept as a holiday, by act of parliament; an institution, which they esteemed a presumptuous and unholy solemnity. Accordingly, at the head of eighty horse, tolerably appointed, Hamilton, Burly, and Hackston, entered the royal burgh of Rutherglen, extinguished the

* The question, whether the bishop of St Andrew's' death was murder, was a shibboleth, or *experimentum crucis*, frequently put to the apprehended conventiclers. Isabel Alison, executed at Edinburgh, 26th January, 1681, was interrogated, before the privy council, if she conversed with David Hackston? "I answered, I did converse "with him, and I bless the Lord that ever I saw him; for I never "saw ought in him but a godly pious youth. They asked, if the "killing of the bishop of St Andrew's was a pious act? I answered, "I never heard him say he killed him; but, if God moved any, "and put it upon them, to execute his righteous judgment upon "him, I have nothing to say to that. They asked me, when saw "ye John Balfour (Burly), that pious youth? I answered, I have "seen him. They asked, when? I answered, these are frivolous "questions; I am not bound to answer them." *Cloud of Witnesses*. p. 85.

bonfires, made in honour of the day, burned at the cross the acts of parliament in favour of prelacy, and for suppression of conventicles, as well as those acts of council, which regulated the indulgence granted to presbyterians. Against all these acts they entered their solemn protest, or testimony, as they called it; and, having affixed it to the cross, concluded with prayer and psalms. Being now joined by a large body of foot, so that their strength seems to have amounted to five or six hundred men, though very indifferently armed, they encamped upon Loudoun Hill. Claverhouse, who was in garrison at Glasgow, instantly marched against the insurgents, at the head of his own troop of cavalry and others, amounting to about one hundred and fifty men. He arrived at Hamilton, on the 1st of June, so unexpectedly, as to make prisoner John King, a famous preacher among the wanderers, and rapidly continued his march, carrying his captive along with him, till he came to the village of Drumclog, about a mile east of Loudoun Hill, and twelve miles south-west of Hamilton. At some distance from this place, the insurgents were skilfully posted in a boggy strait, almost inaccessible to cavalry, having a broad ditch in their front. Claverhouse's dragoons discharged their carabines, and made an attempt to charge; but the nature of the ground threw them into total disorder. Burly, who commanded the handful of horse, belonging to the whigs, instantly led them down on the disordered squadrons of Claverhouse, who were, at the same time, vigorously assaulted by the foot, headed

by the gallant Cleland *, and the enthusiastic Hackston. Claverhouse himself was forced to fly, and was in the utmost danger of being taken; his horse's belly being cut open, by the stroke of a scythe, so that the poor animal trailed his bowels for more than a mile. In his flight he passed King, the minister, lately his prisoner, but now deserted by his guard, in the general confusion. The preacher hollow'd to the flying commander, "to halt, and take his prisoner with him;" or, as others say, "to stay and take the afternoon's preaching." Claverhouse, at length remounted, continued his retreat to Glasgow. He lost, in the skirmish, about twenty of his troopers, and his own cornet, and kinsman, Robert Graham, whose fate is alluded to in the ballad. Only four of the other side were killed,

* William Cleland, a man of considerable genius, was author of several poems, published in 1697. His Hudibrastic verses are poor scurrilous trash, as the reader may judge from the description of the Highlanders, already quoted. But, in a wild rhapsody, entitled "Hollo, my Fancy," he displays some imagination. His anti-monarchical principles seem to break out in the following lines:

> Fain would I know (if beasts have any reason)
> *If falcons killing eagles do commit a treason?*

He was a strict non-conformist, and, after the revolution, became lieutenant-colonel of the earl of Angus's regiment, called the Cameronian regiment. He was killed 21st August, 1689, in the church-yard of Dunkeld, which his corps manfully and successfully defended against a superior body of Highlanders. His son was the author of the letter, prefixed to the Dunciad, and is said to have been the notorious Cleland, who, in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment, prostituted his talents to the composition of indecent and infamous works; but this seems inconsistent with dates, and the latter personage was probably the grandson of colonel Cleland.

among whom was Dingwall, or Daniel, an associate of Burly in Sharpe's murder. "The rebels," says Creichton, "finding the cornet's body, and supposing it to be that of "Clavers, because the name of Graham was wrought in "the shirt-neck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity; "cutting off the nose, picking out the eyes, and stabbing "it through in a hundred places." The same charge is brought by Guild, in his *Bellum Bothuellianum*, in which occurs the following account of the skirmish at Drumclog.

Mons est occiduus surgit qui celsus in oris
(Nomine Loudunum) fossis puteisque profundis
Quot scatet hic tellus et aprico gramine tectus:
Huc collecta (ait) numeroso milite cincta;
Turba ferox, matres, pueri, innuptæque puellæ;
Quam parat egregia Græmus dispersere turma.
Venit, et primo campo discedere cogit;
Post hos et alios, cæno provolvit inerti;
At numerosa cohors, campum, dispersa, per omnem,
Circumfusa, ruit; turmasque indagine captam,
Aggreditur; virtus non hic, nec profuit ensis;
Corripuere fugam, viridi sed gramine tectis,
Precipitata perit, fossis, pars plurima, quorum
Cornipedes hæsere luto, sessore rejecto:
Tum rabiosa cohors, misereri nescia, stratos
Invadit laceratque viros: hic signifer cheu!
Trajectus globulo, Græmus quo fortior alter,
Inter Scotigenas fuerat, nec justior ullus:
Hunc manibus rapuere feris, faciemque virilem
Fædarunt, lingua, auriculis, manibusque resectis,
Aspera, diffuso, spargentes saxa, cerebro:
Vix dux ipse fuga salvus, namque exta trahebat
Vulnere tardatus, sonipes generosus hiante:
Insequitur clamore, cohors fanatica, namque
Crudelis semper timidus si vicerit unquam.

MS. Bellum Bothuellianum.

Although Burly was among the most active leaders in the action, he was not the commander in chief, as one would conceive from the ballad. That honour belonged to Robert Hamilton, brother to sir William Hamilton, of Preston, a gentleman, who, like most of those at Drumclog, had imbibed the very wildest principles of fanaticism. The Cameronian account of the insurrection states, that "Mr Hamilton discovered a great "deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with, "and pursuit of, the enemy; but, when he and some "others were pursuing the enemy, others flew too greedily "upon the spoil, small as it was, instead of pursuing the "victory: and some, without Mr Hamilton's knowledge, "and against his strict command, gave five of these bloody "enemies quarters, and then let them go: this greatly "grieved Mr Hamilton, when he saw some of Babel's "brats spared, after the Lord had delivered them to their "hands, that they might dash them against the stones, "*Psalm* cxxxvii. 9. In his own account of this, he "reckons the sparing of these enemies, and letting them "go, to be among their first stepping aside; for which he "feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much "more for him; and says, that he was neither for taking "favours from, nor giving favours to, the Lord's enemies." Burly was not a likely man to fall into this sort of backsliding. He disarmed one of the duke of Hamilton's servants, who had been in the action, and desired him to tell his master he would keep, till meeting, the pistols

he had taken from him. The man described Burly to the duke, as a little stout man, squint-eyed, and of a most ferocious aspect; from which it appears that Burly's figure corresponded to his manners, and perhaps gave rise to his nickname, *Burly* signifying *strong*. He was with the insurgents till the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and afterwards fled to Holland. He joined the prince of Orange, but died at sea, during the expedition. The Cameronians still believe, he had obtained liberty from the prince to be avenged of those, who had persecuted the Lord's people; but, through his death, the laudable design of purging the land with their blood, is supposed to have fallen to the ground.—*Life of Balfour of Kinloch.*

The consequences of the battle of Loudoun Hill will be detailed in the introduction to the next ballad.

THE

BATTLE OF LOUDOUN HILL.

You'l marvel when I tell ye o'
Our noble Burly, and his train;
When last he march'd up thro' the land,
Wi' sax and twenty westland men.

Than they I ne'er o' braver heard,
For they had a' baith wit and skill;
They proved right well, as I heard tell,
As they cam up o'er Loudoun hill.

Weel prosper a' the gospel lads,
That are into the west countrie;
Ay wicked Claverhouse to demean,
And ay an ill dead may he die!

For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
An' that baith soon an' hastilie;
But they wha live till simmer come,
Some bludie days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Claver'se then,
Wi' hastie wit, an' wicked skill;
"Gie fire on yon westlan' men;
I think it is my sov'reign's will."

But up bespake his cornet, then,
"It's be wi' nae consent o' me!
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
An' mony mae as weel as me.

"There is not ane of a' yon men,
But wha is worthy other three;
There is na ane amang them a',
That in his cause will stap to die.

"An' as for Burly, him I knaw;
He's a man of honour, birth, an' fame;
Gie him a sword into his hand,
He'll fight thysel an' other ten."

But up spake wicked Claver'se then,
I wat his heart it raise fu' hie!
And he has cry'd that a' might hear,
" Man, ye hae sair deceived me.

" I never ken'd the like afore,
Na, ne'er since I came frae hame;
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,
An' yet come of a noble Græme."

But up bespake his cornet, then,
" Since that it is your honour's will,
Mysel shall be the foremost man,
That shall gie fire on Loudoun hill.

" At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me;
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mae as weel as me."

Then up he drew in battle rank;
I wat he had a bonny train!
But the first time that bullets flew,
Ay he lost twenty o' his men.

Then back he came the way he gaed,
I wat right soon an' suddenly!
He gave command amang his men,
And sent them back, and bade them flee.

Then up came Burly, bauld an' stout,
Wi's little train o' westland men;
Wha mair than either aince or twice,
In Edinburgh confin'd had been.

They hae been up to London sent,
An' yet they're a' come safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow town.

THE

BATTLE OF BOTHWELL-BRIDGE.

It has been often remarked, that the Scottish, notwithstanding their national courage, were always unsuccessful, when fighting for their religion. The cause lay, not in the principle, but in the mode of its application. A leader, like Mahomet, who is, at the same time, the prophet of his tribe, may avail himself of religious enthusiasm, because it comes to the aid of discipline, and is a powerful means of attaining the despotic command, essential to the success of a general. But, among the insurgents, in the reigns of the last Stuarts, were mingled preachers, who taught different shades of the presbyterian docrine; and, minute as these shades sometimes were, neither the several shepherds, nor their flocks, could cheerfully unite in a common cause. This will appear from the transactions, leading to the battle of Bothwell Bridge.

We have seen, that the party, which defeated Claverhouse at Loudoun-hill, were Cameronians, whose principles consisted in disowning all temporal authority, which did not flow from and through the solemn league and covenant. This doctrine, which is still retained by a scattered remnant of the sect in Scotland, is in theory, and would be in practice, inconsistent with the safety of any well regulated government, because the covenanters deny to their governors that toleration, which was iniquitously refused to themselves. In many respects, therefore, we cannot be surprized at the anxiety and rigour, with which the Cameronians were persecuted, although we may be of opinion, that milder means would have induced a melioration of their principles. These men, as already noticed, excepted against such presbyterians, as were contented to exercise their worship under the indulgence granted by government, or, in other words, who would have been satisfied with toleration for themselves, without insisting upon a revolution in the state, or even in the church government.

When, however, the success at Loudoun-hill was spread abroad, a number of preachers, gentlemen, and common people, who had embraced the more moderate doctrine, joined the army of Hamilton, thinking, that the difference in their opinions ought not to prevent their acting in the common cause. The insurgents were repulsed in an attack upon the town of Glasgow, which, however, Claverhouse, shortly afterwards, thought it necessary to

evacuate. They were now nearly in full possession of the west of Scotland, and pitched their camp at Hamilton, where, instead of modelling and disciplining their army, the Cameronians and Erastians (for so the violent insurgents chose to call the more moderate presbyterians) only debated, in council of war, the real cause of their being in arms. Hamilton, their general, was the leader of the first party; Mr John Walsh, a minister, headed the Erastians. The latter so far prevailed, as to get a declaration drawn up, in which they owned the king's government; but the publication of it gave rise to new quarrels. Each faction had its own set of leaders, all of whom aspired to be officers; and there were actually two councils of war, issuing contrary orders and declarations, at the same time; the one owning the king, and the other designing him a malignant, bloody, and perjured tyrant.

Meanwhile, their numbers and zeal were magnified at Edinburgh, and great alarm excited, lest they should march eastward. Not only was the foot militia instantly called out, but proclamations were issued, directing all the heritors, in the eastern, southern, and northern shires, to repair to the king's host, with their best horses, arms, and retainers. In Fife, and other countries, where the presbyterian doctrines prevailed, many gentlemen disobeyed this order, and were afterwards severely fined. Most of them alledged, in excuse, the apprehension of

disquiet from their wives*. A respectable force was soon assembled; and James, duke of Buccleuch and Monmouth, was sent down by Charles, to take the command, furnished with instructions, not unfavourable to presbyterians. The royal army now moved slowly forwards towards Hamilton, and reached Bothwell-moor on the 22d of June, 1679. The insurgents were encamped, chiefly in the duke of Hamilton's park, along the Clyde, which separated the two armies. Bothwell-bridge, which is long and narrow, had then a portal in the middle, with gates, which the covenanters shut, and barricadoed with stones and logs of timber. This important post was defended by three hundred of their best men, under Hackston of Rathillet, and Hall of Haughhead. Early in the morning, this party crossed the bridge, and skirmished with the royal van-guard, now advanced as far as the village of Bothwell. But Hackston speedily retired to his post, at the western end of Bothwell-bridge.

While the dispositions, made by the duke of Monmouth, announced his purpose of assailing the pass, the more moderate of the insurgents resolved to offer terms. Ferguson

* "Balcanquhall of that ilk alledged, that his horses were robbed, "but shun'd to take the declaration, for fear of disquiet from his "wife. Young of Kirkton—his ladyes dangerous sickness, and "bitter curses if he should leave her, and the appearance of abor- "tion on his offering to go from her. And many others pled, in "general terms, that their wives opposed or contradicted their "going. But the justiciary court found this defence totally irrele- "vant."—*Fountainhall's Decisions*, V. 1. p. 88.

of Kaitloch, a gentleman of landed fortune, and David Hume, a clergyman, carried to the duke of Monmouth a supplication, demanding free exercise of their religion, a free parliament, and a free general assembly of the church. The duke heard their demands with his natural mildness, and assured them, he would interpose with his majesty in their behalf, on condition of their immediately dispersing themselves, and yielding up their arms. Had the insurgents been all of the moderate opinion, this proposal would have been accepted, much bloodshed saved, and, perhaps, some permanent advantage derived to their party; or, had they been all Cameronians, their defence would have been fierce and desperate. But, while their motley and misassorted officers were debating upon the duke's proposal, his field-pieces were already planted on the eastern side of the river, to cover the attack of the foot guards, who were led on by lord Livingstone to force the bridge. Here Hackston maintained his post, with zeal and courage; nor was it until all his ammunition was expended, and every support denied him by the general, that he reluctantly abandoned the important pass*. When

* There is an accurate representation of this part of the engagement, in an old painting, of which there are two copies extant; one in the collection of his grace the duke of Hamilton, the other at Dalkeith house. The whole appearance of the ground, even including a few old houses, is the same which the scene now presents: The removal of the porch, or gateway, upon the bridge, is the only perceptible difference. The duke of Monmouth, on a white charger, directs the march of the party, engaged in storming

his party were drawn back, the duke's army, slowly, and with their cannon in front, defiled along the bridge, and formed in line of battle, as they came over the river; the duke commanded the foot, and Claverhouse the cavalry. It would seem, that these movements could not have been performed without, at least, some loss, had the enemy been serious in opposing them. But the insurgents were otherwise employed. With the strangest delusion, that ever fell upon devoted beings, they chose these precious moments to cashier their officers, and elect others in their room. In this important operation, they were at length disturbed by the duke's cannon, at the very first discharge of which, the horse of the covenanters wheeled, and rode off, breaking and trampling down the ranks of their infantry, in their flight. The Cameronian account blames Weir of Greenridge, a commander of the horse, who is termed a sad Achan in the camp. The more moderate party lay the whole blame on Hamilton, whose conduct, they say, left the world to debate, whether he was most traitor, coward, or fool. The generous Monmouth was anxious to spare the blood of his infatuated countrymen, by which he incurred much blame among the high-flying royalists. Lucky it was for the insurgents that the battle

the bridge, while his artillery gall the motley ranks of the covenanters. An engraving of this painting would be acceptable to the curious; and I am satisfied, an opportunity of copying it, for that purpose, would be readily granted by either of the noble proprietors.

did not happen a day later, when old general Dalziel, who divided with Claverhouse the terror and hatred of the whigs, arrived in the camp, with a commission to supersede Monmouth, as commander in chief. He is said to have upbraided the duke, publicly, with his lenity, and heartily to have wished his own commission had come a day sooner, when, as he expresses himself, "These rogues should never more have troubled the king or country*." But, notwithstanding the merciful orders of the duke of Monmouth, the cavalry made great slaughter among the fugitives, of whom four hundred were slain. Guild thus expresses himself:

> Et ni Dux validus tenuisset forte catervas,
> Vix quisquam profugus vitam servasset inertem:

---

* Dalziel was a man of savage manners. A prisoner having railed at him, while under examination before the privy council, calling him "a Muscovia beast, who used to roast men, the gene-"ral, in a passion, struck him, with the pomel of his shabble, on "the face, till the blood sprung."—*Fountainhall*, Vol. i. p. 159. He had sworn never to shave his beard after the death of Charles the first. This venerable appendage reached his girdle, and as he wore always an old-fashioned buff coat, his appearance in London never failed to attract the notice of the children and of the mob. King Charles II. used to swear at him, for bringing such a rabble of boys together, to be squeezed to death, while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit, and exhorted him to shave and dress like a Christian, to keep the poor *bairns*, as Dalziel expressed it, out of danger. In compliance with this request, he once appeared at court fashionably dressed, excepting the beard; but, when the king had laughed sufficiently at the metamorphosis, he resumed his old dress, to the great joy of the boys, his usual attendants.—*Chreichton's Memoirs*, p. 102.

Non audita Ducis verum mandata supremi
Omnibus, insequitur fugientes plurima turba,
Perque agros passim, trepida formidine captos
Obtruncat, sævumque adigit per viscera ferrum.
MS. Bellum Bothuellianum.

The same deplorable circumstances are more elegantly bewailed in *Clyde*, a poem, reprinted in *Scotish Descriptive Poems*, edited by John Leyden, Edinburgh, 1803.

"Where Bothwell's bridge connects the margins steep,
And Clyde, below, runs silent, strong, and deep,
The hardy peasant, by oppression driven
To battle, deemed his cause the cause of heaven:
Unskilled in arms, with useless courage stood,
While gentle Monmouth grieved to shed his blood:
But fierce Dundee, inflamed with deadly hate,
In vengeance for the great Montrose's fate,
Let loose the sword, and to the hero's shade
A barbarous hecatomb of victims paid."

The object of Claverhouse's revenge, assigned by Wilson, is grander, though more remote and less natural, than that in the ballad, which imputes the severity of the pursuit to his thirst to revenge the death of his cornet and kinsman, at Drumclog*; and to the quarrel, betwixt

* There is some reason to conjecture, that the revenge of the Cameronians, if successful, would have been little less sanguinary than that of the royalists. Creichton mentions, that they had erected, in their camp, a high pair of gallows, and prepared a quantity of halters to hang such prisoners as might fall into their hands; and he admires the forbearance of the king's soldiers, who, when they returned with their prisoners, brought them to the very spot where the gallows stood, and guarded them there, without offering

Claverhouse and Monmouth, it ascribes, with great *naïveté*, the bloody fate of the latter. Local tradition is always apt to trace foreign events to the domestic causes, which are more immediately in the narrator's view. There is said to be another song upon this battle, once very popular, but I have not been able to recover it. This copy is given from recitation.

There were two Gordons of Earlstoun, father and son. They were descended of an ancient family in the west of Scotland, and their progenitors were believed to have been favourers of the reformed doctrine, and possessed of a translation of the bible, as early as the days of Wickliffe. William Gordon, the father, was, in 1663, summoned before the privy council, for keeping conventicles in his house and woods. By another act of council, he was banished out of Scotland; but the sentence was never put into execution. In 1667, Earlstoun was turned out of his house, which was converted into a garrison for the king's soldiers. He was not in the battle of Bothwell Bridge, but was met, hastening towards it, by some English dragoons, engaged in the pursuit, already commenced. As he refused to surrender, he was instantly slain. *Wilson's History of Bothwell Rising—Life of Gordon of Earlston, in Scottish Worthies—Wodrow's History*, V. II.

to hang a single individual. Guild, in the *Bellum Bothuellianum*, alludes to the same story, which is rendered probable by the character of Hamilton, the insurgent general. *Guild's MSS.—Creichton's Memoirs*, p. 61.

The son, Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, I suppose to be the hero of the ballad. He was not a Cameronian, but of the more moderate class of presbyterians, whose sole object was freedom of conscience, and relief from the oppressive laws against non-conformists. He joined the insurgents, shortly after the skirmish at Loudoun-hill. He appears to have been active in forwarding the supplication sent to the duke of Monmouth. After the battle, he escaped discovery, by flying into a house at Hamilton, belonging to one of his tenants, and disguising himself in female attire. His person was proscribed, and his estate of Earlstoun was bestowed upon colonel Theophilus Ogilthorpe, by the crown, first in security for 5000l. and afterwards in perpetuity.—*Fountainhall*, p. 390.—The same author mentions a person tried at the circuit court, July 10, 1683, solely for holding intercourse with Earlstoun, an intercommuned (proscribed) rebel. As he had been in Holland after the battle of Bothwell, he was probably accessory to the scheme of invasion, which the unfortunate earl of Argyle was then meditating. He was apprehended upon his return to Scotland, tried, convicted of treason, and condemned to die; but his fate was postponed by a letter from the king, appointing him to be reprieved for a month, that he might, in the interim, be tortured, for the discovery of his accomplices. The council had the unusual spirit to remonstrate against this illegal course of severity. On November 3, 1653, he received a farther respite, in hopes he would make

some discovery. When brought to the bar, to be tortured (for the king had reiterated his commands), he, through fear or distraction, roared like a bull, and laid so stoutly about him, that the hangman and his assistant could hardly master him. At last he fell into a swoon, and, on his recovery, charged general Dalziel and Drummond (violent tories), together with the duke of Hamilton, with being the leaders of the fanatics. It was generally thought, that he affected this extravagant behaviour, to invalidate all that agony might extort from him, concerning his real accomplices. He was sent, first, to Edinburgh castle, and, afterwards, to a prison upon the Bass island; although the privy council more than once deliberated upon appointing his immediate death. On 22d August, 1684, Earlstoun was sent for from the Bass, and ordered for execution 4th November, 1684. He endeavoured to prevent his doom by escape; but was discovered and taken, after he had gained the roof of the prison. The council deliberated, whether, in consideration of this attempt, he was not liable to instant execution. Finally, however, they were satisfied to imprison him in Blackness castle, where he remained till after the revolution, when he was set at liberty, and his doom of forfeiture reversed by act of parliament.—See *Fountainhall*, Vol. 1. pp. 238, 240, 245, 250, 301. 302.

THE

BATTLE OF BOTHWELL-BRIDGE.

"O billie, billie, bonny billie,
Will ye go to the wood wi' me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow slain men are we."

"O no, O no!" says Earlstoun,
"For that's the thing that mauna' be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or die."

So Earlstoun rose in the morning,
An' mounted by the break o' day;
An' he has join'd our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way

" Now, farewell father, and farewell mother,
An' fare ye weel my sisters three;
An' fare ye well my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!"

So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,
An waly* they rode bonnily!
When the duke o' Monmouth saw them comin,
He went to view their company.

" Ye're welcome, lads," then Monmouth said,
" Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;
And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company!

" But yield your weapons ane an' a,
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For, gin ye'll yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country."

Out up then spak a Lennox lad,
And waly but he spak bonnily!
" I winna yield my weapons up,
To you nor nae man that I see."

* *Waly!* An interjection.

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue ;
" Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true."

They stell'd* their cannons on the height,
And showr'd their shot down in the how† ;
An' beat our Scots lads even down,
Thick they lay slain on every know‡.

As e'er you saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow ;
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every know.

" O, hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
" Gie quarters to yon men for me !"
But wicked Claverhouse swore an oath,
His cornet's death reveng'd sud be.

" O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
" If ony thing you'll do for me ;
Hold up your hand, you cursed Græme,
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be."

* *Stell'd*—Planted. † *How*—Hollow. ‡ *Know*—Knoll.

Then wicked Claverhouse turn'd about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry'd, "God bless his majesty!"

Then he's awa to London town,
Ay e'en as fast as he can dree;
Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
An' ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

Alang the brae beyond the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell-hill.

NOTES

ON

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL-BRIDGE.

There they set up the flag of red,
A' set about wi' bonnie blue.—P. 222. v. 3.

Blue was the favourite colour of the covenanters; hence, the vulgar phrase of a true blue whig. Spalding informs us, that, when the first army of covenanters entered Aberdeen, few or none "wanted "a blue ribband; the lord Gordon and some others of the mar- "quis (of Huntley's) family had a ribband, when they were dwel- "ling in the town, of a red fresh colour, which they wore in their "hats, and called it the *royal ribband*, as a sign of their love and "loyalty to the king. In despite and derision thereof, this blue "ribband was worn, and called the *covenanter's ribband*, by the hail "soldiers of the army, who would not hear of the royal ribband, "such was their pride and malice."—V. 1. p. 125. After the departure of this first army, the town was occupied by the barons of the royal party, till they were once more expelled by the covenanters, who plundered the burgh and country adjacent, "no fowl, "cock, or hen, left unkilled, the hail house-dogs, messens (*i. e.* lap- "dogs), and whelps, within Aberdeen, killed upon the streets; so

"that neither hound, messen, nor other dog, was left alive that they "could see: the reason was this: when the first army came here ilk "captain and soldier had a blue ribband about his craig (*i. e.* "neck), in despite and derision whereof, when they removed "from Aberdeen, some women of Aberdeen, as was alleged, knit "blue ribbands about their messen's craigs, whereat their soldiers "took offence, and killed all their dogs for this very cause."—p. 160.

I have seen one of the ancient banners of the covenanters: it was divided into four copartments, inscribed with the words, *Christ—Covenant—King—Kingdom*. Similar standards are mentioned in Spalding's curious and minute narrative, Vol. II. pp. 182, 245.

Hold up your hand, ye cursed Græme,
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be.—P. 218. v. 3.

It is very extraordinary, that, in April, 1685, Claverhouse was left out of the new commission of privy council, as being too favourable to the fanatics. The pretence was his having married into the presbyterian family of lord Dundonald. An act of council was also past, regulating the payment of quarters, which is stated by Fountainhall, to have been done in *odium* of Claverhouse, and, in order to excite complaints against him. This charge, so inconsistent with the nature and conduct of Claverhouse, seems to have been the fruit of a quarrel betwixt him and the lord high treasurer. —*Fountainhall*, p. 360, v. 1.

That Claverhouse was most unworthily accused of mitigating the persecution of the covenanters, will appear from the following simple, but very affecting narrative, extracted from one of the little publications which appeared soon after the revolution, while the facts were fresh in the memory of the sufferers. The imitation of the scriptural stile produces, in some passages of these works, an effect not unlike what we feel in reading the beautiful book of Ruth. It is taken from the life of Mr Alexander Peden*, printed about 1720.

---

* The enthusiasm of this personage, and of his followers, invested him, as has been already noticed, with prophetic powers;

"In the beginning of May, 1685, he came to the house of John Brown and Marion Weir, whom he married before he went to Ireland, where he stayed all night; and, in the morning, when he took farewell, he came out of the door, saying to himself, "Poor "woman, a fearful morning," twice over. "A dark misty morning!" The next morning, between five and six hours, the said John Brown having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat ground: the mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel and bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of a stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if ever they heard him preach? They answered, "No, no, he was never a preacher." He said, "If he has never preached, mickle he has prayed in his time;" he

---

but hardly any of the stories told of him exceeds that sort of gloomy conjecture of misfortune, which the precarious situation of his sect so greatly fostered. The following passage relates to the battle of Bothwell-bridge: "That dismal day, "22d of June, 1679, at Bothwell-bridge, when the Lord's "people fell and fled before the enemy, he was forty miles "distant, near the border, and kept himself retired until the mid-"dle of the day, when some friends said to him, 'Sir, the people "are waiting for sermon.' He answered, 'Let them go to their "prayers; for me, I neither can nor will preach any this day, for "our friends are fallen and fled before the enemy, at Hamilton, "and they are hacking and hewing them down, and their blood is "running like water." The feats of Peden are thus commemorated by Fountainhall, 27th of March, 1650. "News came to the privy council, that about one hundred men, well armed and appointed, had left Ireland, because of a search there for such malcontents, and landed in the west of Scotland, and joined with the wild fanatics. The council, finding that they disappointed the forces by skulking from hole to hole, were of opinion, it were better to let them gather into a body, and draw to a head, and so they would get them altogether in a snare. They had one, Mr Pedden, a minister, with them, and one Isaac, who commanded them; they had frighted most part of all the country ministers, so that they durst not stay at their churches, but retired to Edinburgh, or to garrison towns; and it was sad to see whole shires destitute of preaching, except in burghs. Wherever they came they plundered arms, and particularly at my lord Dumfries's house."—*Fountainhall*, Vol. 1. p. 359.

said to John, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately "die!" When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times; one time, that he stopt him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, "I gave you time to pray, and ye "are begun to preach;" he turned about upon his knees, and said, "Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching or praying, that "calls this preaching." Then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, "Take goodnight of your wife and chil-"dren." His wife, standing by with her child in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her, and said, "Now, Marion, the day is come, that I told you "would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me." She said, "Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you." Then, he said, "This is all I desire, I have no more to do but die." He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Clavers ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head; which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, "What thinkest thou of thy husband "now, woman?" She said, "I thought ever much of him, and now as "much as ever." He said, "It were justice to lay thee beside him." She said, "If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would "go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's "work?" He said, "To man I can be answerable; and for God I "will take him in my own hand." Claverhouse mounted his horse, and marched, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down, and wept over him. It being a very desart place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her; the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman, in the Cummerhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steel, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her

husband's grave, told me, that before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion, except when the shots were let off her eyes dazzled. His corpse were buried at the end of his house, where he was slain, with this inscription on his grave-stone :

> In earth's cold bed, the dusty part here lies,
> Of one who did the earth as dust despise !
> Here, in this place, from earth he took departure ;
> Now, he has got the garland of the martyrs.

"This murder was committed betwixt six and seven in the morning : Mr Peden was about ten or eleven miles distant, having been in the fields all night : he came to the house betwixt seven and eight, and desired to call in the family, that he might pray amongst them ; when praying, he said, "Lord, when wilt thou avenge "Brown's blood ? Oh, let Brown's blood be precious in thy sight ! "and hasten the day when thou wilt avenge it, with Cameron's, "Cargil's, and many others of our martyrs' names ; and oh ! for that "day, when the lord would avenge all their bloods !" When ended, John Muirhead enquired what he meant by Brown's blood ? He said twice over, "What do I mean ? Claverhouse has been at the "Preshil this morning, and has cruelly murdered John Brown ; his "corpse are lying at the end of his house, and his poor wife, sitting "weeping by his corpse, and not a soul to speak a word comforta-"bly to her."

While we read this dismal story, we must remember Brown's situation was that of an avowed and determined rebel, liable as such to military execution ; so that the atrocity was more that of the times than of Claverhouse. That general's gallant adherence to his master, the misguided James VII., and his glorious death on the field of victory, at Killicrankie, have tended to preserve and gild his memory. He is still remembered in the Highlands as the most successful leader of their clans. An ancient gentleman, who had borne arms for the cause of Stuart, in 1715, told the editor, that when the armies met on the field of battle, at Sheriff-muir, a veteran chief (I think he named Gordon of Glenbucket), covered

with scars, came up to the earl of Mar, and earnestly pressed him to order the Highlanders to charge, before the regular army of Argyle had compleatly formed their line, and, at a moment when the rapid and furious onset of the clans might have thrown them into total disorder. Mar repeatedly answered, it was not yet time, till the chieftain turned from him in disdain and despair, and, stamping with rage, exclaimed aloud, "O for one hour of Dundee!"

Claverhouse's sword (a strait cut-and-thrust blade) is in the possession of lord Woodhouselee. In Pennycuik house is preserved the buff-coat, which he wore at the battle of Killicrankie.—The fatal shot-hole is under the arm-pit, so that the ball must have been received while his arm was raised to direct the pursuit.—However he came by his charm of *proof*, he certainly had not worn the garment usually supposed to confer that privilege, and which was called *the waistcoat of proof, or of necessity*. It was thus made. "On Christmas daie, at night, a thread must be sponne of flax, by a little virgine girle, in the name of the divell; and it must be by her woven, and also wrought with the needle. In the breast, or forepart thereof, must be made with needle work, two heads; on the head at the right side must be a hat and a long beard; the left head must have on a crown, and it must be so horrible that it maie resemble Belzebub; and on each side of the wastcote must be made a crosse."—*Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 231.

It would be now no difficult matter to bring down our popular poetry, connected with history, to the year 1745. But almost all the party ballads of that period have been already printed and ably illustrated by Mr Ritson.

MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

PART SECOND.

ROMANTIC BALLADS.

ERLINTON.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This ballad is published from the collation of two copies, obtained from recitation. It seems to be the rude original, or perhaps a corrupted and imperfect copy, of *the Child of Elle*, a beautiful legendary tale, published in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. It is singular, that this charming ballad should have been translated, or imitated, by the celebrated Bürger, without acknowledgment of the English original. As the *Child of Elle* avowedly received corrections, we may ascribe its greatest beauties to the poetical taste of the ingenious editor. They are in the truest stile of Gothic embellishment. We may compare, for example, the following beautiful verse with the same idea in an old romance.

'The baron stroked his dark-brown cheek,
And turned his face aside,
To wipe away the starting tear,
He proudly strove to hide!

Child of Elle.

The heathen Soldan, or Amiral, when about to slay two lovers, relents in a similar manner:

Weeping, he turned his heued awai,
And his swerde hit fel to grounde.

Florice and Blauncheflour.

ERLINTON.

Erlinton had a fair daughter,
I wat he weird her in a great sin *,
For he has built a bigly bower,
An' a to put that lady in.

An' he has warn'd her sisters six,
An' sae has he her brethren se'en,
Outher to watch her a' the night,
Or else to seek her morn an' e'en.

She hadna been i' that bigly bower,
Na not a night, but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
Chapp'd at the door, cryin' "Peace within!"

* *Weird her in a great sin*—Placed her in danger of committing a great sin.

"O whae is this at my bower door,
That chaps sae late nor kens the gin*?"
"O it is Willie, your ain true love,
I pray you rise an' let me in!"

"But in my bower their is a wake,
An' at the wake there is a wane†;
But I'll come to the green-wood the morn,
Whar blooms the brier by mornin' dawn."

Then she's gane to her bed again,
Where she has layen till the cock crew thrice,
Then she said to her sisters a',
"Maidens, 'tis time for us to rise."

She pat on her back a silken gown,
An' on her breast a siller pin,
An' she's tane a sister in ilka hand,
An' to the green-wood she is gane.

She hadna walk'd in the green-wood,
Na not a mile but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
Whae frae her sisters has her ta'en.

* *Gin*—The slight or trick necessary to open the door, from engine
† *Wane*—A number of people.

He took her sisters by the hand,
  He kiss'd them baith, an' sent them hame,
An' he's ta'en his true love him behind,
  And through the green-wood they are gane.

They hadna ridden in the bonnie green-wood,
  Na not a mile but barely ane,
When there came fifteen o' the boldest knights,
  That ever bare flesh, blood, or bane.

The foremost was an aged knight,
  He wore the grey hair on his chin,
Says, " Yield to me thy lady bright,
  An' thou shalt walk the woods within."

" For me to yield my lady bright
  To such an aged knight as thee,
People wad I think war gane mad,
  Or a' the courage flown frae me."

But up then spake the second knight,
  I wat he spake right boustouslie,
" Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,
  Or here the tane of us shall die."

"My lady is my warld's meed;
My life I winna yield to nane;
But if ye be men of your manhead,
Ye'll only fight me ane by ane."

He lighted aff his milk-white steed,
An' gae his lady him by the head,
Say'n "See ye dinna change your cheer,
Until ye see my body bleed."

He set his back unto an aik,
He set his feet against a stane,
An' he has fought these fifteen men,
An' kill'd them a' but barely ane;
For he has left that aged knight,
An' a' to carry the tidings hame.

When he gaed to his lady fair,
I wat he kiss'd her tenderlie,
"Thou art mine ain love, I have thee bought;
Now we shall walk the green wood free."

THE TWA CORBIES.

THIS poem was communicated to me by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, esq. jun. of Hoddom, as written down, from tradition, by a lady. It is a singular circumstance, that it should coincide, so very nearly, with the ancient dirge, called the *Three Ravens*, published by Mr Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*; and that, at the same time, there should exist such a difference, as to make the one appear rather a counterpart than copy of the other. In order to enable the curious reader to contrast these two singular poems, and to form a judgment which may be the original, I take the liberty of copying the English ballad from Mr Ritson's collection, omitting only the burden and repetition of the first line. The learned editor states it to be given "*From Ravencroft's Melismata. Musical phan-*" *sies fitting the cittie and country, humours to* 3, 4, *and* " 5 *voyces*, London, 1611, 4to. It will be obvious (con-" tinues Mr Ritson) that this ballad is much older not " only than the date of the book, but most of the other

" pieces contained in it." The music is given with the words, and is adapted to four voices.

There were three rauens sat on a tre,
They were as blacke as they might be :

The one of them said to his mate,
" Where shall we our breakefast take ?"

" Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield ;"

" His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they their master keepe ;"

" His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare come him nie."

" Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe,"

" She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red."

" She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake."

" She buried him before the prime,
She was dead her selfe ere euen song time."

" God send euery gentleman,
Such haukes, such houndes, and such a leman.

Ancient Songs, 1792. p. 155.

I have seen a copy of this dirge much modernized.

THE TWA CORBIES.

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane,
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail* dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And nae body kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

* *Fail*—Turf.

" Ye'll sit on his white hause bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We'll theek* our nest when it grows bare.

" Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken whare he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

* *Theek*—Thatch.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

THE ballad of the *Douglas Tragedy* is one of the few, to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farm-house, in a wild and solitary glen, upon a torrent, named Douglas-burn, which joins the Yarrow, after passing a craggy rock, called the Douglas-craig. This wild scene, now a part of the Traquair estate, formed one of the most ancient possessions of the renowned family of Douglas; for sir John Douglas, eldest son of William, the first lord Douglas, is said to have sat, as baronial lord of Douglas-burn, during his father's lifetime, in a parliament of Malcolm Canmore, held at Forfar.—*Godscroft*, Vol. I. p. 20. The tower appears to have been square, with a circular turret at one angle, for carrying up the

staircase, and for flanking the entrance. It is said to have derived its name of Blackhouse, from the complexion of the lords of Douglas, whose swarthy hue was a family attribute. But, when the high mountains, by which it is inclosed, were covered with heather, which was the case till of late years, Blackhouse must have also merited its appellation from the appearance of the scenery.

From this ancient tower, lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, are shown as marking the spot, where the seven brethren were slain, and the Douglas-burn is averred to have been the stream, at which the lovers stopped to drink; so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event.

Many copies of this ballad are current among the vulgar, but chiefly in a state of great corruption; especially such as have been committed to the press, in the shape of penny pamphlets. One of these is now before me, which, among many others, has the ridiculous error of "*blue gilded* horn," for *bugelet* horn. The copy, principally used in this edition of the ballad, was supplied by Mr Sharpe. The three last verses are given from the printed copy, and from tradition. The hackneyed verse of the rose and the briar springing from the grave of the lovers, is common to most tragic ballads, but it is introduced into this with singular propriety, as the chapel of St Mary, whose ves-

tiges may be still traced upon the lake, to which it has given name, is said to have been the burial place of lord William and fair Margaret. The wrath of the Black Douglas, which vented itself upon the briar, far surpasses the usual stanza :

> " At length came the clerk of the parish,
> As you the truth shall hear,
> And by mischance he cut them down,
> Or else they had still been there.'

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

"Rise up, rise up, now, lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright,
Let it never be said, that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I mak a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who lov'd her so dear.

"O hold your hand, lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wond'rous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And ay she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That ware redder than the wine.

" O chuse, O chuse, lady Marg'ret," he said,
" O whether will ye gang or bide?"
" I'll gang, I'll gang, lord William," she said,
" For ye have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink,
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

" Hold up, hold up, lord William," she says,
" For I fear that you are slain!"
" 'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!—
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep!
And lay lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St Marie's kirk,
Lady Margaret in Mary's quire,
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a briar.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pull'd up the bonny brier,
And flang'd in St Mary's loch.

YOUNG BENJIE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

In this ballad the reader will find traces of a singular superstition, not yet altogether discredited in the wilder parts of Scotland. The lykewake, or watching a dead body, in itself a melancholy office, is rendered, in the idea of the assistants, more dismally awful, by the mysterious horrors of superstition. In the interval betwixt death and interment, the disembodied spirit is supposed to hover around its mortal habitation, and, if invoked by certain rites, retains the power of communicating, through its organs, the cause of its dissolution. Such enquiries, however, are always dangerous, and never to be resorted to unless the deceased is suspected to have suffered *foul play*, as it is called. It is the more unsafe to tamper with this charm, in an unauthorized manner, because the inhabi-

tants of the infernal regions are, at such periods, peculiarly active. One of the most potent ceremonies in the charm, for causing the dead body to speak, is setting the door ajar, or half open. On this account, the peasants of Scotland sedulously avoid leaving the door ajar, while a corpse lies in the house. The door must either be left wide open, or quite shut; but the first is always preferred, on account of the exercise of hospitality usual on such occasions. The attendants must be likewise careful never to leave the corpse for a moment alone, or, if it is left alone, to avoid, with a degree of superstitious horror, the first sight of it. The following story, which is frequently related by the peasants of Scotland, will illustrate the imaginary danger of leaving the door ajar. In former times, a man and his wife lived in a solitary cottage, on one of the extensive border fells. One day, the husband died suddenly; and his wife, who was equally afraid of staying alone by the corpse, or leaving the dead body by itself, repeatedly went to the door, and looked anxiously over the lonely moor, for the sight of some person approaching. In her confusion and alarm, she accidentally left the door ajar, when the corpse suddenly started up, and sat in the bed, frowning and grinning at her frightfully. She sat alone, crying bitterly, unable to avoid the fascination of the dead man's eye, and too much terrified to break the sullen silence, till a Catholic priest, passing over the wild, entered the cottage. He first set the door quite open, then put his little finger in his mouth, and said

the paternoster backwards, when the horrid look of the corpse relaxed, it fell back on the bed, and behaved itself as a dead man ought to do.

The ballad is given from tradition.

YOUNG BENJIE.

Of a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true love,
And a dear true love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie;
But ay the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea*.

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae,
And she said she'd chuse another luve,
And let young Benjie gae.

* *Plea*—Used obliquely for dispute.

And he was stout*, and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie,
And he's ga'en by the wan moon-light,
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love,
O open and let me in!"
"I dare na open, young Benjie,
My three brothers are within."

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I hae loved sae lang!
It sets† ye chuse another love,
And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her ee,
"I darena, darena, let thee in,
But I'll come down to thee."

* *Stout*—Through this whole ballad, signifies haughty.
† *Sets ye*—Becomes you—ironical.

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I done?"
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith laith to be dang*,
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,
"O see na ye what I see?"
And out then spak her second brother,
"Its our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak her eldest brother,
"O how shall we her ken?"
And out then spak her youngest brother,
"There's a honey mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the grund—
"O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found?

* *Dang*—defeated.

"The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say."

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear,
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,
The cocks began to craw,
And at the dead hour o' the night,
The corpse began to thraw.

"O wha has done the wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout,
As thraw ye o'er the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the first ae man,
I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout and proud-hearted,
He threw me o'er the linn."

" Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
Sall we young Benjie hang,
Or, sall we pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang?"

" Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye mauna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa grey e'en,
And punish him ere he gang.

" Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house,
To wait young Benjie on.

" And ay, at every seven year's end,
Ye'll tak him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun drie,
To scug* his deadly sin."

Scug—shelter or expiate

LADY ANNE.

THIS ballad was communicated to me by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddom, who mentions having copied it from an old magazine. Although it has probably received some modern corrections, the general turn seems to be ancient, and corresponds with that of a fragment, containing the following verses, which I have often heard sung in my childhood :

She set her back against a thorn,
And there she has her young son borne ;
" O smile nae sae, my bonny babe !
An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead."

* * * * *

An' when that lady went to the church,
She spied a naked boy in the porch.

" O bonnie boy, an' ye were mine,
I'd cleed ye in the silks sae fine."
" O mither dear, when I was thine,
To me ye were na half sae kind.'

* * * * *

Stories of this nature are very common in the annals of popular superstition. It is, for example, currently believed in Ettrick Forest, that a libertine, who had destroyed fifty-six inhabited houses, in order to throw the possessions of the cottagers into his estate, and who added, to this injury, that of seducing their daughters, was wont to commit, to a carrier in the neighbourhood, the care of his illegitimate children, shortly after they were born. His emissary regularly carried them away, but they were never again heard of. The unjust and cruel gains of the profligate laird were dissipated by his extravagance, and the ruins of his house seem to bear witness to the truth of the rhythmical prophecies denounced against it, and still current among the peasantry. He himself died an untimely death; but the agent of his amours and crimes survived to extreme old age. When on his death-bed, he seemed much oppressed in mind, and sent for a clergyman, to speak peace to his departing spirit. But, before the messenger returned, the man was in his last agony; and the terrified assistants had fled from his cottage, unanimously averring, that the wailing of murdered infants had ascended from behind his couch, and mingled with the groans of the departing sinner.

LADY ANNE.

Fair lady Anne sate in her bower,
Down by the greenwood side,
And the flowers did spring, and the birds did sing,
'Twas the pleasant May-day tide.

But fair lady Anne on sir William call'd,
With the tear grit in her e'e,
"O though thou be fause, may heaven thee guard,
In the wars ayont the sea!"

Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,
Upon the simmer's morn,
And they did sing, and play at the ba',
As naked as they were born.

"O seven lang year wad I sit here,
Amang the frost and snaw,
A' to hae but ane o' these bonnie boys,
A playing at the ba'."

Then up and spake the eldest boy,
"Now listen, thou fair ladie!
And ponder well the read that I tell,
Then make ye a choice of the three.

"'Tis I am Peter, and this is Paul,
And that ane, sae fair to see,
But a twelve-month sinsyne to paradise came,
To join with our companie."

"O I will hae the snaw-white boy,
The bonniest of the three."
"And if I were thine, and in thy propine*,
O what wad ye do to me?"

"'Tis I wad clead thee in silk and gowd,
And nourice thee on my knee."
"O mither! mither! when I was thine,
Sic kindness I could na see.

* *Propine*—Usually gift, but here the power of giving or bestowing

" Beneath the turf, where now I stand,
The fause nurse buried me;
Thy cruel penknife sticks still in my heart,
And I come not back to thee.

* * * * *

LORD WILLIAM.

This ballad was communicated to me by Mr James Hogg; and, although it bears a strong resemblance to that of *Earl Richard* in the second volume, so strong, indeed, as to warrant a supposition, that the one has been derived from the other, yet its intrinsic merit seems to warrant its insertion,. Mr Hogg has added the following note, which, in the course of my enquiries, I have found most fully corroborated.

" I am fully convinced of the antiquity of this song; " for, although much of the language seems somewhat mo- " dernized, this must be attributed to its currency, being " much liked, and very much sung, in this neighbourhood. " I can trace it back several generations, but cannot hear " of its ever having been in print. I have never heard it " with any considerable variation, save that one reciter " called the dwelling of the feigned sweetheart, Castle- " swa."

LORD WILLIAM.

Lord William was the bravest knight,
That dwalt in fair Scotland,
And, though renowned in France and Spain,
Fell by a ladie's hand.

As she was walking maid alone,
Down by yon shady wood,
She heard a smit o' bridle reins,
She wish'd might be for good.

* *Smit*—Clashing noise, from smite—hence also (*perhaps*) Smith and Smithy.

"Come to my arms, my dear Willie,
You're welcome hame to me;
To best o' chear and charcoal red*,
And candle burnin' free."

"I winna light, I darena light,
Nor come to your arms at a';
A fairer maid than ten o' you,
I'll meet at Castle-law."

"A fairer maid than me, Willie!
A fairer maid than me!
A fairer maid than ten o' me,
Your eyes did never see."

He louted owr his saddle lap,
To kiss her ere they part,
And wi' a little keen bodkin,
She pierced him to the heart.

* *Charcoal red*—This circumstance marks the antiquity of the poem. While wood was plenty in Scotland, charcoal was the usual fuel in the chambers of the wealthy.

" Ride on, ride on, lord William, now,
As fast as ye can dree!
Your bonny lass at Castle-law
Will weary you to see."

Out up then spake a bonny bird,
Sat high upon a tree,
" How could you kill that noble lord?
He came to marry thee."

" Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
And eat bread aff my hand!
Your cage shall be of wiry goud,
Whar now it's but the wand."

" Keep ye your cage o' goud, lady,
And I will keep my tree:
As ye hae done to lord William,
Sae wad ye do to me."

She set her foot on her door step,
A bonny marble stane;
And carried him to her chamber,
O'er him to make her mane.

And she has kept that good lord's corpse,
  Three quarters of a year,
Until that word began to spread ;
  Then she began to fear.

Then she cryed on her waiting maid,
  Ay ready at her ca';
"There is a knight unto my bower,
  'Tis time he were awa."

The ane has ta'en him by the head,
  The ither by the feet,
And thrown him in the wan water,
  That ran baith wide and deep.

"Look back, look back, now, lady fair,
  On him that lo'ed ye weel!
A better man than that blue corpse,
  Ne'er drew a sword of steel."

THE BROOMFIELD-HILL.

The concluding verses of this ballad were inserted in the copy of *Tamlane*, given to the public in the first edition of this work. They are now restored to their proper place. Considering how very apt the most accurate reciters are to patch up one ballad with verses from another, the utmost caution cannot always avoid such errors.

A more sanguine antiquary than the editor might perhaps endeavour to identify this poem, which is of undoubted antiquity, with the "*Broom Broom on hill*," mentioned by Lane, in his *Progress of queen Elizabeth into Warwickshire*, as forming part of captain Cox's collection, so much envied by the black-letter antiquaries of the present day. *Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 166. The same ballad is quoted by one of the personages in a "very mery and

pythie comedie," called "*The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art.*" See Ritson's dissertation, prefixed to *Ancient Songs*, p. lx. "Brume brume on hill" is also mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*. See Leyden's edition, p. 100.

THE BROOMFIELDHILL.

THERE was a knight and a lady bright,
  Had a true tryste at the broom;
The ane ga'ed early in the morning,
  The other in the afternoon.

And ay she sat in her mother's bower door,
  And ay she made her mane:
"Oh whether should I gang to the broomfield hill,
  Or should I stay at hame?

"For if I gang to the broomfield hill,
  My maidenhead is gone;
And if I chance to stay at hame,
  My love will ca' me mansworn."

Up then spake a witch woman,
Ay from the room aboon,
" O, ye may gang to the broomfield hill,
And yet come maiden hame.

" For when ye gang to the broomfield hill,
Ye'll find your love asleep,
With a silver belt about his head,
And a broom-cow at his feet.

" Take ye the blossom of the broom,
The blossom it smells sweet,
And strew it at your true love's head,
And likewise at his feet.

" Take ye the rings off your fingers,
Put them on his right hand,
To let him know, when he doth awake,
His love was at his command."

She pu'd the broom flower on Hive-hill,
And strew'd on's white hals bane,
And that was to be wittering true,
That maiden she had gane.

" O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
That I hae coft sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here?"

" I stamped wi' my foot, master,
And gar'd my bridle ring,
But na kin' thing wald waken ye,
Till she was past and gane."

" And wae betide ye, my gay goss hawk,
That I did love sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here."

" I clapped wi' my wings, master,
And aye my bells I rang,
And aye cry'd, waken, waken, master,
Before the ladye gang."

" But haste and haste, my good white steed,
To come the maiden till,
Or a' the birds, of gude green wood,
Of your flesh shall have their fill."

" Ye need na burst your good white steed,
Wi' racing o'er the howm ;
Nae bird flies faster through the wood,
Than she fled through the broom."

PROUD LADY MARGARET.

This ballad was communicated to the editor by Mr Hamilton, *Music-seller, Edinburgh, with whose mother it had been a favourite. Two verses and one line were wanting, which are here supplied from a different ballad, having a plot somewhat similar. These verses are the 6th and 9th.*

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
Looking o'er her castle wa'.

She looked east, and she looked west,
To see what she could spy,
When a gallant knight came in her sight,
And to the gate drew nigh.

"You seem to be no gentleman,
You wear your boots so wide;
But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
You wear the horn so syde*."

"I am no cunning hunter," he said,
"Nor ne'er intend to be;
But I am come to this castle,
To seek the love of thee;
And if you do not grant me love,
This night for thee I'll die."

"If you should die for me, sir knight,
There's few for you will meane†,
For mony a better has died for me,
Whose graves are growing green.

"But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
"And answer my questions three;
And but ye read them right," she said,
"Gae stretch ye out and die.

* *Syde*—Long or low.
† *Meane*—Moan

"Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale?
And what is the bird, the bonnie bonnie bird,
Sings on the evening gale?"

"The primrose is the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale,
And the thristlecock is the bonniest bird,
Sings on the evening gale."

"But what's the little coin," she said.
"Wald buy my castle bound?
And what's the little boat," she said,
"Can sail the world all round?"

"O hey, how mony small pennies
Make thrice three thousand pound?
Or hey, how mony small fishes
Swim a' the salt sea round."

"I think you maun be my match," she said,
"My match, and something mair;
You are the first e'er got the grant
Of love frae my father's heir.

" My father was lord of nine castles,
  My mother lady of three ;
My father was lord of nine castles,
  And there's nane to heir but me.

" And round about a' thae castles
  You may baith plow and saw,
And on the fifteenth day of May,
  The meadows they will maw."

" O hald your tongue, lady Margaret," he said,
  " For loud I hear you lie !
Your father was lord of nine castles,
  Your mother was lady of three ;
Your father was lord of nine castles,
  But ye fa' heir to but three.

" And round about a thae castles,
  You may baith plow and saw,
But on the fifteenth day of May
  The meadows will not maw.

" I am your brother Willie," he said,
  " I trow ye ken na me ;
I came to humble your haughty heart,
  Has gar'd sae mony die."

" If ye be my brother Willie," she said,
" As I trow weel ye be,
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae alang wi' thee."

" O hold your tongue, lady Margaret," he said,
" Again I hear you lie;
For ye've unwashen hands, and ye've unwashen feet*,
To gae to clay wi' me.

" For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
And cauld clay is my sheets;
And when the stormy winds do blow,
My body lies and sleeps."

* *Unwashen hands and unwashen feet*—Alluding to the custom of washing and dressing dead bodies.

THE

ORIGINAL BALLAD

OF

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

The beautiful air of Cowdenknows is well known and popular. In Ettrick Forest the following words are uniformly adapted to the tune, and seem to be the original ballad. An edition of this pastoral tale, differing considerably from the present copy, was published by Mr Herd, in 1772. Cowdenknows is situated upon the river Leader, about four miles from Melrose, and is now the property of Dr Hume.

O THE broom, and the bonny bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknows!
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bought, milking the ewes.

The hills were high on ilka side,
An' the bought i' the lirk o' the hill,
And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang,
Out o'er the head o' yon hill.

There was a troop o' gentlemen,
Came riding merrilie by,
And one o' them has rode out o' the way,
To the bought to the bonny may.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonny lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see."
"An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?"

"The night is misty and mirk, fair may,
And I have ridden astray,
And will ye be so kind, fair may,
As come out and point my way?"

"Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out of the bought I dare na come,
For fear 'at ye do me wrang."

" O winna ye pity me, bonny lass,
O winna ye pity me ?
An' winna ye pity my poor steed,
Stands trembling at yon tree ?"

" I wadna pity your poor steed,
Tho' it were tied to a thorn ;
For if ye wad gain my love the night,
Ye wad slight me ere the morn."

" For I ken you by your weel-busked hat,
And your merrie twinkling e'e;
That ye're the laird o' the Oakland hills,
An ye may weel seem for to be."

" But I am not the laird o' the Oakland hills,
Ye're far mista'en o' me ;
But I'm ane o' the men about his house,
An' right aft in his companie."

He's ta'en her by the middle jimp,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
He's lifted her over the fauld dyke,
And speer'd at her sma' leave.

O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
And streek'd her yellow hair,
" Now, take ye that, my bonnie may,
Of me till you hear mair."

O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,
An' soon he's o'erta'en his men;
And ane and a' cried out to him,
" O master, ye've tarry'd lang!"

" O I hae been east, and I hae been west,
An' I hae been far o'er the know,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw,
Is i' the bought milkin the ewes."

She set the cog* upon her head,
An' she's gane singing hame—
" O where hae ye been, my ae daughter?
Ye hae na been your lane."

" O nae body was wi' me, father,
O nae body has been wi' me;
The night is misty and mirk, father,
Ye may gang to the door and see.

* *Cog*—Milking pail.

"But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
And an ill deed may he die;
He bug the bought at the back o' the know,
And a tod* has frighted me.

"There came a tod to the bought door,
The like I never saw;
And ere he had taken the lamb he did,
I had lourd he had ta'en them a'."

O whan fifteen weeks was come and gane,
Fifteen weeks and three,
That lassie began to look thin and pale,
An' to long for his merry twinkling e'e.

It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,
She was ca'ing out her father's kye,
By came a troop o' gentlemen,
A' merrilie riding bye.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonny may,
Weel may ye save and see!
Weel I wat, ye be a very bonny may,
But whae's aught that babe ye are wi'."

* *Tod*—Fox.

Never a word could that lassie say,
For never a ane could she blame,
An' never a word could the lassie say,
But "I have a good man at hame."

"Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny may,
Sae loud as I hear you lie;
For dinna ye mind that misty night,
I was i' the bought wi' thee?

"I ken you, by your middle sae jimp,
An' your merry twinkling e'e,
That ye're the bonny lass i' the Cowdenknow,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."

Than he's leap'd off his berry-brown steed,
An' he's set that fair may on—
"Caw out your kye, gude father, yoursel,
For she's never caw them out again."

"I am the laird of the Oakland hills,
I hae thirty plows and three;
An' I hae gotten the bonniest lass,
That's in a' the south country.

LORD RANDAL.

THERE is a beautiful air to this old ballad. The hero is more generally termed *lord Ronald*; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy, for calling him *Randal;* because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible, that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison. See *The Bruce*, book XX. Fordun repeats, and Boece echoes, this story, both of whom charge the murder on Edward III. But it is combated successfully by lord Hailes, in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*.

The substitution of some venomous reptile for food, or putting it into liquor, was anciently supposed to be a common mode of administering poison, as appears from the following curious account of the death of king John, extracted from a MS. Chronicle of England, *penes* John Clerk, esq. advocate. "And, in the same tyme, the Pope "sente into Englond a legate, that men cald Swals, and "he was Prest Cardinal of Rome, for to mayntene king "Johnes cause agens the barons of Englond; but the "barons had so much pte (*poustie*, i. e. power) through "Lewys the kinges sone of Fraunce, that king Johne wist "not wher for to wend ne gone: and so hitt fell, that he "wold have gone to Suchold, and as he went thedur-"ward, he come by the abbey of Swinshed, and ther he "abode 11 dayes. And, as he sate at meat, he askyd a "monke of the house, how moche a lofe was worth, that "was befor hym sete at the table? and the monke sayd "that loffe was worthe bot ane halfpenny. 'O!' quod "the kyng, 'this is a grett cheppe of brede; now,' said "the king, 'and yff I may, suche a loffe shall be worth "xxd. or half a yer be gone:' and when he said the "word, muche he thought and ofte tymes sighed, and "nome and ete of the bred, and said, 'By Gode, the "word that I have spokyn shall be sothe.' The monke, "that stode befor the kyng, was ful sory in his hert; and "thought rather he wold himself suffer peteous deth; "and thought yff he myght ordeyn therfore sum remedy.

"And anon the monke went unto his abbott, and was "schryvyd of him, and told the abbott all that the kyng "said, and prayed his abbott to assoyl him, for he wold "gyffe the kyng such a wassayle, that all Englond shuld "be glad and joyful therof. Tho went the monke into a "gardene, and fond a tode therin; and toke her upp, "and put hyr in a cuppe, and filled it with good ale, and "pryked hyr in every place, in the cuppe, till the ve-"nome come out in every place; an brought hitt befor "the kyng, and knelyd, and said, 'Sir, wassayle; for "never in your lyfe drancke ye of such a cuppe.' 'Be-"gyne, monke,' quod the king; and the monke dranke a "gret draute, and toke the kyng the cuppe, and the kyng "also drank a grett draute, and set downe the cuppe.— "The monke anon went to the Farmarye, and ther dyed "anon, on whose soule God have mercy, Amen. And "v monkes syng for his soule especially, and shall while "the abbey stondith. The kyng was anon ful evil at ese, "and comaunded to remove the table, and askyd af-"tur the monke; and men told him that he was ded, for "his wombe was broke in sondur. When the kyng herd "this tidyng, he commaundyd for to trusse; but all hit "was for nought, for his bely began to swelle for the "drink that he dranke, that he dyed within 11 dayes, the "moro aftur Seynt Luke's day."

A different account of the poisoning of king John is given in a MS. Chronicle of England, written in the minority of Edward III., and contained in the Auchinleck

MS. of Edinburgh. Though not exactly to our present purpose, the passage is curious, and I shall quote it without apology. The author has mentioned the interdict, laid on John's kingdom by the pope, and continues thus:

" He was ful wroth and grim,
For no prest wald sing for him;
He made tho his parlement,
And swore his *croy de verament*,
That he shuld make such asaut,
To fede all Inglonde with a spand,
And eke with a white lof,
Therfore I hope* he was God-loth.
A monk it herd of Swines-heued,
And of this wordes he was adred,
He went hym to his fere,
And seyd to hem in this maner,
"The king has made a sori oth,
That he schal with a white lof,
Fede al Inglonde, and with a spand,
Y wis it were a sori saut;
And better is that we die to,
Than al Ingloud be so wo.
Ye schul for me belles ring,
And after wordes rede and sing,
So helpe you God, heven king,
Granteth me alle now min asking,
And Ichim wil with puseoun slo,
Ne schal he never Inglond do wo."

His brethren him graunt alle his bone,
He lete him shrive swithe sone,
To make his soule fair and clene,
To for our leuedi heven queen,
That sche schuld for him be,
To for her son in trinité.

* Hope, for think.

Dansimond zede and gadred frut
For sothe were plommes white,
The steles* he puld out everichon,
Puisoun he dede therein anon,
And sett the steles al ogen,
That the gile schuld nought be sen.
He dede hem in a coupe of gold,
And went to the kinges bord;
On knes he him sett,
The king full fair he grett;
"Sir," he said, "by Seynt Austin,
This is frout of our garden,
And gif that your wil be,
Assayet herof after me."
Dansimond ete frut, on and on,
And al tho other ete king Jon;
The monk aros, and went his way,
God gif his soule wel gode day;
He gaf king Jon ther his puisoun,
Himselt had that ilk doun,
He dede, it is nouther for mirthe ne ond,
Bot for to save al Inglond.

The king Jon sate at mete,
His wombe to wex grete;
He swore his oth, *per la croyde*,
His wombe wald brest a thre;
He wald have risen fram the bord,
Ac he ne spake never more word;
Thus ended his time,
Y wis he had an evel fine.

Shakespeare, from such old chronicles, has drawn his authority for the last fine scene in *King John*. But he probably had it from Caxton, who uses nearly the words of the prose chronicle. Hemingford tells the same tale with the metrical historian. It is certain, that John in-

* *Steles*—Stalks.

creased the flux, of which he died, by the intemperate use of peaches and of ale, which may have given rise to the story of the poison.—See *Matthew Paris.*

To return to the ballad: there is a very similar song, in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by a false step-mother.

LORD RANDAL.

"O WHERE hae ye been, lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I din'd wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, lord Randal, my son,
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boil'd in broo'; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

" What became of your bloodhounds, lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?
" O they swell'd and they died—mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

" O I fear ye are poison'd, lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!"
" O yes! I am poison'd—mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

PART THIRD.

IMITATIONS

OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

THE MERMAID.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.—J. LEYDEN.

THE following poem is founded upon a Gaelic traditional ballad, called *Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrivrekin.* The dangerous gulf of Corrivrekin lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and dæmons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling, and in her appearance, the mermaid of the northern nations resembles the syren of the ancients. The appendages of a comb and mirror are probably of Celtic invention.

The Gaelic story bears, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid, while passing the gulf, above mentioned: that they resided together, in a grotto beneath the sea, for several years, during which time she bore him five children: but, finally, he tired of her so-

ciety, and, having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Man have a number of such stories, which may be found in Waldron. One bears, that a very beautiful mermaid fell in love with a young shepherd, who kept his flocks beside a creek, much frequented by these marine people. She frequently caressed him, and brought him presents of coral, fine pearls, and every valuable production of the ocean. Once upon a time, as she threw her arms eagerly round him, he suspected her of a design to draw him into the sea, and, struggling hard, disengaged himself from her embrace, and ran away. But the mermaid resented either the suspicion, or the disappointment, so highly, that she threw a stone after him, and flung herself into the sea, whence she never returned. The youth, though but slightly struck with the pebble, felt, from that moment, the most excruciating agony, and died at the end of seven days.—*Waldron's Works*, p. 176.

Another tradition of the same island affirms, that one of these amphibious damsels was caught in a net, and brought to land, by some fishers, who had spread a snare for the denizens of the ocean. She was shaped like the most beautiful female down to the waist, but below trailed a voluminous fish's tail, with spreading fins. As she would neither eat nor speak, (though they knew she had the power of language), they became apprehensive, that the island would be visited with some strange calamity, if she

should die for want of food; and therefore, on the third night, they left the door open, that she might escape. Accordingly, she did not fail to embrace the opportunity; but gliding with incredible swiftness to the sea-side, she plunged herself into the waters, and was welcomed by a number of her own species, who were heard to enquire, what she had seen among the natives of the earth; "Nothing," she answered, "wonderful, except that they were silly enough to throw away the water, in which they had boiled their eggs."

Collins, in his notes upon the line,

"Mona, long hid from those who sail the main,"

explains it, by a similar Celtic tradition. It seems, a mermaid had become so much charmed with a young man, who walked upon the beach, that she made love to him; and, being rejected with scorn, she excited, by enchantment, a mist, which long concealed the island from all navigators.

I must mention another monkish tradition, because, being derived from the common source of Celtic mythology, they appear the most natural illustrations of the Hebridean tale. About fifty years before Waldron went to reside in Man (for there were living witnesses of the legend, when he was upon the island), a project was undertaken, to fish treasures up from the deep, by means of a diving bell. A venturous fellow, accordingly, descended, and kept pulling for more rope, till all they had on board

was expended. This must have been no small quantity, for a skilful mathematician, who was on board, judging from the proportion of line let down, declared, that the adventurer must have descended at least double the number of leagues, which the moon is computed to be distant from the earth. At such a depth, wonders might be expected, and wonderful was the account given by the adventurer, when drawn up to the air.

" After," said he, " I had passed the region of fishes, " I descended into a pure element, clear as the air in the " serenest and most unclouded day, through which, as I " passed, I saw the bottom of the watery world, paved with " coral, and a shining kind of pebbles, which glittered like " the sun-beams, reflected on a glass. I longed to tread " the delightful paths, and never felt more exquisite delight, " than when the machine, I was inclosed in, grazed upon it.

" On looking through the little windows of my prison, I " saw large streets and squares on every side, ornamented " with huge pyramids of crystal, not inferior in brightness " to the finest diamonds; and the most beautiful building, " not of stone, nor brick, but of mother-of-pearl, and em- " bossed in various figures, with shells of all colours. The " passage, which led to one of these magnificent apartments, " being open, I endeavoured, with my whole strength, to " move my enclosure towards it; which I did, though with " great difficulty, and very slowly. At last, however, I got " entrance into a very spacious room, in the midst of which " stood a large amber table, with several chairs round, of

" the same. The floor of it was composed of rough dia-
" monds, topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Here I
" doubted not but to make my voyage as profitable as it
" was pleasant; for, could I have brought with me but a
" few of these, they would have been of more value than
" all we could hope for in a thousand wrecks; but they
" were so closely wedged in, and so strongly cemented by
" time, that they were not to be unfastened. I saw several
" chains, carcanets, and rings, of all manner of precious
" stones, finely cut, and set after our manner; which I
" suppose had been the prize of the winds and waves: these
" were hanging loosely on the jasper walls, by strings made
" of rushes, which I might easily have taken down; but,
" as I had edged myself within half a foot reach of them,
" I was unfortunately drawn back, through your want of
" line. In my return, I saw several comely *mermen*, and
" beautiful *mermaids*, the inhabitants of this blissful realm,
" swiftly descending towards it; but they seemed frighted
" at my appearance, and glided at a distance from me, ta-
" king me, no doubt, for some monstrous and new-created
" species."—*Waldron, ibidem.*

It would be very easy to enlarge this introduction, by quoting a variety of authors, concerning the supposed existence of these marine people. The reader may consult the *Telliamed* of M. Maillet, who, in support of the Neptunist's system of geology, has collected a variety of legends, respecting mermen and mermaids, p. 230, *et sequen.* Much information may also be derived from Pon-

toppidan's *Natural History of Norway*, who fails not to people her seas with this amphibious race*. An older authority is to be found in the *Kongs skugg-sio*, or Royal Mirror, written, as it is believed, about 1170. The mermen, there mentioned, are termed *hafstrambur* (sea-giants), and are said to have the upper parts resembling the human race; but the author, with becoming diffidence, declines to state, positively, whether they are equipped with a dolphin's tail. The female monster is called *mar-gyga* (sea-giantess), and is averred, certainly, to drag a fish's train. She appears, generally, in the act of devouring fish, which she has caught. According to the apparent voracity of her appetite, the sailors pretended to guess what chance they had of saving their lives in the tempests, which always followed her appearance.—*Speculum Regale*, 1768, p. 166.

Mermaids were sometimes supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers. Resenius, in his life of Frederick II. gives us an account of a syren, who not only prophesied future events, but, as might have been expected from the element in which she dwelt, preached vehemently against the sin of drunkenness.

* I believe something to the same purpose may be found in the school editions of Guthrie's *Geographical Grammar*, a work, which, though, in general, as sober and dull as could be desired by the gravest preceptor, becomes of a sudden uncommonly lively, upon the subject of the seas of Norway, the author having thought meet to adopt the right reverend Erick Pontoppidan's account of mermen, sea-snakes, and krakens.

The mermaid of Corrivrekin possessed the power of occasionally resigning her scaly train, and the Celtic tradition bears, that, when, from choice or necessity, she was invested with that appendage, her manners were more stern and savage than when her form was entirely human. Of course, she warned her lover not to come into her presence, when she was thus transformed. This belief is alluded to in the following ballad.

The beauty of the syrens is celebrated in the old romances of chivalry. Doolin, upon beholding, for the first time in his life, a beautiful female, exclaims, "*Par sainte Marie, si belle creature ne vis je oncque en ma vie! Je crois que c'est un ange du ciel, on une seraine de mer: Je crois que homme n'engendra oncque si belle creature.*"—La Fleur de Battailles.

TO

THE RIGHT HON.

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL,

WITH

THE MERMAID.

To brighter charms depart, my simple lay,
Than graced of old the maid of Colonsay,
When her fond lover, lessening from her view,
With eyes reverted, o'er the surge withdrew!
But, happier still, should lovely Campbell sing
Thy plaintive numbers to the trembling string,
The mermaid's melting strains would yield to thee,
Though poured diffusive o'er the silver sea.

Go boldly forth—but ah! the listening throng,
Rapt by the syren, would forget the song!
Lo! while they pause, nor dare to gaze around,
Afraid to break the soft enchanting sound,
While swells to sympathy each fluttering heart,
'Tis not the poet's, but the syren's art.

Go forth, devoid of fear, my simple lay!
First heard, returning from Iona's bay,
When round our bark the shades of evening drew,
And broken slumbers prest our weary crew;
While round the prow the sea-fire, flashing bright,
Shed a strange lustre o'er the waste of night;
While harsh and dismal screamed the diving gull,
Round the dark rocks that wall the coast of Mull;
As through black reefs we held our venturous way,
I caught the wild traditionary lay.
A wreath, no more in black Iona's isle
To bloom—but graced by high-born Beauty's smile.

THE MERMAID.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee,
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

" And raise," he cried, " the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

' When on this ring of ruby red
' Shall die,' she said, ' the crimson hue,
' Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
' Or proves to thee and love untrue.'

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

" Softly blow, thou western breeze,
" Softly rustle through the sail,
" Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
" Before my love, sweet western gale!

" Where the wave is tinged with red,
" And the russet sea-leaves grow,
" Mariners, with prudent dread,
" Shun the shelving reefs below.

" As you pass thro' Jura's sound,
" Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
" Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
" Where Corrivrekin's surges roar !

" If, from that unbottomed deep,
" With wrinkled form and writhed train,
" O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
" The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

" Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
" Sea-green sisters of the main,
" And in the gulf, where ocean boils,
" The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

" Softly blow, thou western breeze,
" Softly rustle through the sail,
" Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
" Before my love, sweet western gale !"

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still, from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy, yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then, clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long for thee, the fruitless tear
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;—
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink, by slow degrees;
No more the surges round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song,
Far in the crystal cavern, rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen controul,
In morning dreams that lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams, through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve in dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers, that bloom more fair,
And fields, that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, heardst thou not these wild notes swell?"
"Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway:
Can'st thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice, of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And, glancing wild his eyes around,
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the syren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
—" Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?

" Fair is the crystal hall for me,
With rubies and with emeralds set,
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

" How sweet to dance, with gliding feet,
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet,
That breathes along the moonlight scene!

" And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

" How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge, to lie;

" To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

" Then shall the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray,
While diamonds, in our bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

" Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

" Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured, we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay !"—

—" Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main !
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein.

" If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast ;
Her eye confest the pearly tear ;
His hand she to her bosom prest—
" Is there no heart for rapture here ?

"These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delirious thrill?"

"Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

"These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

"Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that syren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread;
Unfolds in length her scaly train;
She tossed, in proud disdain, her head,
And lashed, with webbed fin, the main.

" Dwell here, alone!" the mermaid cried,
" And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
Thy prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

" Whene'er, like ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave, with rapid fin, the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

" I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?"

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road,
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay,
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay:

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the mermaid sing,
And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring ;

And, when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charmed him with some tender strain ;

And, heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep,
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came,
No more mishapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

" O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song, thou lovest, of Colonsay."

" This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay."

" Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell, for ay, with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

" Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And, when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As, with broad fin, she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems, at last,
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she past,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink, remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

NOTE

ON

THE MERMAID.

The sea-snake heave his snowy mane.—P. 308. v. 3.

"They, who, in works of navigation, on the coasts of Norway, employ themselves in fishing or merchandise, do all agree in this strange story, that there is a serpent there, which is of a vast magnitude, namely two hundred feet long, and moreover twenty feet thick; and is wont to live in rocks and caves, toward the sea-coast about Berge; which will go alone from his holes, in a clear night in summer, and devours calves, lambs, and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed on polypus, locusts, and all sorts of sea-crabs. He hath commonly hair hanging from his neck, a cubit long, and sharp scales, and is black, and he hath flaming shining eyes. This snake disquiets the skippers, and he puts up his head on high, like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them; and this hapneth not but it signifies some wonderful change of the kingdom near at hand; namely, that the princes shall die, or be banished; or some tumultuous wars shall presentlie follow."—*Olaus Magnus*, London, 1558, rendered into English by J. S. Much more of the sea-snake may be learned from the credible witnesses cited by Pontoppidan, who saw it raise itself from the sea, twice as high as the mast of their vessel. The tradition probably originates in the immense snake of the Edda, whose folds were supposed to girdle the earth.

THE

LORD HERRIES HIS COMPLAINT,

A FRAGMENT.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.
OF HODDOM.

HODDOM castle is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Annan. It is an ancient structure, said to have been built betwixt the years 1437 and 1484, by John, Lord Herries, of Herries, a powerful border baron, who possessed extensive domains in Dumfries-shire. This family continued to flourish until the death of William, lord Herries, in the middle of the 16th century, when it merged in heirs female. Agnes, the eldest of the daughters of lord William, was married to John, master of Maxwell, afterwards created lord Herries, and a strenuous partizan

of queen Mary. The castle and barony of Hoddom were sold, about 1630, and were then, or soon afterwards, acquired by John Sharpe esq., in whose family they have ever since continued. Before the accession of James VI. to the English crown, Hoddom castle was appointed to be kept, " with ane wise stout man, and to have with him " four well-horsed men, and there to have two stark foot- " men, servants, to keep their horses, and the principal " to have ane stout footman."—*Border Laws, Appendix.*

On the top of a small, but conspicuous hill, near to Hoddom castle, there is a square tower, built of hewn stone, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and a serpent, and betwixt them the word *Repentance*. Hence the building, though its proper name is Trailtrow, is more frequently called the Tower of Repentance. It was anciently used as a beacon, and the border laws direct a watch to be maintained there, with a fire-pan and bell, to give the alarm when the English crossed, or approached, the river of Annan. This man was to have a husband-land for his service.—*Spottiswoode*, p. 306.

Various accounts are given of the cause of erecting the Tower of Repentance. The following has been adopted by my ingenious correspondent, as most susceptible of poetical decoration. A certain lord Herries—about the date of the transaction, tradition is silent—was famous among those who used to rob and steal (*convey*, the wise it call). This lord, returning from England, with many

prisoners, whom he had unlawfully enthralled, was overtaken by a storm, while passing the Solway firth, and, in order to relieve his boat, he cut all their throats, and threw them into the sea. Feeling great qualms of conscience, he built this square tower, carving over the door, which is about half-way up the building, and had formerly no stair to it, the figures, above mentioned, of a dove and a serpent, emblems of remorse and grace, and the motto "*Repentance.*"

I have only to add, that the marauding baron is said, from his rapacity, to have been surnamed John the Reif; probably in allusion to a popular romance*; and that another account says, the sin, of which he repented, was the destruction of a church, or chapel, called Trailtrow, with the stones of which he had built the castle of Hoddom.—*Macfarlane's* MSS.

It is said, that sir Richard Steele, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his bible, and asked him, what he learned from it? "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you shew it to me?" said sir Richard, in banter. "You must go by that tower," replied the shepherd; and he pointed to the Tower of *Repentance.*

* See note on p. 6. of this volume.

THE

LORD HERRIES HIS COMPLAINT,

A FRAGMENT.

Bright shone the moon on Hoddom's wall,
Bright on Repentance Tower;
Mirk was the lord of Hoddom's saul,
That chief sae sad and sour.

He sat him on Repentance hicht,
And glowr'd upon the sea;
And sair and heavily he sicht,
But nae drap eased his bree.

"The night is fair, and calm the air,
No blasts disturb the tree;
Baith men and beast now tak their rest,
And a's at peace but me.

" Can wealth and power in princely bower,
Can beauty's rolling e'e,
Can friendship dear, wi' kindly tear,
Bring back my peace to me?

" No! lang lang maun the mourner pine,
And meikle penance dree,
Wha has a heavy heart like mine
Ere light that heart can be.

" Under yon silver skimmering waves,
That saftly rise and fa',
Lie mouldering banes in sandy graves,
That fley my peace awa.

* * * * * *

" To help my boat I pierc'd the throat
Of him whom ane lo'ed dear;
Nought did I spare his yellow hair,
And e'en sae bricht and clear.

" She sits her lane, and makith mane,
And sings a waefu sang,
' Scotch rievers hae my darling ta'en ;
O Willie tarries lang !'

" I plunged an auld man in the sea,
Whase locks were like the snaw ;
His hairs sall serve for rapes to me,
In hell my saul to draw.

" Soon did thy smile, sweet baby, stint,
Torn frae the nurse's knee,
That smile, that might hae saften'd flint,
And still'd the raging sea.

" Alas, twelve precious lives were spilt,
My worthless spark to save ;
Bet* had I fallen, withouten guilt,
Frae cradle to the grave.

" Repentance ! signal of my bale,
Built of the lasting stane,
Ye lang shall tell the bluidy tale,
Whan I am dead and gane.

* *Bet.*—better.

" How Hoddom's lord, ye lang sall tell,
By conscience stricken sair,
In life sustain'd the pains of hell,
And perish'd in despair.

* * * * * *

THE

MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED—BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.

THE tragical event, which preceded, or perhaps gave rise to, the successful insurrection of Robert Bruce, against the tyranny of Edward I., is well known. In the year 1304, Bruce abruptly left the court of England, and held an interview, in the Dominical church of Dumfries, with John, surnamed, from the colour of his hair, the Red Cuming, a powerful chieftain, who had formerly held the regency of Scotland. It is said, by the Scottish historians, that he upbraided Cuming with having betrayed to the English monarch a scheme, formed betwixt them, for asserting the independence of Scotland. The English writers maintain, that Bruce proposed such a plan to Cuming, which he rejected with scorn, as inconsistent with the fealty he had sworn to Edward. The

dispute, however it began, soon waxed high betwixt two fierce and independent barons. At length, standing before the high altar of the church, Cuming gave Bruce the lie, and Bruce retaliated, by a stroke of his poniard.—Full of confusion and remorse, for a homicide committed in a sanctuary, the future monarch of Scotland rushed out of the church, with the bloody poniard in his hand. Kirkpatrick and Lindsay, two barons, who faithfully adhered to him, were waiting at the gate. To their earnest and anxious enquiries into the cause of his emotion, Bruce answered, "I doubt I have slain the Red Cuming." "Doubtest thou?" exclaimed Kirkpatrick, "I make "sure*!" Accordingly, with Lindsay and a few followers, he rushed into the church, and dispatched the wounded Cuming.

A homicide, in such a place, and such an age, could hardly escape embellishment from the fertile genius of the churchmen, whose interest was so closely connected with the inviolability of a divine sanctuary. Accordingly, Bowmaker informs us, that the body of the slaughtered baron was watched, during the night, by the Dominicans, with the usual rites of the church. But, at midnight, the whole assistants fell into a dead sleep, with the exception of one aged father, who heard, with terror and surprize, a voice, like that of a wailing infant, exclaim, "How "long, O Lord, shall vengeance be deferred?" it was an-

* Hence the crest of Kirkpatrick is a hand, grasping a dagger, distilling gouts of blood, proper, motto, "*I mak sicker.*"

swered, in an awful tone, "Endure with patience, until "the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-se- "cond time."—In the year 1357, fifty-two years after Cuming's death, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the castle of Caerlaveroc, in Dumfries-shire, belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of the regent. In the dead of night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose, and poniarded in his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse, to fly; but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses, that, after riding all night, he was taken, at break of day, not three miles from the castle, and was afterwards executed, by order of king David II.

The story of the murder is thus told by the prior of Lochlevin:

That ilk yhere in our kynryk
Hoge was slayne of Kilpatrik
Be schyr Jakkis the Lyndessay
In-til Karlaveroc; and away
For til have bene with all his mycht
This Lyndyssay pressyt all a nycht
Forth on hors rycht fast rydand.
Nevyrtheless yhit thai hym fand
Nocht thre myle fra that ilk place;
Thare tane and broucht agane he was
Til Karlaveroc, be thai men
That frendis war til Kirkpatrik then;
Thare was he kepyd rycht straytly.
His wyf* passyd till the king Dawy,

* That is, Kirkpatrick's wife.

And prayid him of his realté,
Of Lauche that scho mycht serwyd be.
The kyng Dawy than also fast
Till Drumfres with his curt he pat,
As Lawche wald. Quhat was thare mare?
This Lyndessay to deth he gert do thare.

Wintownis Cronykill, b. viii. cap. 44.

THE

MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC.

"Now, come to me, my little page,
Of wit sae wond'rous sly!
Ne'er under flower, o' youthfu' age,
Did mair destruction lie.

"I'll dance and revel wi' the rest,
Within this castle rare;
Yet he sall rue the drearie feast,
Bot and his lady fair.

"For ye maun drug Kirkpatrick's wine,
Wi' juice o' poppy flowers;
Nae mair he'll see the morning shine,
Frae proud Caerlaveroc's towers.

" For he has twin'd my love and me,
The maid of mickle scorn—
She'll welcome, wi' a tearfu' e'e,
Her widowhood the morn.

" And saddle weel my milk-white steed,
Prepare my harness bright!
Giff I can mak my rival bleed,
I'll ride awa this night."

" Now haste ye, master, to the ha'!
The guests are drinking there;
Kirkpatrick's pride sall be but sma',
For a' his lady fair.

* * * * * *

In came the merry minstrelsy;
Shrill harps wi' tinkling string,
And bag-pipes, lilting melody,
Made proud Caerlaveroc ring.

There gallant knights, and ladies bright,
Did move to measures fine.
Like frolic fairies, jimp and light,
Wha dance in pale moonshine.

The ladies glided through the ha',
Wi' footing swift and sure—
Kirkpatrick's dame outdid them a',
Whan she stood on the floor.

And some had tyres of gold sae rare,
And pendants* eight or nine;
And she, wi' but her gowden hair,
Did a' the rest outshine.

And some, wi' costly diamonds sheen,
Did warriors' hearts assail—
But she, wi' her twa sparkling e'en,
Pierc'd through the thickest mail.

Kirkpatrick led her by the hand,
With gay and courteous air:
No stately castle in the land
Could shew sae bright a pair.

* *Pendants*—Jewels on the forehead

O he was young—and clear the day
Of life to youth appears!
Alas! how soon his setting ray
Was dimm'd wi' showring tears!

Fell Lindsay sicken'd at the sight,
And sallow grew his cheek;
He tried wi' smiles to hide his spite,
But word he cou'dna speak.

The gorgeous banquet was brought up,
On silver and on gold:
The page chose out a crystal cup,
The sleepy juice to hold.

And whan Kirkpatrick call'd for wine,
This page the drink wou'd bear;
Nor did the knight or dame divine
Sic black deceit was near.

Then every lady sung a sang;
Some gay—some sad and sweet—
Like tunefu' birds the woods amang,
Till a' began to greet.

E'en cruel Lindsay shed a tear,
Forletting malice deep—
As mermaids, wi' their warbles clear,
Can sing the waves to sleep.

And now to bed they all are dight;
Now steek they ilka door:
There's nought but stillness o' the night,
Whare was sic din before.

Fell Lindsay puts his harness on,
His steed doth ready stand;
And up the stair-case is he gone,
Wi' poniard in his hand.

The sweat did on his forehead break,
He shook wi' guilty fear;
In air he heard a joyfu' shriek—
Red Cumin's ghaist was near.

Now to the chamber doth he creep—
A lamp, of glimmering ray,
Show'd young Kirkpatrick fast asleep,
In arms of lady gay.

He lay wi' bare unguarded breast,
By sleepy juice beguil'd;
And sometimes sigh'd, by dreams opprest,
And sometimes sweetly smiled.

Unclosed her mouth o' rosy hue,
Whence issued fragrant air,
That gently, in soft motion, blew
Stray ringlets o' her hair.

"Sleep on, sleep on, ye luvers dear!
The dame may wake to weep—
But that day's sun maun shine fou clear,
That spills this warrior's sleep."

He louted down—her lips he prest—
O! kiss, foreboding woe!
Then struck on young Kirkpatrick's breast,
A deep and deadly blow.

Sair, sair, and miekle, did he bleed:
His lady slept till day,
But dream't the Firth* flow'd o'er her head,
In bride-bed as she lay.

* Carlaverock stands near Solway Firth.

The murderer hasted down the stair,
And back'd his courser fleet:
Than did the thunder 'gin to rair,
Than show'rd the rain and sleet.

Ae fire-flaught darted through the rain,
Whare a' was mirk before,
And glinted o'er the raging main,
That shook the sandy shore.

But mirk and mirker grew the night,
And heavier beat the rain;
And quicker Lindsay urged his flight,
Some ha' or beild to gain.

Lang did he ride o'er hill and dale,
Nor mire nor flood he fear'd:
I trow his courage 'gan to fail
When morning light appear'd.

For, having hied, the live-lang night,
Through hail and heavy showers,
He fand himsel, at peep o' light,
Hard by Caerlaverock's towers.

The castle bell was ringing out,
The ha' was all asteer;
And mony a scriech and waefu' shout
Appall'd the murderer's ear.

Now they hae bound this traitor strang,
Wi' curses and wi' blows:
And high in air they did him hang
To feed the carrion crows.

* * * * * *

"To sweet Lincluden's* haly cells
Fou dowie I'll repair;
There peace wi' gentle patience dwells.
Nae deadly feuds are there.

"In tears I'll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o' balefu' yew;
And wail the beauty that cou'd harm
A knight, sae brave and true.

* Lincluden Abbey is situated near Dumfries, on the banks of the river Cluden. It was founded and filled with Benedictine nuns, in the time of Malcolm IV., by Uthred, father to Roland, lord of Galloway—these were expelled by Archibald the Grim, earl of Douglas.—*Vide Pennant.*

SIR AGILTHORN.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Oh ! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
And softly wind thy bugle horn;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
Around the grave of Agilthorn !

Oh ! gentle huntsman, if a tear
E'er dimmed for others' woe thine eyes,
Thou'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
The sod, where lady Eva lies.

Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight,
Long held yon towers, with ivy crowned,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark! the din of discord rings;
War's clarion sounds, Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord?
And must he seek the martial plain?
Oh! see, she brings his casque and sword!
Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

"Blest is the village damsel's fate,
Though poor and low her station be,
Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
Safe from the cares which torture me!

"No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
No dread suspense her breast alarms;
No tyrant honour rules her swain,
And tears him from her folding arms.

"She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
In pleasing toil consumes the day;
And tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,
Or joins her rustic lover's lay.

" Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
The pillow which supports her head;
She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
Shall wake, to mourn an husband dead.

" Hush, impious fears! the good and brave
Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;
When Death with thousands gluts the grave,
His dart, my love, shall glance from thee:

" While thine shall fly direct and sure,
This buckler every blow repell,
This casque from wounds that face secure,
Where all the loves and graces dwell.

" This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
My hands in happier moments wove;
Curst be the wretch, whose sword shall tear
The spell-bound work of wedded love!

" Lo! on thy faulchion, keen and bright,
I shed a trembling consort's tears;
Oh! when their traces meet thy sight,
Remember wretched Eva's fears!

" Think, how thy lips she fondly prest;
Think, how she wept, compelled to part;
Think, every wound, which scars thy breast,
Is doubly marked on Eva's heart!"

" O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!"
Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;
" Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
Thy tears my fainting soul unman:

" In pity cease, my gentle dame,
Such sweetness and such grief to join!
Lest I forget the voice of Fame,
And only list to Love's and thine.

" Flow, flow, my tears! unbounded gush!
Rise, rise, my sobs! I set ye free;
Bleed, bleed my heart! I need not blush
To own, that life is dear to me.

" The wretch, whose lips have prest the bowl
The bitter bowl of pain and woe,
May careless reach his mortal goal,
May boldly meet the final blow:

" His hopes destroyed, his comfort wreckt,
An happier life he hopes to find;
But what can I in heaven expect,
Beyond the bliss I leave behind?

" Oh! no! the joys of yonder skies
To prosperous love present no charms;
My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,
My paradise in Eva's arms.

" Yet mark me, sweet! if Heaven's command
Hath doomed my fall in martial strife,
Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand
To rashly break the thread of life!

" No! let our boy thy care engross,
Let him thy stay, thy comfort, be;
Supply his luckless father's loss,
And love him for thyself and me.

" So may oblivion soon efface
The grief, which clouds this fatal morn;
And soon thy cheeks afford no trace
Of tears, which fall for Agilthorn!"

He said, and couched his quivering lance;
He said, and braced his moony shield;
Sealed a last kiss, threw a last glance,
Then spurred his steed to Flodden field.

But Eva, of all joy bereft,
Stood rooted at the castle gate,
And viewed the prints his courser left,
While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
The steed, which bore him thence so light,
Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
She thus addrest her orphan page—
"Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
The sorrows of thy infant age;

"If e'er I taught thy locks to play,
Luxuriant, round thy blooming face;
If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
And bade them yield to smiles their place;

" Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead,
And, o'er the combat, home repair,
And tell me how my lord has sped.

" Till thou return'st, each hour's an age,
An age employed in doubt and pain;
Oh! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,
Oh! haste, and soon return again!"

" Now, lady dear, thy grief assuage!
Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain:
I'll haste, I'll haste, thy little foot-page,
I'll haste and soon return again."

Then Oswy bade his courser fly:
But still, while hapless Eva wept,
Time scarcely seemed his wings to ply,
So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kist her baby's cheek,
Who slumbered on her throbbing breast;
And now she bade the warder speak,
And now she lulled her child to rest.

" Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?
What see'st thou from the castle tower?"
" Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
Nought but the shades of Forest Bower."

" Oh! pretty babe! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To morrow's sun, dear helpless boy!
Must see thee bear an orphan's name.

" Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword
The life-blood of thy father drains;
Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is gor'd,
Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

" Oh! warder, from the castle tower,
Now say, what objects meet thy sight!"
" None but the shades of Forest-Bower,
None but the rocks of Elginbright."

" Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
When gazing on his Eva's face;
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joy'd such beams in mine to trace.

" Sleep, sleep, my babe ! of care devoid ;
Thy mother breathes this fervent vow,
Oh ! never be thy soul employed
On thoughts so sad, as her's are now !

" Now warder, warder, speak again !
What seest thou from the turret's height ?"
" Oh ! lady, speeding o'er the plain,
The little foot-page appears in sight."

Quick beat her heart ; short grew her breath ;
Close to her breast the babe she drew—
" Now, Heaven," she cried, " for life or death !"
And forth to meet the page she flew.

" And is thy lord from danger free ?
And is the deadly combat o'er ?"
In silence Oswy bent his knee,
And laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stained,
And tears from Oswy's eye-lids fell ;
Too truly Eva's heart explained,
What meant those silent tears to tell.

" Come, come, my babe!" she wildly cried,
" We needs must seek the field of woe;
" Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
To dig thy father's grave we go."

" Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;
Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'er-spread;
The thunder roars, the rain descends,
And lightning streaks the heavens with red.

" Hark! hark! the winds tempestuous rave!
Oh! be thy dread intent resigned!
Or, if resolved the storm to brave,
Be this dear infant left behind!"

" No! no! with me my baby stays;
With me he lives; with me he dies!
Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze
Will shew me where my warrior lies."

O see she roams the bloody field,
And wildly shrieks her husband's name;
Oh! see she stops and eyes a shield,
An heart, the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,
A knight lay stretched that shield beside;
She raised his vizor, kist his face,
Then on his bosom sunk, and died.

Huntsman, their rustic grave behold:
'Tis here, at night, the Fairy king,
Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold,
Oft forms his light fantastic ring.

'Tis here, at eve, each village youth
With freshest flowers the turf adorns;
'Tis here he swears eternal truth,
By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.

And here the virgins sadly tell,
Each seated by her shepherd's side,
How brave the gallant warrior fell,
How true his lovely lady died.

Ah! gentle huntsman, pitying hear,
And mourn the gentle lovers' doom!
Oh! gentle huntsman, drop a tear,
And dew the turf of Eva's tomb!

So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose;
  So ne'er may grief to thee be known:
They, who can weep for others' woes,
  Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.

RICH AULD WILLIE'S FAREWELL.

A FREEBOOTER, TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH IN A BORDER BATTLE, AND CONDEMNED TO BE EXECUTED.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

FAREWELL my ingle, bleezing bright,
When the snell storm's begun;
My bouris casements, O! sae light,
When glints the bonnie sun!

Farewell my deep glens, speck't wi' sloes,
O' tangled hazles full!
Farewell my thymy lea, where lows
My kine, and glourin bull.

Farewell my red deer, jutting proud,
My rooks, o' murky wing!
Farewell my wee birds, lilting loud,
A' in the merry spring!

Farewell my sheep, that sprattle on
In a lang line, sae braw!
Or lie on yon cauld cliffs aboon,
Like late-left patch o' snaw!

Farewell my brook, that wimplin rins,
My clattering brig o' yew;
My scaly tribes wi' gowden fins,
Sae nimbly flickering thro'!

Farewell my boat, and lusty oars,
That scelp'd, wi' mickle spray!
Farewell my birks o' Teviot shores,
That cool the simmer's day!

Farewell bauld neighbours, whase swift steed
O'er Saxon bounds has scowr'd,
Swoom'd drumlie floods when moons were dead,
And ilka star was smoor'd.

Maist dear for a' ye shar'd wi' me,
When skaith and prey did goad,
And danger, like a wraith, did flee
Alang our moon-dead road.

Farewell my winsome wife, sae gay!
Fu' fain frae hame to gang,
Wi' spunkie lads to geck and play,
The flow'rie haughs amang!

Farewell my gowk, thy warning note
Then aft-times ca'd aloud,
Tho' o' the word that thrill'd thy throat,
Gude faith, I was na proud!

And, pawkie gowk, sae free that mad'st,
Or ere I hanged be,
Would I might learn if true thou said'st,
When sae thou said'st to me!

WATER KELPIE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED—REV. DR JAMIESON.

THE principal design of the author of this piece was to give a specimen of Scottish writing, more nearly approaching to the classical compositions of our ancient bards, than that which has been generally followed for seventy or eighty years past. As the poem is descriptive of the superstitions of the vulgar, in the county of Angus, the scene is laid on the banks of South Esk, near the castle of Inverquharity, about five miles north from Forfar.

It is with pleasure that the editor announces to the literary world, that Dr Jamieson is about to publish a complete Dictionary of the Scottish Dialect, his intimate acquaintance with which is evinced in the following stanzas.

WATER KELPIE.

Aft, owre the bent, with heather blent,
And throw the forest brown,
I tread the path to you green strath,
Quhare brae-born Esk rins down.
Its banks alang, quhilk hazels thrang,
Quhare sweet-sair'd hawthorns blow,
I lufe to stray, and view the play
Of fleckit scales below.

Ae summer e'en, upon the green,
I laid me down to gaze;
The place richt nigh, quhare Carity
His humble tribute pays:
And Prosen proud, with rippet loud,
Cums ravin' frae his glen;
As gin he micht auld Esk affricht,
And drive him back agen.

An ancient tour appear't to lour
Athort the neibourin plain,
Quhais chieftain bauld, in times of auld,
The kintrie callit his ain.
Its honours cowit, its now forhowit,
And left the houlat's prey;
Its skuggin' wude, aboon the flude,
With gloom owrespreads the day.

A dreary shade the castle spread,
And mirker grew the lift;
The croonin' kie the byre drew nigh,
The darger left his thrift.
The lavrock shill on erd was still,
The westlin wind fell loun;
The fisher's houp forgat to loup,
And aw for rest made boun.

I seemit to sloom, quhan throw the gloom
I saw the river shake,
And heard a whush alangis it rush,
Gart aw my members quake;
Syne, in a stound, the pool profound
To cleave in twain appear'd:
And huly throw the frichtsom how
His form a gaist uprear'd.

He rashes bare, and seggs, for hair,
Quhare ramper-eels entwin'd;
Of filthy gar his ee-brees war,
With esks and horse-gells lin'd.
And for his een, with dowie sheen,
Twa huge horse-mussels glar'd:
From his wide mow a torrent flew,
And soupt his reedy beard.

Twa slauky stanes seemit his spule-banes;
His briskit braid, a whin;
Ilk rib sae bare, a skelvy skair;
Ilk arm a monstrous fin.
He frae the wame a fish became,
With shells aw coverit owre:
And for his tail, the grislie whale
Could nevir match its pow'r.

With dreddour I, quhan he drew nigh,
Had maistly swarfit outricht:
Less fleyit at lenth I gatherit strenth,
And speirit quhat was this wicht.
Syne thrice he shook his fearsum bouk,
And thrice he snockerit loud;
From ilka ee the fire-flauchts flee,
And flash alangis the flude.

Quhan words he found, their elritch sound
Was like the norlan blast,
Frae yon deep glack, at Catla's back,
That skeegs the dark-brown waste.
The troublit pool conveyit the gowl
Down to yon echoin rock;
And to his maik, with wilsum skraik,
Ilk bird its terror spoke.

" Vile droich," he said, " art nocht afraid
Thy mortal life to tyne?
How dar'st thou seik with me-till speik,
Sae far aboon thy line?
Yet sen thou hast thai limits past,
That sinder sprites frae men,
Thy life I'll spare, and aw declare,
That worms like thee may ken.

" In kintries nar, and distant far,
Is my renoun propalit;
As is the leid, my name ye'll reid,
But here I'm *Kelpie* callit.
The strypes and burns, throw aw thair turns,
As weel's the waters wide,
My laws obey, thair spring heads frae,
Doun till the salt sea tide.

" Like some wild staig, I aft stravaig,
And scamper on the wave:
Quha with a bit my mow can fit,
May gar me be his slave.
To him I'll wirk baith morn and mirk
Quhile he has wark to do;
Gin tent he tak I do nae shak
His bridle frae my mow.

" Quhan Murphy's laird his biggin rear'd,
I carryit aw the stanes;
And mony a chiell has heard me squeal
For sair-brizz'd back and banes.
Within flude-mark, I aft do wark
Gudewillit, quhan I please;
In quarries deep, quhile uthers sleep,
Greit blocks I win with ease.

" Yon bonny brig quhan folk wald big,
To gar my stream look braw;
A sair-toil'd wicht was I be nicht;
I did mair than thaim aw.
And weel thai kent quhat help I lent,
For thai yon image framit,
Aboon the pend quhilk I defend;
And it thai *Kelpie* namit.

" Quhan lads and lasses wauk the clais,
Narby yon whinny hicht,
The sound of me their daffin lays;
Thai dare na mudge for fricht.
Now in the midst of them I scream,
Quhan toozlin' on the haugh;
Than quhihher by thaim doun the stream,
Loud nickerin in a lauch.

" Sicklike's my fun, of wark quhan run;
But I do meikle mair:
In pool or ford can nane be smur'd
Gin Kelpie be nae there.
Fow lang, I wat, I ken the spat,
Quhair ane sall meet his deid:
Nor wit nor pow'r put aff the hour,
For his wanweird decreed.

" For oulks befoir, alangis the shoir,
Or dancin' down the stream,
My lichts are seen to blaze at een,
With wull wanerthly gleam.
The hind cums in, gif haim he win,
And cries, as he war wode;
' Sum ane sall soon be carryit down
' By that wanchancy flude.'

" The taiken leil thai ken fow weel,
On water sides quha won;
And aw but thai, quha's weird I spae,
Fast frae the danger run.
But fremmit fouk I thus provoke
To meit the fate thai flee:
To wilderit wichts thai're waefow lichts,
But lichts of joy to me.

" With ruefow cries, that rend the skies,
Thair fate I seem to mourn,
Like crocodile, on banks of Nile;
For I still do the turn.
Douce, cautious men aft fey are seen;
Thai rin as thai war heyrt,
Despise all reid, and court their deid:
By me are thai inspir't.

" Yestreen the water was in spate,
The stanners aw war cur'd:
A man, nae stranger to the gate,
Raid up to tak the ford.
The haill town sware it wadna ride;
And Kelpie had been heard:
But nae a gliffin wad he bide,
His shroud I had prepar'd.

"The human schaip I sumtimes aip:
As Prosenhaugh raid haim,
Ae starnless nicht, he gat a fricht,
Maist crack't his bustuous frame.
I, in a glint, lap on ahint,
And in my arms him fangit;
To his dore-cheik I keipt the cleik:
The carle was sair bemangit.

"My name itsell wirks like a spell,
And quiet the house can keep;
Quhan greits the wean, the nurse in vain,
Thoch tyke-tyrit, tries to sleip.
But gin scho say, 'Lie still, ye skrae,
'There's Water-Kelpie's chap;'
It's fleyit to wink, and in a blink
It sleips as sound's a tap."

He said, and thrice he rais't his voice,
And gaif a horrid gowl:
Thrice with his tail, as with a flail,
He struck the flying pool.
A thunderclap seem't ilka wap,
Resoundin' throw the wude:
The fire thrice flash't; syne in he plash't,
And sunk beneath the flude.

NOTES

ON

WATER KELPY.

The fisher's houp forgat to loup.—P. 357. v. 2.

The fishes, the hope of the angler, no more rose to the fly.

And aw for rest made boun.—P. 357. v. 2.

All commonly occurs in our old writers. But *aw* is here used, as corresponding with the general pronunciation in Scotland; especially as it has the authority of Dunbar, in his *Lament for the Deth of the Makaris.*

His form a gaist uprear'd.—P. 357. v. 3.

It is believed in Angus, that the spirit of the waters appears sometimes as a man, with a very frightful aspect; and at other times as a horse. The description, here given, must therefore be viewed as the offspring of fancy. All that can be said for it is, that such attributes are selected, as are appropriate to the scenery.

Twa huge-horse mussells glar'd.—P. 358. v. 1.

South-Esk abounds with the fresh water oyster, vulgarly called the horse-mussel; and, in former times, a pearl fishery was carried on here to considerable extent

Frae yon deev glack, at Catla's back.—P. 359. v. 1.

Part of the Grampian mountains. *Catla* appears as a promontory, jutting out from the principal ridge, towards the plain. The Esk, if I recollect right, issues from behind it.

Thy mortal life to tyne.—P. 359. v. 2.

The vulgar idea is, that a spirit, however frequently it appear, will not speak, unless previously addressed. It is, however, at the same time believed, that the person, who ventures to speak to a ghost, will soon forfeit his life, in consequence of his presumption.

His bridle frae my mow.—P. 360. v. 1.

The popular tradition is here faithfully described; and strange to tell! has not yet lost all credit. In the following verses, the principal articles of the vulgar creed in Angus, with respect to this supposed being, are brought together, and illustrated by such *facts* as are yet appealed to by the credulous. If I mistake not, none of the historical circumstances mentioned are older than half a century. It is only about thirty years since the bridge referred to was built.

For sair-brizz'd back and banes.—P. 360. v. 3.

It is pretended that *Kelpie* celebrated this memorable event in rhyme; and that for a long time after he was often heard to cry, with a doleful voice,

"Sair back and sair banes,
"Carryin' the laird of Murphy's stanes."

And it they Kelpie namit.—P. 360. v. 3.

A head, like that of a gorgon, appears above the arch of the bridge. This was hewn in honour of Kelpie.

His shroud I had prepared.—P. 362. v. 3.

A very common tale in Scotland is here alluded to by the poet. On the banks of a rapid stream the water spirit was heard repeatedly to exclaim, in a dismal tone, "The hour is come, but not "the man;" when a person coming up, contrary to all remonstrances, endeavoured to ford the stream, and perished in the at-

tempé. The original story is to be found in Gervase of Tilbury.—In the parish of Castleton, the same story is told, with this variation, that the bye-standers prevented, by force, the predestined individual from entering the river, and shut him up in the church, where he was next morning found suffocated, with his face lying immersed in the baptismal font. To a *fey* person, therefore, Shakespeare's words literally apply :

> ——— Put but a little water in a spoon,
> And it shall be as all the ocean,
> Enough to swallow such a being up.

GLOSSARY

OF

THE WORDS REQUIRING EXPLANATION IN THE FOREGOING POEM.

Aboon, Above.
Ahint, Behind.
Aip, Ape, imitate.
Alangis, Alongst.

Bemangit, Injured, whether in mind or body; a word much used in Angus.
Be, By.
Big, Build.
Biggin, Building, house.
Blink, Moment.
Bonny, Handsome, beautiful.
Boun, Ready.
Bouk, Body.
Braw, Fine.
Briskit, Breast.
Bustuous, Huge.
Byre, Cow-house.

Chap, Rap.
Chiell, Fellow.
Cleik, Hold.
Cowit, Shorn, cut off.
Croonin, Bellowing—most properly with a low and mournful sound.
Cur'd, Covered.

Darger, Labourer, day-worker.
Daffin, Sport.
Deid, Death.
Do the turn, Accomplish the fatal event.
Dore-cheek, Door-post.
Dowie, Melancholy, sad.
Douce, Sober, sedate.
Dreddour, Dread, terror.
Droich, Dwarf, pigmy.

Een, eyes.
Eebrees, Eyebrows.
Elritch, Wild, hideous, not earthly.
Erd, Earth.
Esks, Newts, or eft

Fey, Affording presages of approaching death, by acting a part directly the reverse of their proper character.
Fire-flaughts, Lightnings.
Fleckit-scales, Spotted shoals, or troops of trouts and other fishes.
Fleyd, Frighted.
Forhowit, Forsaken.
Fow, Full.
Fangit, Siezed.
Fleyit, Affrighted.
Frightsum, Frightful.
Fremmit fouk, Strange folk.

Gaist, Ghost.
Gaif, Gave.
Gart, Caused, made.
Gar, The slimy vegetable substance in the bed of a river.
Gate, Road.
Glark, A hollow between two hills or mountains.
Gliffin, A moment.
Glint, Moment.
Gowl, Yell.
Greits, Cries, implying the idea of tears.
Gudewillit, Without constraint, chearfully.

Haill, Whole.
Haugh, Low, flat ground on the side of a river.
Heyrt, Furious.
Howlat, Owl.
Horse-gells, Horse-leeches.
Haly, Slowly.

Ilk, Each.
In a stound, Suddenly.

Ken, Know.
Kie, Cows.
Kintrie, Country.
Lavrock, Lark.
Lauch, Laugh.
Leid, Language.
Leil, True, not delusive.
Lift, Sky.
Loun', Calm.
Loup, Leap.

Maik, Companion, mate.
Mirk, During night.
Mirker, Darker.
Mow, Mouth.
Mudge, Budge, stir.

Nar, Near.
Narby, Near to.
Nickerin, Neighing.
Nocht, Not.
Norlan, Northern.

Oulks, Weeks.

Pend, Arch.

Quhihher, The idea is nearly expressed by *whiz.*
Quhilk, Which.

Ramper-eels, Lampreys.
Rashes, Rushes.
Rede, Council.
Reid, Read.
Rippet, Noise, uproar.

Sair brizz'd, Sore bruised.
Sall, shall.
Sen, Since.
Seggs, Sedges.
Sheen, Shine.

Shill, Shrill.
Sicklike, Of this kind.
Sinder, Separate.
Skelvy skair, A rock presenting the appearance of a variety of *lamina.*
Skeegs, Lashes.
Skrae, Skeleton.
Skuggin, Overshadowing, protecting wood.
Sloom, Slumber.
Slauky, Slimy.
Smur'd, Smothered.
Snockerit, Snorted.
Soupt, Drenched.
Spae, Predict.
Spat, Spot.
Spate, Flood,
Speirit, Asked.
Spule-banes. Shoulder-blades.
Stanners, Gravel on the margin of a river, or any body of water.
Staig, A young horse.
Starnless, Without stars.
Stravaig, Stray, roam.
Strypes, Rills of the smallest kind.
Swarfit, Fainted.
Sweet sair'd, Sweet savoured.
Syne, Then.

Taiken, Token.
Tap, A child's top.
Tent, Take care, be attentive.
Thai, These.
Than, Then.
Toozlin, Toying, properly putting any thing in disorder.
Tyke-tyrit, Tired as a dog after coursing.
Tyne, Lose.

Waefou, Fatal, causing wo.
Wald, Would.
Wanweird, Unhappy fate.
Wanchancy, Unlucky, causing misfortune.
Wanerthly, Preternatural.
Wap, Stroke, flap.
War, Were.
Wauk the claes, Watch the clothes.
Wean, Child.
Weird, Fate.
Whush, A rustling sound.
Wilsum skraik, Wild shriek.
Wirk, Work.
Wode, Deprived of reason.
Win, Dig from a quarry.
Wull, Wild.

Yestreen, Yesternight

ELLANDONAN CASTLE.

A HIGHLAND TALE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.—COLIN MACKENZIE, ESQ.

ELLANDONAN CASTLE stands on a small rocky isle, situated in Loch Duich (on the west coast of Ross), near the point where the western sea divides itself into two branches, forming Loch Duich and Loch Loung. The magnificence of the castle itself, now a roofless ruin, covered with ivy, the beauty of the bay, and the variety of hills and vallies that surround it, and particularly the fine range of hills, between which lie the pastures of Glensheal, with the lofty summit of Skooroora, overtopping the rest, and forming a grand back-ground to the picture, all contribute to make this a piece of very romantic highland scenery*.

* We learn from Wintoun, that, in 1331, this fortress witnessed the severe justice of Randolph, earl of Murray, then warden of Scotland. Fifty delinquents were there executed, by his orders,

The castle is the manor-place of the estate of Kintail, which is denominated the barony of Ellandonan. That estate is the property of Francis, lord Seaforth. It has descended to him, through a long line of gallant ancestors, having been originally conferred on Colin Fitzgerald, son to the earl of Desmond and Kildare, in the kingdom of Ireland, by a charter, dated 9th January, 1266, granted by king Alexander the third, "*Colino Hybernio*," and bearing, as its inductive cause, "*pro bono et fideli servi-*" "*tio tam in bello, quam in pace.*" He had performed a very recent service in war, having greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Largs, in 1263, in which the invading army of Haco, king of Norway, was defeated. Being pursued in his flight, the king was overtaken in the narrow passage which divides the island of Skye from the coasts of Inverness and Ross, and, along with many of his followers, he himself was killed, in attempting his escape through the channel dividing Skye from Lochalsh. These straits, or *kyles*, bear to this day appellations, commemorating the events by which they were thus distinguished, the former being called Kyle Rhee, or the King's Kyle, and the latter Kyle Haken.

The attack on Ellandonan castle, which forms the subject of the following poem, lives in the tradition of the country, where it is, at this day, a familiar tale, repeated

and, according to the prior of Lochlevin, the earl had as much pleasure in seeing their ghastly heads encircle the walls of the castle, as if it had been surrounded by a chaplet of roses.

to every stranger, who, in sailing past, is struck with admiration at the sight of that venerable monument of antiquity. But the authenticity of the fact rests not solely on tradition. It is recorded, by Crawford, in his account of the family of Macdonald, lord of the Isles, and reference is there made to a genealogy of Slate, in the possession of the family, as a warrant for the assertion. The incident took place in 1537.

The power of the lord of the Isles was at that time sufficiently great to give alarm to the crown. It covered not only the whole of the Western Isles, from Bute northwards, but also many extensive districts on the main-land, in the shires of Ayr, Argyle, and Inverness. Accordingly, in 1535, on the failure of heirs male of the body of John, lord of the Isles, and earl of Ross, as well as of two of his natural sons, in whose favour a particular substitution had been made, king James the fifth assumed the lordship of the Isles. The right was, however, claimed by Donald, fifth baron of Slate, descended from the immediate younger brother of John, lord of the Isles. This bold and high-spirited chieftain lost his life in the attack on Ellandonan castle, and was buried by his followers on the lands of Ardelve, on the opposite side of Loch Loung.

The barony of Ellandonan then belonged to John Mackenzie, ninth baron of Kintail. Kenneth, third baron, who was son to Kenneth, the son of Colin Fitzgerald, received the patronimic appellation of *Mac* Kenneth, or Mac Kennye, which descended from him to his posterity, as the sirname of the family. John, baron of Kintail,

took a very active part in the general affairs of the kingdom. He fought gallantly at the battle of Flodden, under the banners of king James the fourth, was a member of the privy council in the reign of his son, and, at an advanced age, supported the standard of the unfortunate Mary, at the battle of Pinkie.

In the sixth generation from John, baron of Kintail, the clan was, by his lineal descendant, William, fifth earl of Seaforth, summoned, in 1715, to take up arms in the cause of the house of Stuart. On the failure of that spirited, but ill-fated enterprize, the earl made his escape to the continent, where he lived for about eleven years. Meantime his estate and honours were forfeited to the crown, and his castle was burnt. A steward was appointed to levy the rents of Kintail, on the king's behalf; but the vassals spurned at his demands, and, while they carried on a successful defensive war, against a body of troops sent to subdue their obstinacy, in the course of which the unlucky steward had the misfortune to be slain, one of their number made a faithful collection of what was due, and carried the money to the earl himself, who was at that time in Spain. The descendents of the man, to whom it was intrusted to convey to his lord this unequivocal proof of the honour, fidelity, and attachment of his people, are at this day distinguished by the designation of *Spaniard;* as Duncan, *the Spaniard*, &c. The estate was, a few years after the forfeiture, purchased from government, for behoof of the family, and re-invested in the person of his son.

ELLANDONAN CASTLE.

A HIGHLAND TALE.

O WOT ye, ye men of the island of Skye,
That your lord lies a corpse on Ardelve's rocky shore:
The lord of the Isles, once so proud and so high,
His lands and his vassals shall never see more.

None else but the lord of Kintail was so great;
To that lord the green banks of Loch Duich belong,
Ellandonan's fair castle and noble estate,
And the hills of Glensheal and the coasts of Loch Loung.

His vassals are many, and trusty, and brave,
Descended from heroes, and worthy their sires:
His castle is wash'd by the salt-water wave,
And his bosom the ardour of valour inspires.

M'Donald, by restless ambition impell'd
To extend to the shores of Loch Duich his sway,
With awe Ellandonan's strong turrets beheld,
And waited occasion to make them his prey.

And the moment was come; for M'Kenneth, afar,
To the Saxon opposed his victorious arm;
Few and old were the vassals, but dauntless in war,
Whose courage and skill freed his tow'rs from alarm.

M'Donald has chosen the best of his power;
On the green plains of Slate were his warriors arrayed;
Every Islander came before midnight an hour,
With his sword in his hand, and the belt on his plaid.

The boats they are ready, in number a score;
In each boat twenty men, for the war of Kintail;
Iron hooks they all carry, to grapple the shore,
And ladders the walls of the fortress to scale.

They have pass'd the strait kyle, thro' whose billowy flood,
From the arms of Kintail-men, fled Haco of yore,
Whose waves were dyed deep with Norwegian blood,
Which was shed by M'Kenneth's resistless claymore.

They have enter'd Loch Duich—all silent their course,
Save the splash of the oar on the dark-bosom'd wave,
Which mingled with murmurs, low, hollow, and hoarse,
That issued from many a coralline cave.

Either coast they avoid, and right eastward they steer,
Nor star, nor the moon, on their passage has shone;
Unexpecting assault, and unconscious of fear,
All Kintail was asleep, save the watchman alone.

"What, ho! my companions! arise, and behold
Where Duich's deep waters with flashes are bright!
Hark! the sound of the oars! rise, my friends, and be bold!
For some foe comes, perhaps, under shadow of night."

At the first of the dawn, when the boats reach'd the shore,
The sharp ridge of Skooroora with dark mist was crown'd,
And the rays, that broke thro' it, seem'd spotted with gore,
As M'Donald's bold currach first struck on the ground.

Of all the assailants, that sprung on the coast,
One of stature and aspect superior was seen;
Whatever a lord or a chieftain could boast,
Of valour undaunted, appear'd in his mein.

His plaid o'er his shoulder was gracefully flung;
Its foldings a buckle of silver restrain'd;
A massy broad sword on his manly thigh hung,
Which defeat or disaster had never sustain'd:

Then, under a bonnet of tartan and blue,
Whose plumage was toss'd to and fro by the gale,
Their glances of lightning his eagle-eyes threw,
Which were met by the frowns of the sons of Kintail.

'Twas the lord of the Isles; whom the chamberlain saw,
While a trusty long bow on his bosom reclin'd—
Of stiff yew it was made, which few sinews could draw;
Its arrows flew straight, and as swift as the wind.

With a just aim he drew—the shaft pierced the bold chief:
Indignant he started, nor heeding the smart,
While his clan pour'd around him, in clamorous grief,
From the wound tore away the deep-rivetted dart.

The red stream flowed fast, and his cheek became white:
His knees, with a tremor unknown to him, shook,
And his once-piercing eyes scarce directed his sight,
As he turn'd towards Skye the last lingering look.

Surrounded by terror, disgrace, and defeat,
From the rocks of Kintail the M'Donalds recoil'd;
No order was seen in their hasty retreat,
And their looks with dismay and confusion were wild.

While thine eyes wander oft from the green plains of Slate,
In pursuit of thy lord, O M'Donald's fair dame,
Ah! little thou know'st 'tis the hour, mark'd by Fate,
To close his ambition, and tarnish his fame.

On the shore of Ardelve, far from home, is his grave,
And the news of his death swiftly fly o'er the sea—
Thy grief, O fair dame! melts the hearts of the brave,
Even the bard of Kintail wafts his pity to thee.

And thou, Ellandonan! shall thy tow'rs ere again
Be insulted by any adventurous foe,
While the tale of the band, whom thy heroes have slain,
Excites in their sons an inherited glow?

Alas! thou fair isle! my soul's darling and pride!
Too sure is the presage, that tells me thy doom,
Tho' now thy proud towers all invasion deride,
And thy fate lies far hid in futurity's gloom.

A time shall arrive, after ages are past,
When thy turrets, dismantled, in ruins shall fall,
When, alas! thro' thy chambers shall howl the sea-blast,
And the thistle shall shake his red head in thy hall.

Shall this desolation strike thy towers alone?
No, fair Ellandonan! such ruin 'twill bring,
That the whirl shall have power to unsettle the throne,
And thy fate shall be link'd with the fate of thy king.

And great shall thy pride be, amid thy despair;
To their chief, and their prince, still thy sons shall be true;
The fruits of Kintail never victor shall share,
Nor its vales ever gladden an enemy's view.

And lovely thou shalt be, even after thy wreck;
Thy battlements never shall cease to be grand;
Their brown rusty hue the green ivy shall deck,
And as long as Skooroora's high top shall they stand

CADYOW CASTLE.

The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference,

and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shews, that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids.—The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by antient authors, as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed*.

In detailing the death of the regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who "committed this barbarous action. He had been con- "demned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as "we have already related, and owed his life to the re- "gent's clemency. But part of his estate had been be- "stowed upon one of the regent's favourites†, who seized his

* They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity see Notes.

† This was sir James Ballenden, lord justice clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text. *Spottiswoode.*

" house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night,
" into the open fields, where, before next morning, she
" became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper
" impression on him than the benefit he had received,
" and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the
" regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his pri-
" vate resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, ap-
" plauded the enterprize. The maxims of that age jus-
" tified the most desperate course he could take to ob-
" tain vengeance. He followed the regent for some
" time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the
" blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy
" should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to
" pass, in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took
" his stand in a wooden gallery*, which had a window
" towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor,
" to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung
" up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might
" not be observed from without; and, after all this pre-
" paration, calmly expected the regent's approach, who
had lodged, during the night, in a house not far dis-
" tant. Some indistinct information of the danger,
" which threatened him, had been conveyed to the re-

* This projecting gallery is still shewn. The house, to which it was attached, was the property of the archbishop of St Andrews, a natural brother of the duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid, which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

" gent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resol-
" ved to return by the same gate through which he had
" entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But,
" as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself
" unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along
" the street; and the throng of people obliging him to
" move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so
" true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet,
" through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse
" of a gentleman, who rode on his other side. His fol-
" lowers instantly endeavoured to break into the house,
" whence the blow had come; but they found the door
" strongly barricaded, and, before it could be forced
" open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse*, which
" stood ready for him at a back-passage, and was got far
" beyond their reach. The regent died the same night of
" his wound."—*History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed, to his kinsmen, to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by ha-

* The gift of lord John Hamilton, commendator of Arbroath

ving avenged the cause of their niece, queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, cap. 46.

The regent's death happened 23. January, 1569. It is applauded, or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacri-"legious avarice had stripp'd the metropolitan church of "St Andrew's of its covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—*Jebb*, vol. II. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltrot "nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without "some reason or consideration to lead them to it: as the

" one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde ;
" the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lytle
" wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, accordinge
" to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon
" of the Scottes."—*Murdin's State Papers*, vol. I. p. 197.

CADYOW CASTLE.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

Where with the rock's wood-cover'd side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moon-light beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The draw-bridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial route
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the chief rode on;
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roe-bucks bound,
The startling red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has rouzed their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chace,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunters' quiver'd band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling, in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *pryse**!

* *Pryse*—The note blown at the death of the game.

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he)
"At merry feast, or buxom chace,
No more the warrior shalt thou see.

"Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

" There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

" O change accurs'd ! past are those days ;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

" What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh is it she, the pallid rose ?

" The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
' Revenge,' she cries, ' on Murray's pride !
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh !"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheath'd his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
As one, some visioned sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
—'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh

From gory selle*, and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—"'Tis sweet to hear
In good green-wood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughtered quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Thro' old Linlithgow's crowded town.

* *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.

" From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph, marched he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

" But, can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

" With hackbut bent*, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

" Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clashed their broad-swords in the rear,
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

" Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

* *Hackbut bent*—Gun cock'd.

" Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

" From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

" But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
' Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh !'

" The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!—
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

" What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell,
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

" But dearer, to my injured eye,
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

" My Margaret's spectre glided near;
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shrieked in his death-deafen'd ear,
' Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

" Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
Murray is fallen, and Scotland free."

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
" Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"

But, see! the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
  The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
  The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
  And Vengeance, shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! highborn Beauty rules the steed,
  Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
  The maids, who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
  On the fair banks of Evandale!

NOTES

ON

CADYOW-CASTLE.

First of his troop the chief rode on.—P. 388. v. 5.

The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, earl of Arran, duke of Chatelherault in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.—P. 389 . v. 3.

In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qui colore candidissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque homines vel manibus contrectarint, vel halitu perflaverunt, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstinuerint. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum lacessitus omnes promiscue homines cornibus, ac ungulis peteret; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt impetus plane contemneret. Ejus carnes cartilaginosæ sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii Cumbernaldiæ et Kincarniæ.—Leslæus Scotiæ Descriptio, p. 13.

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he).—P. 390. v. 4.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the abbey of Pasley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present marquis of Abercorn.

Few suns have set since Woodhouselee.—P. 390. v. 5.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchindinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the college of justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed.—P. 392. v. 1.

Birrell informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had fail'd him, he drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to "leap a verey brode stanke (*i. e.* ditch), by whilk means he escai-

"pit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—*Birrel's Diary*, p. 18.

From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph marched he.—P. 393. v. 1.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy.

"So having stablischt all thing in this sort,
"To Liddisdaill agane he did resort,
"Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the daills rode he,
"And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
"Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before.
"Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir so sair;
"And, that thay suld na mair thair thift allege,
"Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
"Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour,
"Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the bordour."

Scotish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.

With hackbut bent, my secret stand.—P. 393. v. 3.

The carbine, with which the regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear.—P. 393. v. 4.

Of this noted person it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.—P. 393. v. 4.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the regent Murray. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Langsyde, says, "in this batayle the valiancie of an hieland gentleman, named Mac-"farlane, stood the regent's part in great steede; for, in the hot-"test brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his "friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the "flankes of the queen's people, that he was a great cause of the

" disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, " as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him " committed, and obtayning pardon through suyte of the coun- " tesse of Murray, he recompenced that clemencie by this peice of " servico now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that "Macfarlane, " with his highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. " The lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the regent's " battle, said 'Let them go! I shall fill their place better:' and " so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the " enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that " they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown " by the avant-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to " flight."—*Calderwood's MS. apud Keith*, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequeous at their regent's rein.—P. 393. v. 5.

The earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball, by which Murray fell.

And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 393. v. 5.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation, presented to her in Lochleven castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.—P. 394. v. 1.

Not only had the regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened.—

With that infatuation, at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—*Spottiswoode*, p. 233. *Buchanan*.

THE GRAY BROTHER,

A FRAGMENT.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.—WALTER SCOTT.

THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, the editor has preferred inserting these verses, as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house, upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Laswade, in Mid Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman, named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the abbot of Newbottle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned, also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house, of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Chusing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates*.

The scene, with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the life

* This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics*, who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim

of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes, which they frequented, and the constant dangers, which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

"About the same time he (Peden) came to Andrew "Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire "of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he "came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, "with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he "said, 'There are in this house that I have not one word "of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This "is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may "begin our work!' Then there was a woman went out, ill-"looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, "for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It "escaped me, in the former passages, that John Muirhead "(whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he "came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family wor-"ship, and giving some notes upon the scripture, when a "very ill-looking man came, and sate down within the "door, at the back of the *hallan* (partition of the cot-"tage): immediately he halted, and said, 'There is some "unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge

" him to go out, and not stop my mouth!' The person " went out, and he *insisted* (went on), yet he saw him " neither come in nor go out."—*The Life and Prophecies of Mr Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway*, part 2. § 26.

THE GRAY BROTHER.

The pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While thro' vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word, he quiver'd for fear,
And faulter'd in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropp'd it on the ground.

"The breath of one, of evil deed,
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd,
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up! up! unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights, so drear,
I ween, he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But, when the holy father spoke,
He rose, and went his way.

Again unto his native land,
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
Thro' woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Aye, even when, on the banks of Till,
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, thro' copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd Grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the gray with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbottle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our ladye's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever rais'd his eye,
Untill he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a grey friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea,
Or come ye from the shrine of St James the divine,
Or St John of Beverly?"

"I come not from the shrine of St James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the pope,
Which for ever will cling to me."

"Now, woeful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down by me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayst be."

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When he, to whom are giv'n the keys of earth and heav'n,
Has no power to pardon me?"

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day."

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother laye.

* * * * * *

NOTES

ON

THE GRAY BROTHER.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free.—P. 409. v. 4.

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of sir George Clerk, bart. is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast.* The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

To Auchindinny's hazel glade.—P. 409. v. 4.

Auchindinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, esq., author of the *Man of Feeling*, &c.

And haunted Woodhouselee.—P. 409. v. 4.

For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see the Ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 398.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove.—P. 409. v. 5.

Melville Castle, the seat of the honourable Robert Dundas, member for the county of Mid-Lothian, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Laswade. It gives the title of viscount to his father, lord Melville.

And Roslin's rocky glen.—P. 409. v. 5.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St Clair, the Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell, in which they are situated, belong to sir James St Clair Erskine, bart., the representative of the former lords of Roslin.

Dalkeith, which all the virtues love.—P. 409. v. 5.

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Esk, which is there joined by its sister stream, of the same name.

And classic Hawthornden.—P. 409. v. 5.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house, of more modern date, is inclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which, in former times, formed a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured, of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

"Where Jonson sate in Drummond's social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea, at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.

WAR SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

"*Nennius.* Is not peace the end of arms?

Caratach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight commotion,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,
And, with those, swords, that know no end of battle—
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,
And, where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome——
It must not be.—No! as they are our foes,
Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing;
But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes."——

BONDUCA.

The following war song was written during the apprehension of an invasion; and the author little thought that the circumstances of the nation would so speedily justify its republication. The corps of volunteers, to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expence. It still subsists, as the right troop of the Royal Mid Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the honourable lieutenant-colonel Dundas. The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was no where more successful than in Edinburgh, which, at the conclusion of the war, furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a regiment of cavalry, from the city and county, and two corps of artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "*Proinde ituri in "aciem et majores vestros et posteros cogitate.*"

WAR-SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
We boast the red and blue*.

* The royal colours.

Tho' tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravish'd toys tho' Romans mourn,
Tho' gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

O! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!

NOTE

ON

THE WAR SONG.

O had they marked the avenging call,
Their brethren's murder gave.—P. 418. v. 2.

The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss guards, on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.

FINIS.

Printed by James Ballantyne,
At the Border Press,
Holyrood-house.

IN THE PRESS,

And speedily will be Published,

THE

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,

A

POETICAL ROMANCE,

BY

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

EDITOR OF THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

ALSO,

SIR TRISTREM,

A

METRICAL ROMANCE,

BY

THOMAS OF ERCELDOUNE,

CALLED

THE RHYMER.

Edited from an Ancient MS.,

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

DEC 5 1938
JAN 3 1939
JAN 23 1939
MAR 20 1939
JUL 9 1940
MAR 31 1941
JUL 31 1947
APR 5 1976
APR 2 1976

Form L-9-20m-8,'37

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 068 328 4